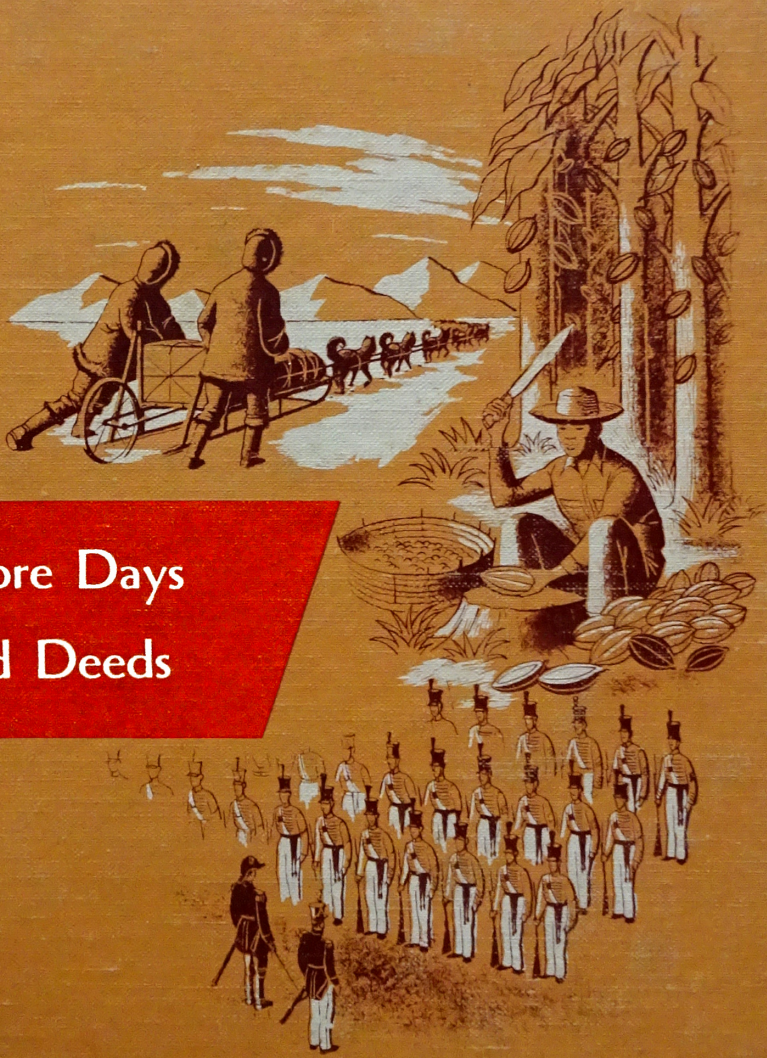
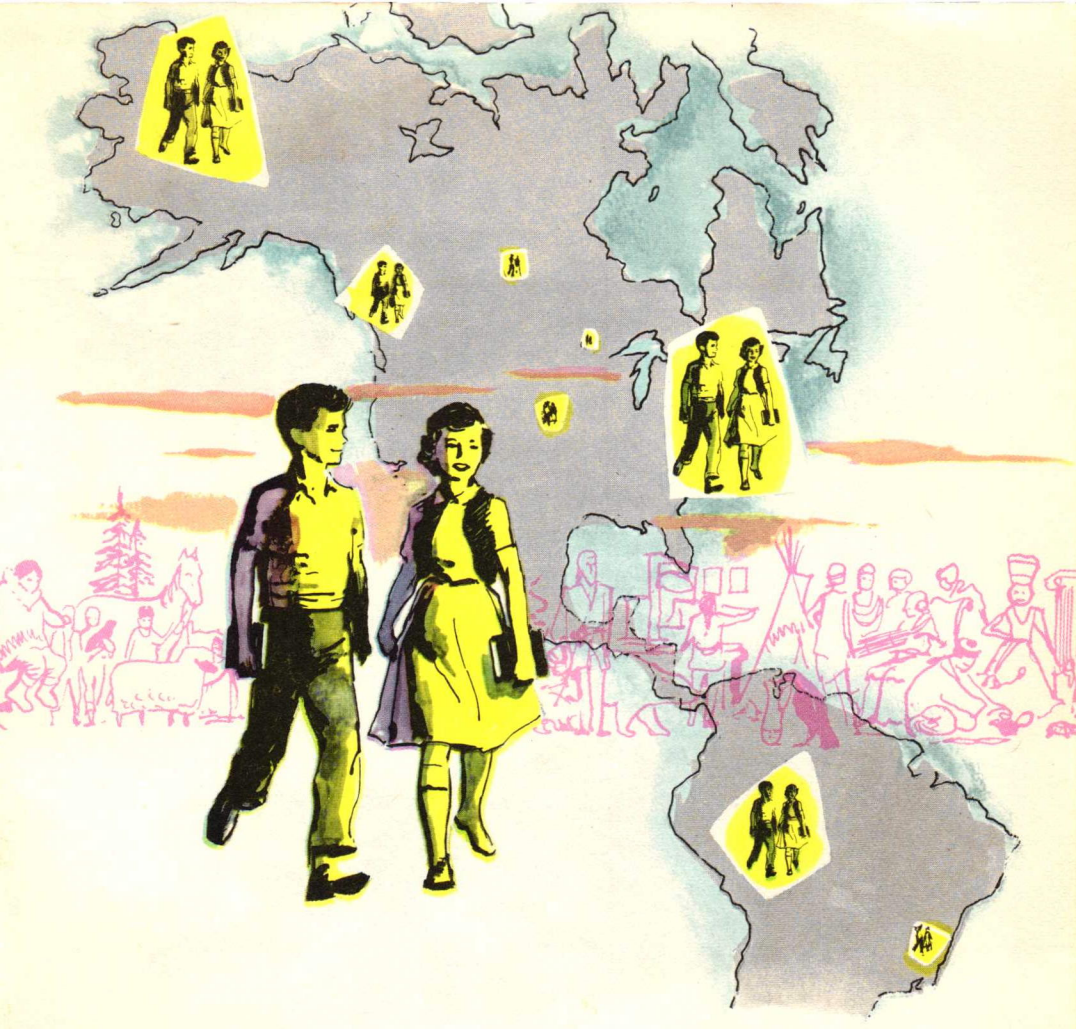
THE NEW BASIC READERS



More Days and Deeds



More Days and Deeds

William S. Gray, Marion Monroe,
A. Sterl Artley, May Hill Arbuthnot

SCOTT, FORESMAN AND COMPANY
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Young Citizens of Other Lands

The Great Race

Important news sent Dan and Ellen Dorrance flying along a street of their Canadian home town. At last the date of the sled-dog race had been set. In just three weeks the owners of dog teams from the surrounding area would bring their teams to town for the twenty-mile freight race.

The Dorrance children were not hurrying home from school just to be the first to announce the date to their family. They were more interested in finding out whether they had received a letter from Uncle Charlie that day.

The summer before, Dan and Ellen had visited Uncle Charlie Boone, who lived fifty miles away. During the visit they had spent most of their time teaching tricks to Uncle Charlie's dog Balto.

Balto was a Husky and a fine lead dog as well as a good companion. Ellen and Dan had become so fond of him that they could hardly bear to leave him at the end of the visit. At home again, they had talked endlessly about their beloved Balto.

Then, a week ago, a splendid idea had occurred to Dan and Ellen. They had written their uncle, asking him to bring Balto and enter the freight race. As yet they had not received an answer.

When the children entered the house, they found that at last there was a letter from Uncle Charlie. It contained disappointing news, however. Uncle Charlie wrote that he had sold Balto to a teamster in a Canadian town farther north. The man was using Balto to haul supplies and mail for long distances over the snow. Uncle Charlie doubted that the new owner would take time to enter a race.

That evening Ellen and Dan were thoughtful and sad. Dan was not interested in his radio or his books. Ellen paid no attention to her black cat Shadow. Not once did she pull a spool along the floor so that Shadow could pounce on the spool as if it were a mouse. From suppertime to bedtime, Ellen and Dan just sat, thinking about Balto.

But in the days that followed, the children could not remain sad—not when everyone else in town was in a state of happy excitement about the race.

People stood on street corners, discussing the prizes, the rules, and past winners of the race.

Prizes were being provided by the Lake Huron Fur Company, the Western Shoe Factory, and the Fairfax Lumber Mill. To the first-place winner would go a silver cup and seventy-five dollars. The winner of second place would get twenty-five dollars. The third-place winner would get fifteen.

One rule was that mushers could hitch any number of dogs to their sleds, but they had to finish the race with all the dogs that started. If a dog got too tired to run, he had to be carried on the sled. And it would already be carrying three hundred pounds of flour for freight.

Everyone wondered whether the record set four years ago could be broken. It probably could not. Twenty miles in two hours and twenty-two minutes was good—very good, considering the fact that the drivers had to run, not ride, the whole way.

When race day was a week away, people of the town were no longer discussing rules and prizes. They talked only about the weather. "We need more snow," they all declared anxiously. "We need a heavy fall that will pack down hard. Then we need a lighter fall on top of that."

Dan and Ellen felt that someone should be doing something about the weather conditions. So they ate a hasty luncheon and set out to see Tim Shaw, the shoemaker. Mr. Shaw bragged that he could always foretell snow with his nose. It tingled, he said, if a snowstorm was not far off.

As the two youngsters trudged along the street, Shadow capered at Ellen's heels. He seldom let Ellen out of his sight when she was not in school. At the shoemaker's shop, the black cat snuggled contentedly in Ellen's arms while Dan and Ellen waited for Mr. Shaw to finish with a customer.

When the customer left, Dan asked the shoemaker about the chances for snow.

Mr. Shaw stepped outside. He gazed up over the chimney tops, tipping his head this way and that. With a shake of his head he said sadly, "Nose says no."

When the children returned the following day, Mr. Shaw announced that his nose tingled. And before dark, snow began to fall. Fifteen inches of snow had fallen by Monday morning.

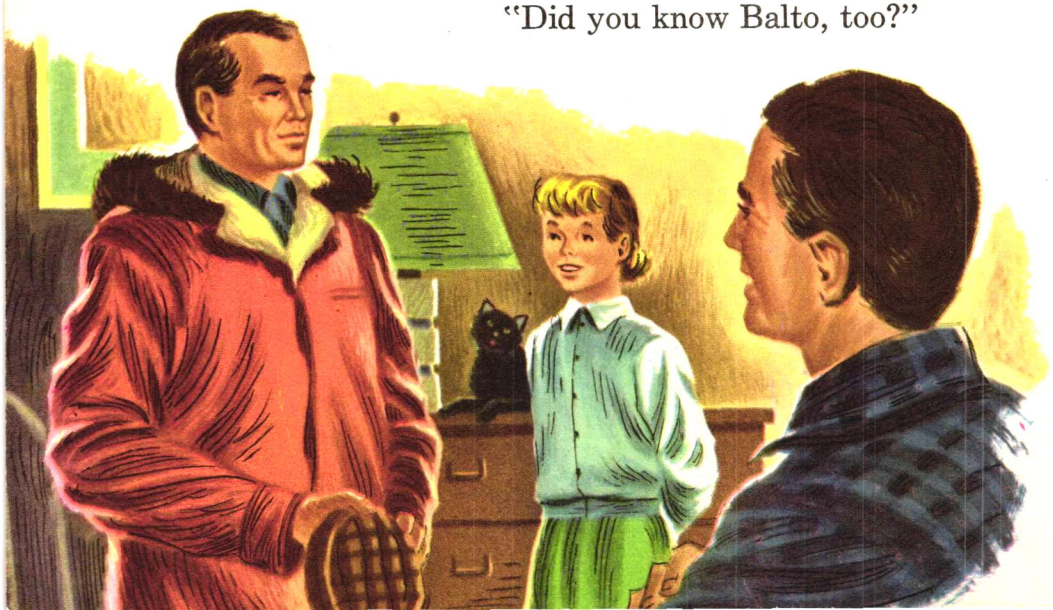
As Ellen and Dan started to school, Shadow tried to follow them. Ellen chuckled at the cat's surprised meow when he floundered in the snow.

"Be sure he's shut in the cellar on Saturday," Dan reminded his sister as she picked Shadow up. "We don't want him to follow us then. A cat could ruin the dog race."

On Friday morning word came that all the dog teams had arrived and were being boarded at a kennel outside of town. Late that afternoon one of the drivers called at the Dorrance home.

"My name is Jonas McRae," he said. "I know Charlie Boone. He told me to stop to see you."

"You know Uncle Charlie!" Ellen cried. "Did you know Balto, too?"



"Surely," answered Mr. McRae with a note of surprise in his voice. "I know all about Balto's fame. He has a splendid reputation as a racer." Then Mr. McRae smiled and added, "But watch my team tomorrow. I have a fine lead dog."

"No better than Balto!" Ellen insisted loyally. Mr. McRae only chuckled in reply.

When he was leaving to go back to the kennels, Dan and Ellen noticed that light snow was falling. Race day was going to be perfect.

By nine o'clock the next morning the Dorrance children were among the enthusiastic spectators gathering at the Sports Grounds on the river.

At nine-thirty an official wearing a badge picked up a megaphone. "Attention, please!" he called.

He read the rules and announced that, beginning at ten o'clock, a team would depart once every ten minutes from the north end of the Sports Grounds. The twenty-mile course, he said, was marked by wooden markers and flags stuck in the snow.

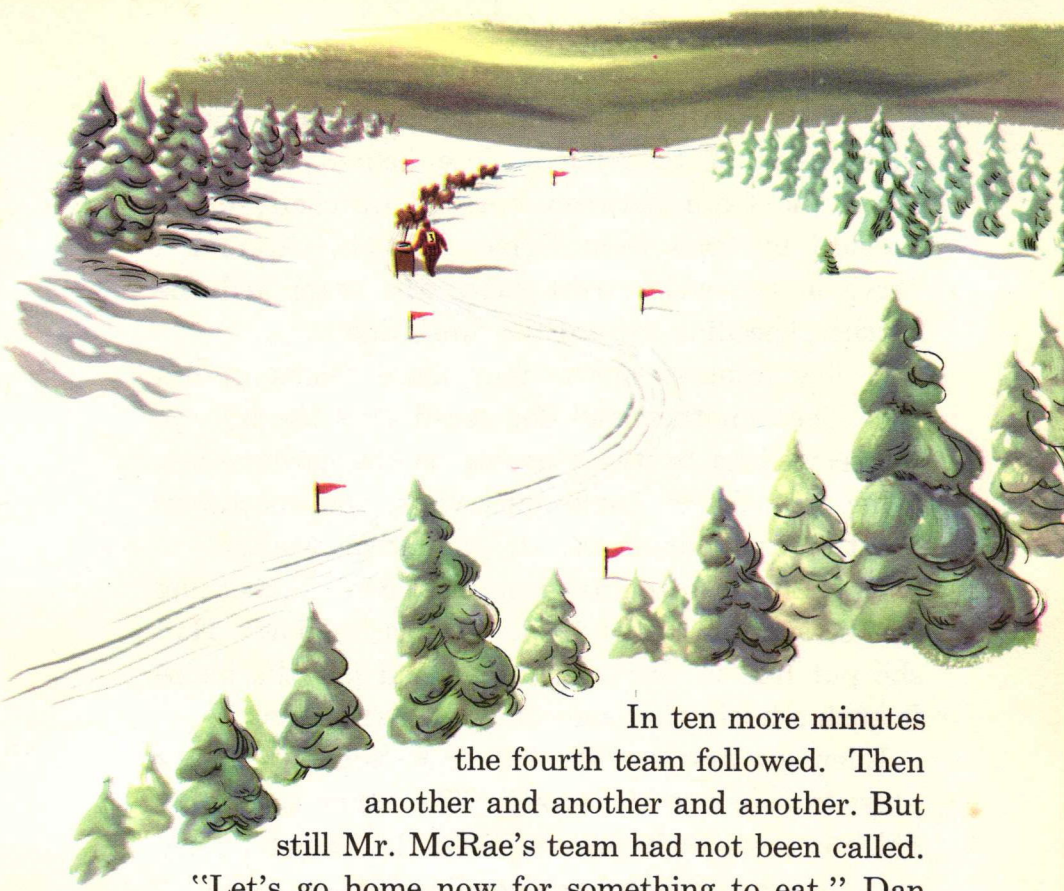
Then for the spectators' benefit he explained that the course circled the town, winding through valleys and over hills. The last hill was the one at the end of King Street. The finish line was at the south end of the Sports Grounds.

He ended by saying that race officials would check the exact time of departure and return of each musher and his team.

Soon a dog team pulled up to the starting line, and through the race official's megaphone came an announcement. Team number one! Driver, Francis Lawrence! Lead dog, Rocket!

Ten minutes later the second team in the race was announced. Driver, Detroit Smith. Lead dog, Lawson's Pride.

Ten minutes after that, team three dashed away from the starting line. Driver, Matthew Thrush. Lead dog, White Stocking.



In ten more minutes the fourth team followed. Then another and another and another. But still Mr. McRae's team had not been called.

"Let's go home now for something to eat," Dan suggested to Ellen. "We want to be over at King Street hill when the first team gets there."

Shortly after twelve, Dan and Ellen joined the crowd of people on King Street. They made their way slowly, wriggling through the crush, to the end of the street. There they waited, impatient to see the first team descend the hill.

At last an excited shout burst from the waiting crowd. A lead dog had appeared on the hilltop!

Down, down the long hill sped the lead dog with three pairs of teammates close behind him. On raced the team between lines of watchers, urged forward by cries from Driver Thrush. Around a curve in the wide street swept the team and the musher, speeding toward the finish line.

A few minutes apart, four more teams passed by. Then another lead dog raced over the hilltop. He seemed to be twice as big as the earlier ones. When the driver came into view, the spectators burst into wild applause. It was Driver McRae!

But Ellen's attention was elsewhere. Something was scratching at her boot. It was Shadow! Had she put him in the cellar? She had left the house in such a hurry that she could not remember.

Ellen grabbed for the cat. But Shadow, full of play, leaped into the street. The other spectators did not seem to be aware of the black cat. They were watching the dogs descending the long slope.

"Dan!" Ellen shrieked. "Catch Shadow!"

But Dan was shrieking something else. "Ellen, look! Look, I say! Look at that lead dog!"

Poor Ellen could look at only one thing. She did not even know that the lead Husky had flashed past her. All she saw was the nearer dog of the third pair. He had caught sight of Shadow.

Everything seemed to happen at once. Shadow saw the dogs, and his fur stood on end. Like a

black streak, the mewing cat ran straight up the person nearest to him, fled across the shoulders of the crowd and up over a bank, and disappeared.

As the lead dog and the first two pairs rounded the curve, the third pair began to tug recklessly toward the edge of the street. They were strong dogs, and they were bent on catching the cat. For a second it seemed that they would take the entire team with them. The fourth pair was willing to go. The first and second pairs were fast being pulled off their feet. But the lead Husky held his ground in spite of the offside pulling.

The driver and the crowd shouted deafeningly. Dan yelled at Ellen, "Say! What's the matter with those dogs?" But he could not hear her reply.

Then the lead Husky strained forward until the unruly dogs were yanked into place. Pulling hard, he forced them to follow him as he raced away.

"Look at that!" Dan shouted, nudging Ellen. To his amazement he saw that she was looking not at the dogs but at the people behind her. "Well!" he cried indignantly. "At least I'm interested in hearing the winner announced. Come on."

The children joined the throng starting toward the finish line. As the noisy crowd pushed along, other dog teams dashed past. The last team was coming in when Dan and Ellen reached the Sports Grounds.

Soon a deep voice boomed through a megaphone, "The winning team is number nine. Driver, Jonas McRae. Lead dog, Balto."

"Balto!" Ellen gasped. "Is it really?"

"Of course," Dan said. "Didn't you see him?"

Without waiting for a reply, Dan pulled Ellen toward the place where the winning team stood.

"It is Balto! It is!" Ellen shrieked in rapture. "Will he know us, do you think?"

"We'll find out," Dan answered with a grin.

"Balto!" they cried as they ran forward.

The Husky went wild with joy.

"Who's petting my dog?" Mr. McRae asked with exaggerated sternness.

"He's partly our dog," Ellen said. "At least, Dan and I feel that he is."

"I realized that when I heard your palaver last night," laughed the man, "and I decided to surprise you. But that black cat nearly ruined me."

Dan's mouth fell open. "What black cat?"

"Shadow," said Ellen, almost weeping. "Didn't you see him?" Then she threw her arms around the Husky's neck. "Oh, Balto!" she cried. "If you'd lost the race, it would have been on account of my cat. I would never have forgiven myself. I meant to put Shadow in the furnace room."

"Well, you did," said Dan with affection. "I saw you. It beats me how he got out. But don't drown the winner with your tears. He has to be in shape to win again next year."

Skin-Toss Champion

At last the Eskimo whale hunters were returning to the village with their *umiaks*. The walrus-hide boats were being hauled homeward over the great sheet of ice that extended three miles out into the cold sea.

For almost two months the whaling crews had been hunting in the open waters at the edge of the ice. During that time they had killed five whales.

Up ahead of the hunters, other villagers drove dog teams along. The sleds were piled high with

chunks of whale meat and waxy blubber. Soon this last load of the season would be added to the great amount of meat and blubber already stored away in the underground ice caves.

A successful whaling season was cause for a great celebration; so the Eskimos were eager to reach their homes on the shore. The most exciting part of all the fun would be a blanket-tossing game called *Nalukatuk*. As the returning villagers moved across the ice, they merrily discussed this game and the three-day feast that they would enjoy.

Early the next day men, women, and children in the little Eskimo settlement were enthusiastically preparing for the yearly feast. The girls were finishing up bright snow shirts and putting new fur linings into their parkas. The boys kept talking of the delicious food that they would be eating.

In one house, however, there was gloom. Mary, who had won last year's *Nalukatuk* contest, sat holding her knee and trying not to groan.

Her young brother Joe was looking at her, half crossly and half affectionately. "Why did you have to go dashing across the ice yesterday to help pull the boat in?" he scolded. "That fall you took will keep you from jumping in the *Nalukatuk*."

The children's old grandmother sat on the floor across the narrow room. She listened as she cut fresh black whaleskin into the little square chunks that Eskimos eat like candy. Finally she looked up and shook her head at her grandson. "Don't make Mary feel any worse," she told him. "The hurt in her knee is bad enough."

"But I told everyone that Mary would win again this year!" Joe exclaimed unhappily. "And she would, if this hadn't happened!"

"My knee will be all right," said Mary, trying to cheer Joe up. "It's just bruised. If it doesn't swell too much, I can still be in the *Nalukatuk*."

Secretly, Mary doubted her own words.

Grandmother came over and loosened the ties of Mary's fur-lined waterproof boots. She inspected the knee gently. "You rest it. Tomorrow it may be better," she told Mary soothingly. Then she said to Joe, "Worry won't hasten the healing."

Joe went outside to see what was being done to prepare for the feast. A ring of *umiaks* had been set up to provide an area where people could find protection from the freezing arctic wind.

Beyond the boats the shore ice stretched toward the horizon. But Joe could hear a distant rumbling sound that told him the ice was beginning to break up. Behind him lay the land, bright with masses of spring flowers. These colorful blossoms appeared each year the moment the snows melted.

Suddenly Joe saw his friend Bill going around the corner of one of the earth-and-wood houses.

The two boys had been arguing for weeks about who was going to win the coming *Nalukatuk*. Joe had bragged that his sister Mary was sure to win the contest again this year. Bill had insisted that there would be a new champion, his cousin Saidie.

Then, a few days ago, some ivory and a dog got mixed up in the argument. Joe had offered to trade some walrus ivory to Bill for a young Husky that Bill owned. Bill had refused to trade until after the *Nalukatuk*. He had said, "I'll trade the pup for the ivory if Mary really does win. If Saidie wins, I'll probably give the dog to her."

Even so, when Joe caught up with Bill now, he said, "How's that pup of mine getting along?"

"She's not yours yet," Bill reminded him.

For a moment Joe wondered if Bill had heard of Mary's accident. Then, pretending a confidence that he did not feel, Joe said, "You promised to trade if Mary wins. And she'll win. She's the best jumper in town, and you know it!"

"We'll see," Bill remarked stubbornly.

"Anyway," said Joe, "I'd like to visit the pup."

The boys went around behind Bill's house where the young Husky was tied. She was the daughter of one of the most famous sled dogs in the region, and she had been the finest pup in the litter.

"There she is!" Bill said grandly, in a tone that reminded Joe again of the animal's great value.

The puppy had been given to Bill six months ago when she was very small. However, Bill's family already had a swift lead dog. But the lead dog that belonged to Joe's family had grown old and slow. Joe had set his heart on training this lively pup as a new leader for the family dog team.

"Let me play with her," Joe said. "She ought to be getting acquainted with me, since I'm going to have her. And how about calling her by her right name—Mary Nalukatuk? That is what her name will be when she's mine."

"She's not yours yet," said Bill. "Maybe she never will be. Maybe she'll be Saidie Nalukatuk!"

"Why do you want to give Saidie a valuable lead dog like this one?" Joe cried impatiently. "A fine sled dog shouldn't be wasted as a house pet."

Bill shrugged. "Tomorrow we'll see whose dog she is," he said carelessly.

Joe made no reply. Turning gloomily away, he began to worry about his sister's injured knee.

The next day Mary was still lying in her bunk when Joe left the house. In reply to his anxious questions, she had said that her knee was feeling better. Something in her manner had made Joe wonder if she knew about Bill and the Husky, but he decided that she could not have guessed.

Tempting smells in the air soon drew Joe to the spot where the women were busy with their outdoor cooking for the feast. "Shall I taste the food and tell you whether it's all right?" he asked with a grin.

"Get away with you," said his aunt fondly. "You are needed to help with the walrus hide for the *Nalukatuk*."

"That will take a lot of strength," Joe told her. "You'd better feed me."

"Here!" chuckled the woman as she stooped to fill a bowl from a steaming pan. "How's Mary?"

"Oh, Mary's fine. She will win all right," Joe assured his aunt. But as he wandered away, he wished that he felt as positive as he sounded.

Nearby a group of people were gathering. They formed a circle around a big sheet of walrus hide held about four feet off the ground by ropes that were attached to poles. Far above the hide a wire was stretched. It was placed six inches above the high point reached by last year's champion jumper.

A roll of drums sounded from the shelter of the upturned *umiaks* as the *Nalukatuk* performers ran forward. Mary and Saidie were in the lead, and Joe was relieved to see that his sister no longer limped.

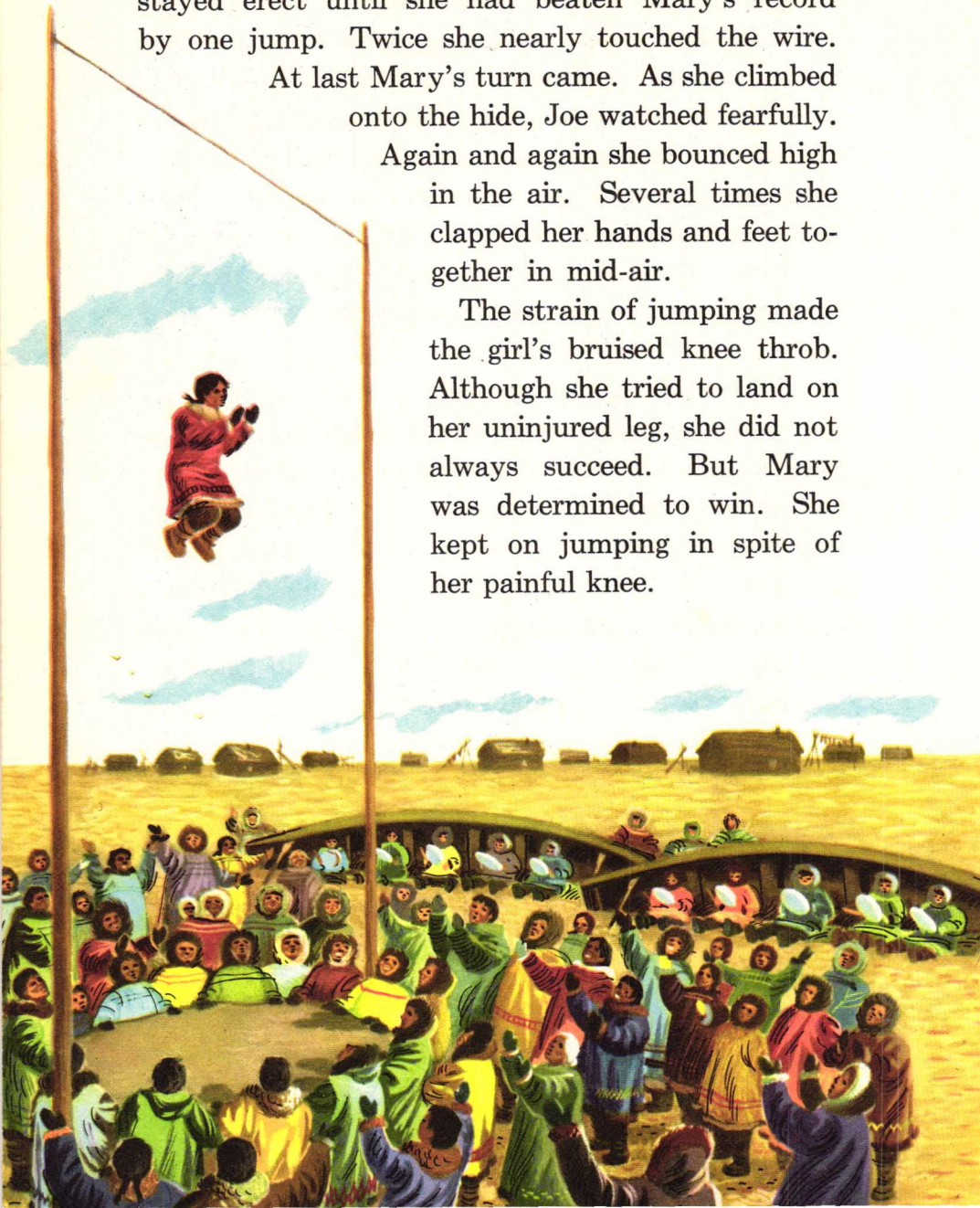
It was the custom for last year's champion to be the final jumper. So Mary stood watching as people grabbed the loops of rope attached to the big sheet of hide. She saw them pull it taut when the first performer climbed aboard. Then she saw them flip the hide, tossing the girl high in the air.

The girl tried to jump as high as possible, land on her feet, keep her balance, and go up again as many times as she could. To make the feat more difficult, the merry tossers jerked the hide and did their best to throw the girl. Meanwhile the spectators yelled and clapped with glee.

One by one other performers tried their luck. A few expert jumpers made dancing motions or crossed and uncrossed their legs in the air. But none of them made as many jumps as Mary had made last year. And none of them touched the wire.

Saidie was next to the last to perform. She stayed erect until she had beaten Mary's record by one jump. Twice she nearly touched the wire. At last Mary's turn came. As she climbed onto the hide, Joe watched fearfully. Again and again she bounced high in the air. Several times she clapped her hands and feet together in mid-air.

The strain of jumping made the girl's bruised knee throb. Although she tried to land on her uninjured leg, she did not always succeed. But Mary was determined to win. She kept on jumping in spite of her painful knee.



At last Joe could no longer bear the pained look on his sister's face. "Stop, Mary!" he pleaded.

But when Mary glanced down at her brother and shook her head, he was sure that she knew of his bargain with Bill. She wanted him to have his dog.

Mary's next leap beat last year's record. Then, with a mighty bound, she touched the overhead wire and topped Saidie's count. Mary had won!

The skin drums rolled in triumph as Joe helped Mary hobble away. "Here," he said gently, "lean on me." He was feeling ashamed of his bargain, but all that he could think of to say was, "I have some nice foxskins that you may have for a new parka, Mary. I meant you to have them, anyway."

Mary's eyes twinkled. "I know," she said, "and I wanted you to have your dog. Bill told me about the fine pup you'd get if I won. Now the Husky will be your dog."

"Oh, no!" protested Joe. "She will be our dog. I'm going to name her Mary Nalukatuk, after you!"

As Joe helped Mary hobble home, he began to think of the winter, when the blizzards would roar in from the icy Arctic Sea. This year, when the men started out with the dog teams, he would be with them, following a swiftly moving sled over the trail. And when the time came to relax and talk, he would have a fine story to tell of how he had become the owner of a spirited lead dog.

Rounding Up the Sheep

"How big the world is!" Gudrun exclaimed as she slipped from her saddle to the ground at the edge of the narrow trail.

Finnur smiled at his sister's remark. She was older than he was, but he thought he was wiser. "It's not the world," he answered. "It's just a part of Iceland."

"I know," said Gudrun. "But look down there! The roads and the rivers seem to go on and on."

Finnur and Hans had left their shaggy-maned ponies standing on the rocky trail. Father also had tossed the reins over his pony's head and had slid from his saddle. The four people stood looking

wonderingly out over one of the mountain valleys of Iceland.

The two boys and the girl were going with their father to Cousin Olaf's farm to help round up the sheep. They had been riding up the mountain trail for an hour. It would take them more than a day to reach the farm.

Father turned and began tightening straps on his saddlebags. As he swung onto his pony, he called, "It's time to go."

Hans, Finnur, and Gudrun mounted their ponies. In single file the sure-footed animals started to climb the steep and stony mountain trail.

After the family had been traveling for a long while, Father reined up his pony. "Let us stop and rest," he suggested. "It is time to eat."

The group halted by a tumbling brook where the ponies could drink and nibble the grass that grew nearby.

"Gudrun, the sandwiches are in your saddlebag," Hans reminded his sister. "And here's the milk." From his bag he took a large bottle wrapped in wet newspaper to keep it cool.

"I'm as hungry as a pony," Finnur declared.

"Then eat as one," his father told him pleasantly. "We have a long way to go."

Late in the afternoon the four riders reached the shore of the lake where they were to camp for the night.

Bridles were removed from the ponies, and the little creatures were hobbled. Gudrun gathered sticks and dry moss to make a campfire while the others went to the lake to catch fish for supper.

"This is the best kind of supper ever," Gudrun said when there were only piles of fish bones on the plates. Then she yawned, and Father said it was time for everyone to go to bed.

The fire was extinguished, and the blankets were unrolled. One tired traveler after another snuggled down for the night. Even though the ground was hard, sleep came quickly to them all.

The next day the trail went through country that became steadily wilder and rockier. The rivers were deeper, and to ford them, the ponies sometimes had to swim while their riders clung to their backs.

By noon the family had reached Cousin Olaf's farm. Cousin Ann had a good luncheon ready—stew, boiled potatoes, bread, and preserves.

Then it was time to start the ingathering of the sheep. The party started up to where the pasture lands stretched high and far and the sheep were grazing. Cousin Olaf led the way. His two sheep dogs wound in and out among the ponies.

At a fork in the trail Cousin Olaf finally halted. "We part here," he announced. "Let us meet at the farm tomorrow."

Taking Gudrun, Hans, and a sheep dog with him, Olaf headed up one trail. Father and Finnur with Bruni, the second dog, took the other trail.

"Good luck!" the two men called to each other as they started on their separate ways.

Up in these high meadows toward which Cousin Olaf was headed, there were more than three hundred sheep with their lambs. Olaf had decided that he and his two helpers should round up most of the flock. There would be only a hundred or so sheep and lambs scattered over the mountainside where Father and Finnur were going.

Near evening most of the work of rounding up the sheep was finished for Finnur and his father.

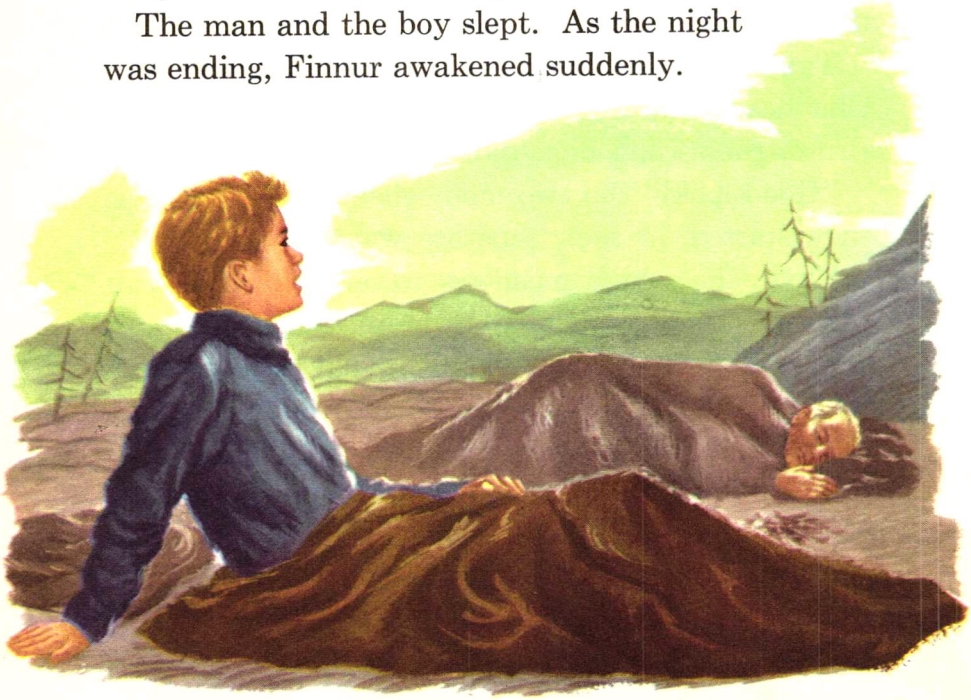
"We have ninety-nine," Father reported when he had made his count.

Almost regretfully, Finnur said, "It's been very easy. The sheep have all come together so well that we haven't had much to do."

"Don't worry about that," answered Father with a smile. "We have done our work. And now we must get our flock ready for the night."

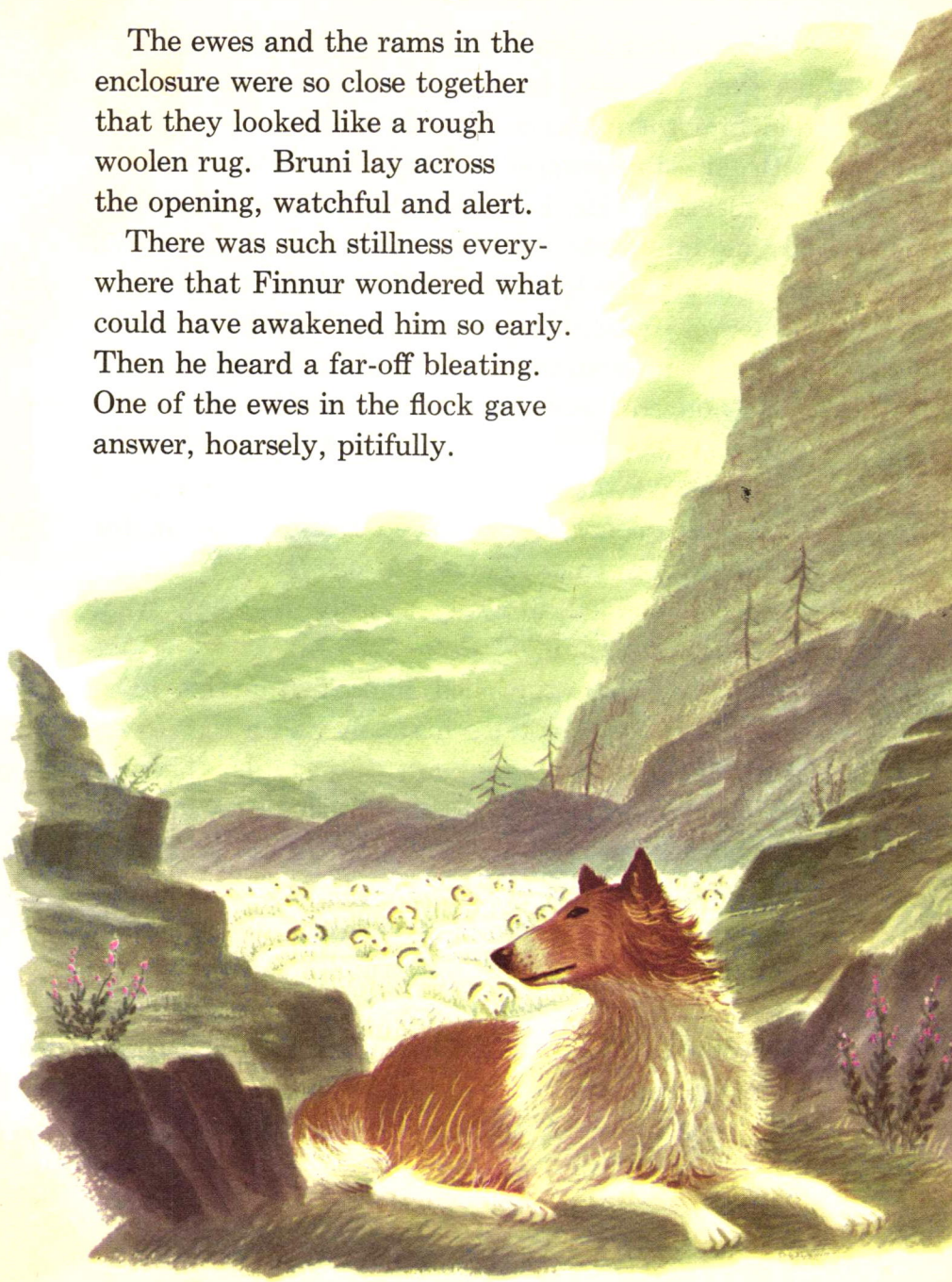
It took nearly an hour to herd the sheep into a small enclosure between high rocks. Bruni was ordered to guard the entrance. Then Finnur and his father built a campfire and heated some soup. They drank it and rolled up in their blankets.

The man and the boy slept. As the night was ending, Finnur awakened suddenly.



The ewes and the rams in the enclosure were so close together that they looked like a rough woolen rug. Bruni lay across the opening, watchful and alert.

There was such stillness everywhere that Finnur wondered what could have awakened him so early. Then he heard a far-off bleating. One of the ewes in the flock gave answer, hoarsely, pitifully.



Finnur turned his gaze higher, trying to find with his eyes the spot on the mountain where his ears told him there was a forsaken lamb.

Bruni's tail wagged nervously at the sound of the bleating. He knew that there was a lamb on the mountainside. But he could not go in search of it because he had been told to guard the flock.

"Never mind, Bruni," Finnur whispered as he scanned the mountain. "We'll find the lamb."

He nudged the still form lying beside him.

The sleeper turned and opened his eyes.

"Will you take Bruni's place with the flock?" Finnur asked eagerly. "I need Bruni to go up the mountain with me. There's a lost lamb."

Father nodded drowsily, hardly realizing what his son was planning.

Quickly Finnur unrolled himself from his blanket. He gave a shake to his body and a toss to his head, like a pony coming out of its stable. Then he whistled to Bruni, and off they started at a lope.

As Father stumbled sleepily to the flock, Finnur ran to the wall of the mountain. It rose steeply above rocks that slipped and slid. Finnur knew that his only hope of climbing the mountain was to find the way the lamb had gone. Bruni was doing everything to help. He was sniffing here and there, trying to find the lamb's trail. Suddenly he looked back at Finnur. Then he started up the mountain.

Finnur followed quickly—up, straight up. More than once he wished that he had four soft, padded feet instead of two feet in clumsy shoes. Still, hands could be as good as feet. Placing his hands carefully on jagged rocks—now here, now there—he pulled himself up.

Bruni was a long way ahead. But his excited yelps were a good guide up the steep slope. All at once the tone of Bruni's barking changed. It sounded cross. Then the sharp tone dropped to a worried whine. Something had happened that had made the dog very angry, then bewildered him completely.

Higher and higher up the steep, rocky face of the mountain Finnur climbed until he reached Bruni.

The sheep dog was crouching on a ledge. He had at last reached the point where he must stop. He could find no way up.

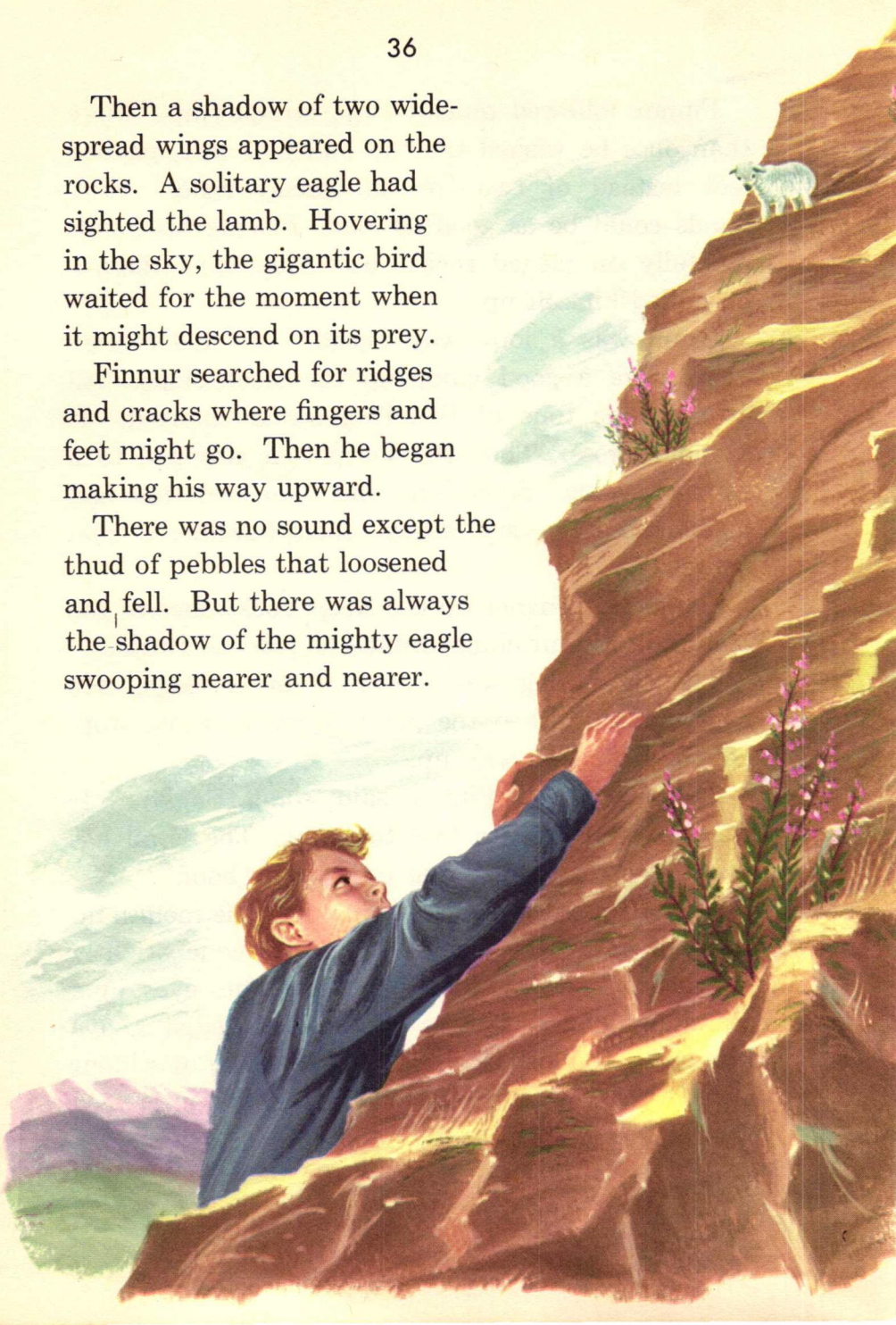
"Good Bruni," Finnur said comfortingly. "It was clever of you to find the way. The lamb has been here, for there is the print of its hoof."

At that moment the sun came over the mountain-top and lit up the whole valley. It shone brightly on the rock walls. The boy raised his eyes in a searching glance. There on another ledge above him stood the lost lamb. It looked down at Finnur and Bruni with curious eyes, so much interested that it forgot to bleat.

Then a shadow of two wide-spread wings appeared on the rocks. A solitary eagle had sighted the lamb. Hovering in the sky, the gigantic bird waited for the moment when it might descend on its prey.

Finnur searched for ridges and cracks where fingers and feet might go. Then he began making his way upward.

There was no sound except the thud of pebbles that loosened and fell. But there was always the shadow of the mighty eagle swooping nearer and nearer.



At last Finnur pulled himself up on the ledge. Picking up a stone, he hurled it at the eagle. The bird hissed angrily and soared upward.

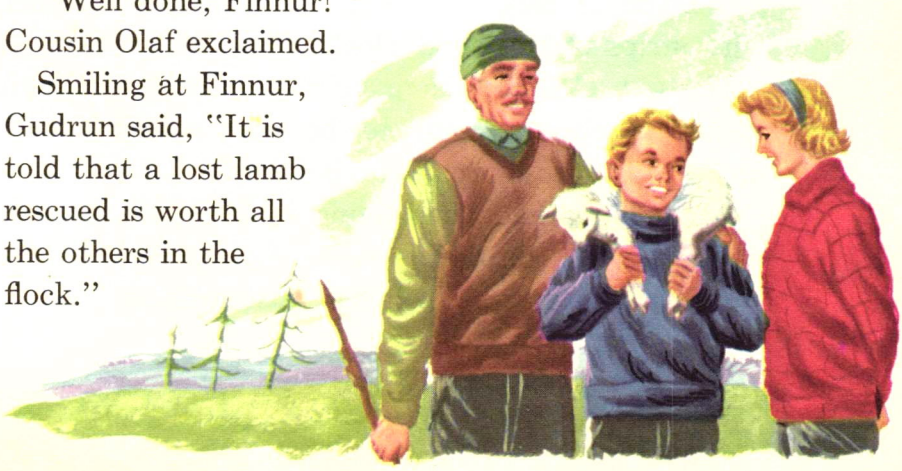
"I'll take you back to the flock," Finnur whispered to the lamb. Gripping its front feet in one hand and its hind feet in the other, he lifted the lamb to his shoulders. The four legs were around his neck so that Finnur could grasp them with one hand. Pulling some cord from his pocket, he tied the legs together. Now the lamb was safe, and Finnur's hands were free.

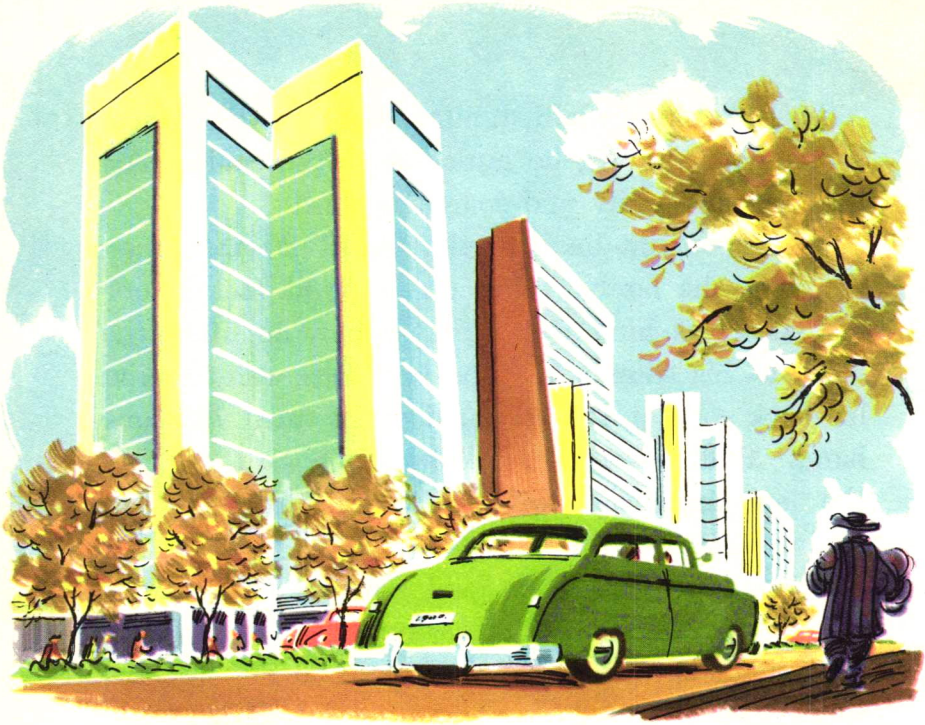
Seeking out firm holds for his feet and his hands, Finnur lowered himself to the ledge where Bruni barked an enthusiastic welcome. The dog led the way down the mountainside. As they neared the flock, the sheep bleated. The ponies whinnied, and Father cheered his son's brave feat.

It was late afternoon when Finnur and his father met the others at the farm. Finnur showed how he had carried the stray lamb down from the cliff.

"Well done, Finnur!" Cousin Olaf exclaimed.

Smiling at Finnur, Gudrun said, "It is told that a lost lamb rescued is worth all the others in the flock."





The Same in Any Language

"You'll find that this is a busy, beautiful city," said Mr. Collins enthusiastically to his wife and his son Roy. "Look at the skyscraper on our left. It's made of sheets of plate glass bound together with strips of steel and blocks of stone."

Herbert Collins was a civil engineer, and civil engineers always seem to be enthusiastic about modern bridges or roads or buildings.

Mr. Collins had been living in Mexico City and working on a project nearby for several weeks. But his wife and his son had just arrived.

"I hope," continued Mr. Collins, "that you both like the house I've rented for us. And I hope that you will like living here."

"We shall. I'm positive," Mrs. Collins assured her husband. "Roy and I are extremely lucky to be able to be here with you this winter. If you'd been sent to Peru or Arabia or some such place, it would have been out of the question for us to join you."

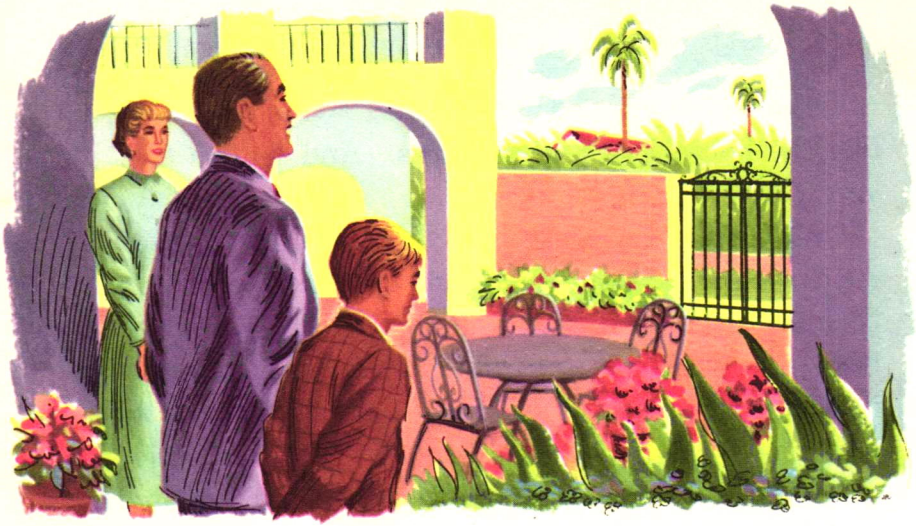
As the automobile rolled on past bright-colored buildings, tall palm trees, and brilliant masses of flowers, Mrs. Collins chuckled. "I can't say that Mexico City looks much like our Montana Avenue neighborhood at home," she said. "But once Roy and I have learned to speak a little Spanish, we'll feel at home, won't we, Son?"

Roy was gazing at a row of pink and yellow and blue houses. "Oh, sure. Sure, Mother," he said.

But he was not sure. He doubted that he would ever feel at home in this strange place. Living in Mexico City for months was going to be quite different from spending summers at Grandpa's farm in Wisconsin or going to Aunt Leone's in Detroit for Christmas.

Roy's gloomy tone caused his mother to glance anxiously in his direction. But before she could say anything, Mr. Collins stopped the car.

"On our right," he said, "is the Collins home."



After Mr. Collins had showed his wife and son the various rooms in the new home, he led them through a door into a walled-in garden. "This is the patio," he explained. "We can eat out here, and Roy can entertain his friends here."

"What friends?" the boy thought resentfully. But he did not say it. Instead, he followed his parents back into the house to help with the unpacking.

Later, Roy was once more in the patio, sitting with his visored baseball cap shading his eyes and an open magazine in his hand. He wasn't reading, though. He was thinking again, "What friends?"

All his friends were in the United States—most of them in Chicago. Right now there would be a baseball game on Montana Avenue. And here he was in Mexico City with no chance of playing ball. Mexican boys would know nothing about baseball.

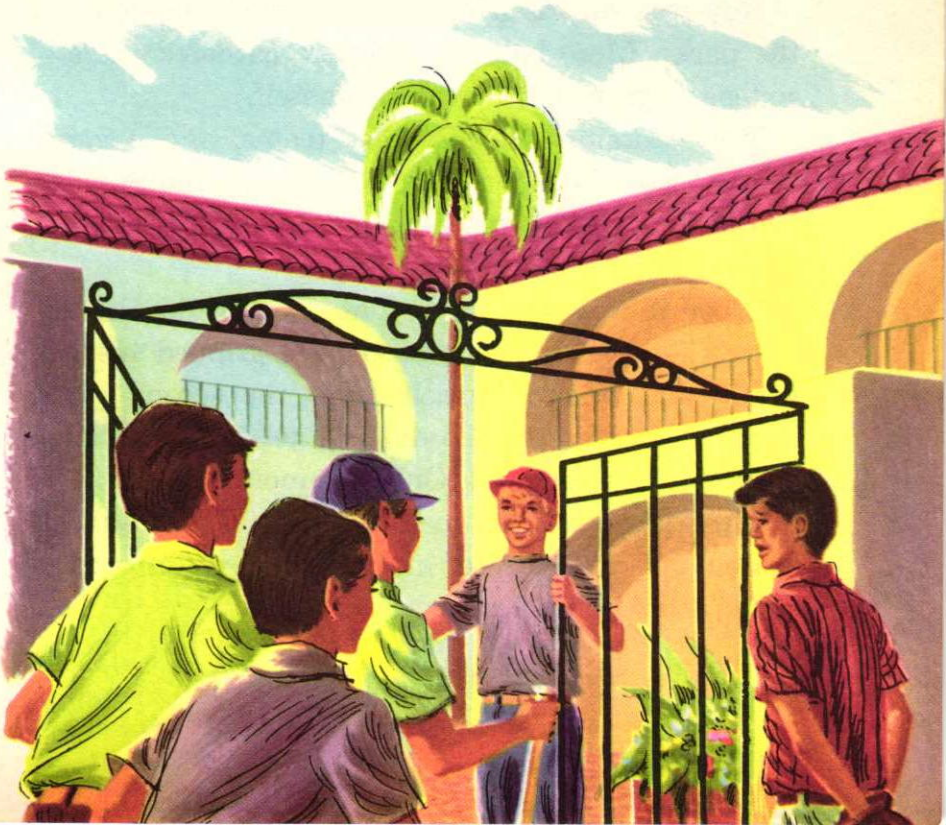
At that moment a baseball sailed into the patio and struck a palm tree in front of Roy. At first he stared at the ball in surprise. Then he sprang to his feet, scooped it up, and pivoted on his heel to see who had thrown it.

Outside the patio gate stood a group of Mexican boys. They appeared anxious and afraid.

"You didn't break anything," Roy assured them in English.

The boys just shrugged and looked puzzled.

"They don't understand English," thought Roy. Opening the gate, he waved the boys inside.



The boys understood Roy's motion. Chattering excitedly in Spanish, they crowded into the patio.

Now Roy was feeling a little shy. He stood in the open gate, tossing the ball into the air.

One of the visitors grinned, squatted down, and raised his hands. Roy smiled and tossed him the ball. The visitor caught it and promptly threw it back, but the throw was high. The Mexican boys shouted their approval of Roy's fast action as he leaped into the air to make the catch.

Then a boy motioned with his bat toward a park across the way. When Roy nodded his head, the whole group hurried across the street.

Roy was surprised to find a baseball diamond in the park. More ball players were gathered there—sixteen boys in all, including himself.

Two captains quickly chose teams, and a game began. Roy did not understand any of the Spanish words that the boys spoke, but he did understand baseball. That was enough.

When it was his turn to bat, Roy swung fiercely at the first pitch and missed. He gripped his bat firmly and braced himself. But the second pitch came so rapidly that he did not get the bat off his shoulder. Two strikes! Only one more chance!

This time Roy was ready. Crack! The baseball soared out over center field. Then it dropped—with no fielder under it.

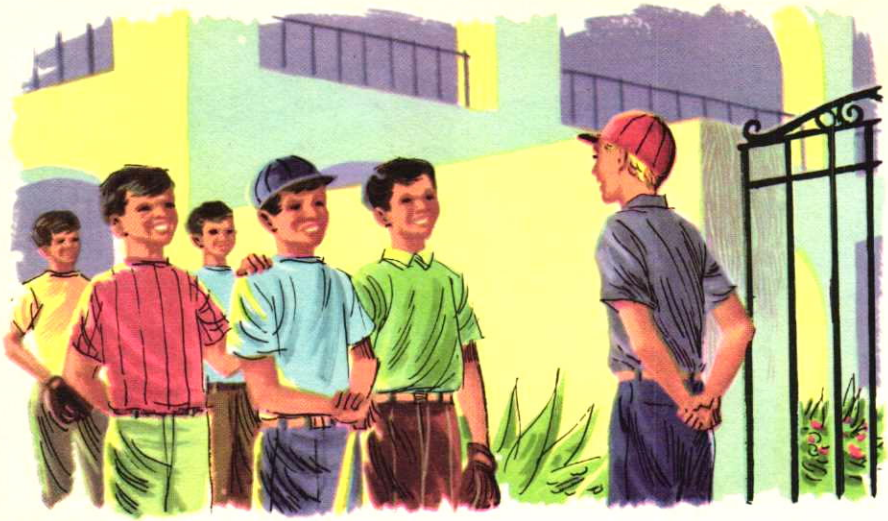
Roy raced for first base and then kept on going toward second. He rounded second, passed third, and with an extraordinary burst of speed dashed for home plate. His teammates were dancing and whooping and tossing their caps in the air.

When the game ended, Roy's team had lost by one point. But Roy was so happy about his new friends that the score did not seem important.

"Thanks for letting me play," he told the boys.

They shrugged. "*Adiós,*" they said.

"*Adiós,*" repeated Roy, suddenly realizing that the word meant good-by. Then he remembered another word that the boys had used during the game. "*Gracias,*" he said shyly.



The Mexican boys grinned delightedly to hear their new friend say the Spanish word for thanks.

"*Mañana!*" they called, starting up the street.

Roy stared after the boys until his father, who had been sitting in the patio, joined him outside the gate.

"What does *mañana* mean?" Roy asked quickly.

"Tomorrow," answered his father.

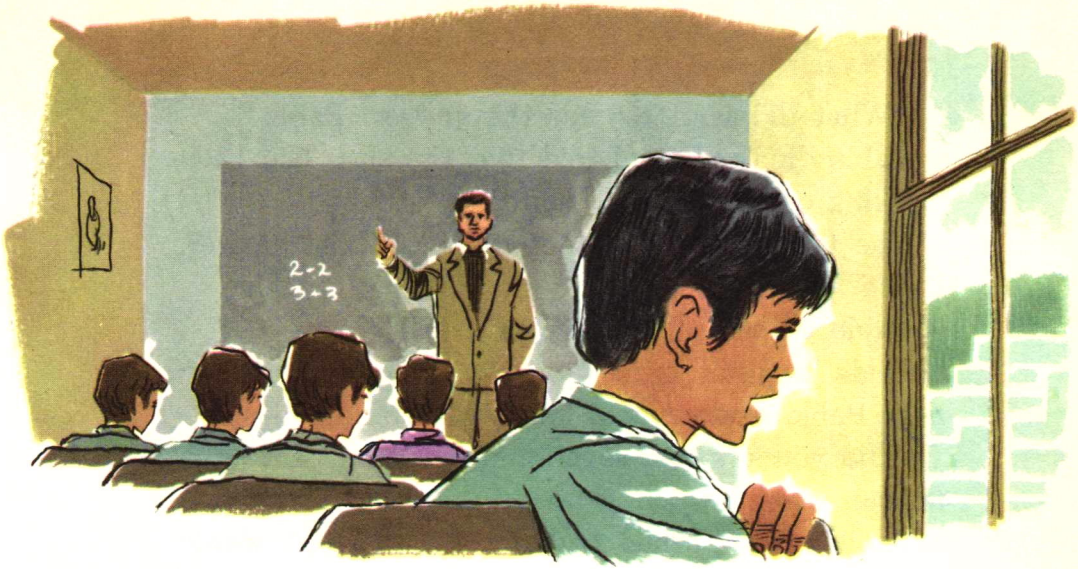
"But I need to know now!" Roy insisted.

"*Mañana*," said Mr. Collins, laughing, "is the Spanish word for tomorrow."

"Great!" shouted Roy. "Then we are going to have another baseball game tomorrow!"

In a perplexed voice Mr. Collins asked, "How could you get along so well with those boys when you don't understand a word of their language?"

"Easy!" answered Roy. "We all understand baseball! That's the same in any language."



Trouble for Pablo

"Two and two are four. Three and three are six. Four and four are——"

Pablo's dark eyes traveled lazily away from the teacher. The boy's voice continued to drone out the singsong answers with the others in the school. "Five and five are——" But his thoughts were far, far away. They soared out over the window sill and over the adobe walls of the houses across the cobblestone street. In his mind Pablo was high in the beautiful mountains that rolled up from the little Mexican town.

"Pablo!"

The boy's head jerked back. Blinking the sunlight out of his eyes, he stared in confusion at the teacher.

"What did you say was the answer, Pablo?"

Pablo dimly remembered that the class had been working on problems in addition.

The teacher repeated impatiently, "The answer, Pablo?"

Pablo gulped. "Ten, *señor?*"

Rude laughter burst from the first row. A boy near Pablo smothered a laugh with his hand.

"Did you say that seven and seven are ten?" the teacher asked.

Pablo's face turned a dull red. The last words he remembered were "five and five." The class must have gone on to other problems while he was daydreaming about his beloved mountains.

"Pablo."

"Yes, *señor.*"

"You are the oldest boy in the room. Yet you pay less attention than anyone else. When first you came down from the mountain to school, you learned your lessons quickly, and I had great hopes for you. But now you just sit and dream. Try, try to pay attention. Always you will be in trouble if you do not learn." The schoolmaster shook his head sadly in disapproval and turned away.

Resentment filled Pablo's heart. This was the first time that he had been scolded in front of the whole school. To be punished like a child before everyone! Shame made his hands tremble.

Pablo stared hard at the floor. He was twelve! He was nearly a grown-up, not a child. Hadn't he planted his own cornfield with very little help? Had he not been trusted with Pancho, the family's only horse, when he came to school? When the family of his friend, Ricardo Inclan, had harvested their corn, hadn't he been such a help that *Señor* Inclan had made a new bridle for Pancho? And when he gave it to Pablo, hadn't he said, "Every young man needs a fine bridle for his horse"?

Pablo felt very indignant. He would run away to the mountains and never come back. People there would understand that a man should not be scolded in front of the whole school. He would not even say good-by to his aunt with whom he was staying in town. She must not know that he was going.

When school was over for the day, Pablo bolted out the door and ran down the cobblestone street to the field where Pancho was pastured. He tossed his books into the tumble-down adobe shelter where he kept his bridle and whistled for Pancho.

The horse trotted up and nuzzled the boy's neck affectionately. In a few minutes Pablo had bridled Pancho and climbed on his back. Soon they were on the trail that led to the river and then up into the mountains.

The first part of the trail was over a flat, grassy meadow. Pancho found his own way while Pablo

busily planned a future life in the mountains. He would stay there forever, hunting and fishing with his grandfather and his friend Ricardo.

Soon Pancho forded the river and started up the mountain. The sun was sinking. Shivering, the boy pulled his cotton jacket closer around him.

Later the horse stopped at a fork in the trail and turned his head to the right. Pablo, lost in daydreams, jerked the reins without even looking up. Pancho moved on, carefully avoiding the holes and ditches cut into the trail by heavy rainstorms.

Hunger finally made Pablo forget his daydreams. His stomach growled angrily at not being fed. All at once he was aware of the increasingly rough trail and of the low-hanging branches that whipped across his face. Pablo scanned his unfamiliar surroundings. Something was wrong. The trail he had taken when he came down to school was well-traveled and smooth. His father had explained that its many riders hacked it clear of overhanging branches. This trail was rough and neglected.

Frightened for a moment, Pablo jerked the horse to a halt. Then he laughed and told Pancho to go on. After all, any trail that led up the mountain should take him to the villages near the top.

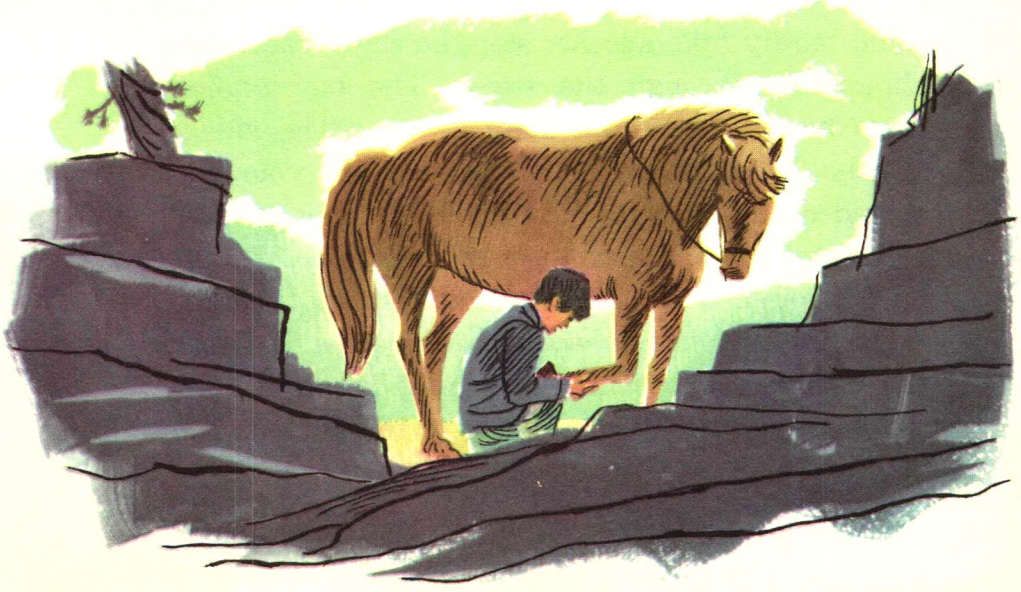
But it would be just as well, Pablo decided, not to go to the village where his own family dwelt. Mama was proud to have her son attending the

new school in town. She thought that learning to read and write was very important, and she would feel disgraced to know that he had run away from school. It would be better to go to Grandfather's home, which was on the edge of Ricardo's village. Grandfather would understand how he felt.

Riding on through gathering darkness, Pablo was thoughtful. He squirmed for a moment when he recalled that tomorrow was the day of the spelling match. He was captain of his team. But that was for children, not for a grown-up man like himself.

Pablo gave Pancho's flank an impatient nudge, and the weary horse broke into a lope. Then it happened! Pancho missed his step. One unshod foot came down hard on a jagged rock.

Quickly Pablo slid to the ground to examine the horse's forefoot.



"Are you hurt, Pancho?" the boy asked, nearly in tears. "Come, walk a little," he coaxed.

The horse limped a few clumsy steps and halted.

"Poor old pony," the boy said softly. He was stricken with grief. What if the injured foot did not heal? What if Pancho should be lame forever? What if he should have to be shot? "If only I had paid attention," sighed Pablo, "we would be on the smooth trail, and this wouldn't have happened."

Pancho stumbled on a few more steps.

"It cannot be far now to Ricardo's village," Pablo thought anxiously. "*Señor* Inclan will know how to help my horse. If only Pancho can walk that far."

Pablo coaxed Pancho along to give him courage. By hobbling a few steps, then stopping to rest, the horse climbed the mountain. He moved so slowly that it was dark long before they reached the top.

Just when Pablo was so tired and hungry that he could hardly take another step, he saw a faint light glimmering through the trees. The boy rejoiced when he saw more and more lights. "The village, Pancho!" he cried. "Now we can get your foot attended to. And we can get something to eat."

Both of them limped the last few steps. Walking up the rough trail had made Pablo's feet hurt, too.

Outside the heavy wooden fence that encircled the village, Pablo called, "Ricardo! Ricardo!"

No answering cry came back to the anxious boy.

"Ricardo!" he called once more.

Suddenly Pablo heard the creak of a gate in the fence. The dim figure of a man slipped through.

"Why do you come?" the man asked.

"I——" Pablo peered at him. The man was a complete stranger to the boy. Now Pablo realized what had happened. The rough trail had led not to Ricardo's village but to a village on the opposite side of the mountaintop.

"Why do you come?" the man demanded again.

In the faint light behind the man, Pablo could see two other figures approaching. He gripped Pancho's reins in a shaky hand and told what had happened and where he was going. "*Señor* Inclan knows a great deal about horses," Pablo added. "He can help me, but I am afraid to let my lame horse walk any farther."

"Wait," grunted the man. Then he summoned the others to him and spoke in urgent tones. One of them set off swiftly into the darkness. His running feet made swishing sounds on the soft pine needles. Then everything was silent. The other two men squatted near the gate.

"What will happen now?" Pablo wondered.

A long time passed. Pablo crouched wretchedly on the ground. No one spoke. He worried about Pancho and shivered with cold. It seemed that he was always in trouble. He was far from school

and his aunt's home, where his mama believed him to be cozy and safe. His beloved horse was lame. He himself was cold and hungry. "It's all my own fault!" he sighed. "If I'd planned better, I'd have a blanket and food. I'd have taken the smooth trail, and Pancho wouldn't have hurt himself."

At last, after what seemed to Pablo many hours, he heard the whispering rush of approaching footsteps. What now? No one spoke as the footsteps moved closer in the darkness. Someone went into the enclosure and carried out a flaring pine-wood torch. It was held close to Pablo's face. The light blinded the boy for an instant.

Then he heard a friendly voice call his name.

"Ricardo!" exclaimed Pablo, advancing eagerly toward his friend.

Pablo laughed with relief. The strangers must have sent a messenger to the other village to bring Ricardo.

Just then another shadow moved forward. Pablo recognized Ricardo's father.

"Oh," cried the worried boy, "I'm so grateful that you have come, *señor!* Please look at poor Pancho's injured foot. Is he badly hurt?"

Ricardo's father stooped and gently examined the horse's injury. "It is not bad," he announced. "Pancho can walk as far as our village. We will care for his foot there. Come!"

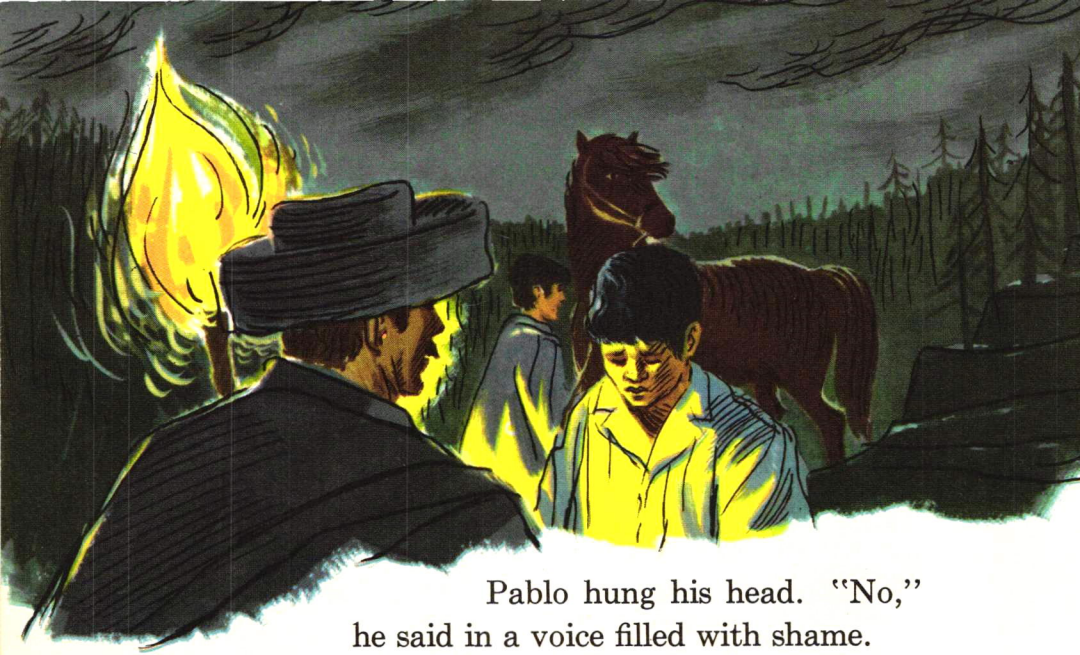
The two boys followed Ricardo's father, who led the horse slowly around the mountaintop that separated the two villages.

Pablo excitedly told Ricardo how he had run away from school. Ricardo only shook his head. Suddenly Pablo knew what his friend was thinking—that he, Pablo, should have obeyed orders.

But Pablo went on explaining. "Now I plan to live with my grandfather. I want to live in the mountains like a man."

Ricardo's father, who had not said a word, halted and turned around. He held the torch so that it lighted up Pablo's face.

"Like a man!" he exclaimed. "When you ran away, did you bring food? Did you bring a fire? Did you bring a blanket for the cold night?"



Pablo hung his head. "No," he said in a voice filled with shame.

"Then you have not the wisdom of a man," *Señor* Inclan declared and strode on ahead.

For several minutes there was silence along the mountain trail. Seldom before had Pablo thought of the impression his actions might make on others. Tonight his actions had proved to everyone that he was not a man. He had acted like a foolish child!

Then Ricardo spoke in a gentle voice. "I think that tomorrow you should go back to school."

Pablo thought seriously about it. "How?"

"We'll lend you a burro and keep Pancho until he's well," said Ricardo. "If you go before sun-up, no one at school will know that you ran away."

Pablo nodded. "Yes, tomorrow I will return."

He would go back to school. He would acquire the knowledge that he really needed to be a man!

Francisco's Luck

It was very early when Francisco stirred on his hard bamboo bed. While he was still half asleep, he remembered something. Today was the day!

This very afternoon the boat loaded with cacao beans would start down the river to the great port city of Guayaquil. Each time this overnight trip was made, a boy from the village was taken along. There was keen rivalry among the lads who hoped to be chosen. So far, Francisco had always been passed over because he was too young.

Francisco's bare feet made no sound as they hit the bamboo floor. He crossed the room stealthily so as not to awaken the other children. Quickly he descended the steps that led from the house to the ground. "Perhaps," he was whispering to himself, "if I work hard today, I will be chosen."

"Why, little one!" exclaimed Francisco's mother. "You're up without being called! Are you sick?"

"No," the boy answered. "I am just hungry." Then, since he did not want to speak of his hope of going to Guayaquil, the largest city in Ecuador, he raced away to a nearby stream.

"I must make myself tidy today," he thought as he washed his face and smoothed his black hair.

Francisco dashed back to the house. He gulped his breakfast and started off at a lope across the grass-covered clearing.

"Hello, there!" called a voice from the corral. "You are up early, Francisco. It is too bad the other boys cannot get to work before the sun is high."

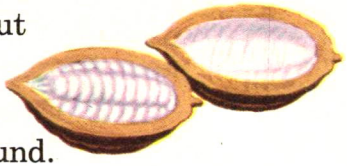
Francisco only grinned. He grabbed four canvas bags and tossed them over the backs of two pack mules. Then with a halter in each hand he led the two pack animals out of the corral. Outside, he mounted one mule and nudged its flank with his bare heel to make it hurry.

Riding through trees that formed a green roof over his head, Francisco was soon wet with mist. At times the trail left the section of the plantation where cacao trees were under cultivation and ran through the green jungle. Once a large snake slid across the path, but Francisco was unafraid. He knew that the snake was intent on catching mice

to eat. Now and then an awakening bird chittered, but in general, the dense forest was quiet except for the sucking noise made by the mules' hoofs in the black mud.

The sun was rising when the boy heard a vague sound of voices. Soon he reached the spot where men were cutting down the fruit of the cacao tree. Using sharp swordlike knives, some of the men were cutting fruit from the trunks and the lower branches of trees. Other men, using flat knives attached to long poles, were bringing down the fruit that grew high in the branches.

Francisco rode on to where the fruit was being piled. Men squatted around the heap, removing the sticky beans from the fruit. With a cut of a knife, the beans came into view. With a turn of the wrist, they were scooped out onto an ever growing mound.



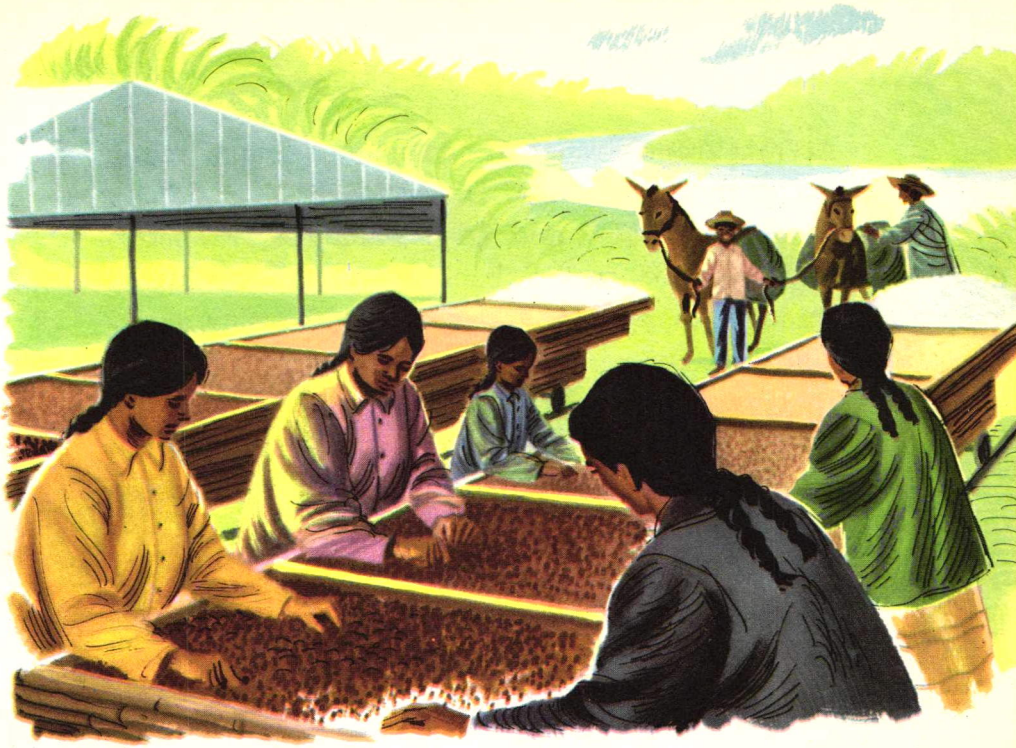
Impatiently Francisco waited while the canvas bags that hung on each pack animal were filled with gummy masses of beans. Then he started hurrying the two mules back over the jungle trail toward the plantation's preserving sheds.

Stinging insects buzzed around the sticky bags and around Francisco, but he hardly noticed. He was dreaming of Guayaquil. How he envied the older lads who had been there! How he hoped that he might be chosen for the trip today! There were glorious things to do and see in the city.

"I would like to try the ice cream that the boys have told me about," he decided. "They say it is so cold that it makes the mouth feel hot. But I do not see how that could be."

For a few pennies he could see pictures moving on a wall. Perhaps he'd have money for that, too. But oh, if only he had enough money to buy a pair of shoes! He would want nothing else.

Francisco looked down at his bare, brown feet. "A pair of shoes," he thought, "would make me a man."



Soon Francisco reached the area near the river where cacao beans were dried and then sorted. He led his mules to the lines of split bamboo trays.

At one end of each line, newly gathered, whitish beans were piled in wet heaps. Farther up in the lines were trays of darker, half-dry beans. Then came trays with beans already brown and crisp. Here Francisco's mother and other women and girls worked, picking out the bad beans.

As soon as his sacks were emptied, Francisco started for more cacao beans. He saw that his big cousin Carlos and some other lads were just then reporting for work with their mules.

At lunchtime Francisco had made twice as many trips as the other boys. His sister brought him a good lunch of rice and fried bananas. Francisco ate rapidly and rushed back to work. Perhaps if he brought many, many loads, the plantation owner would notice him.

After lunch, Francisco hurried faster than ever. Observing his haste, the older lads began to tease him. "Why do you work so hard?" Carlos asked lazily. "Is today a special day?"

Francisco ignored the teasing and did his job. It was late in the afternoon when he came to the sheds and saw that the flatboat was being loaded with sacks of dry cacao beans. His heart sank. Perhaps the boy for today's trip to Guayaquil had already been chosen. A lump rose in his throat. Tears blinded him. Just then he felt a bump.

"Here, boy!" a gruff voice exclaimed. "Watch where you're going!"

Glancing up in confusion, Francisco saw with horror that he had bumped the plantation owner. Instantly the boy was plunged into despair. "I've lost my last chance," he thought. "The owner will think me stupid for stumbling into him."

Sadly Francisco moved past the trays of beans. Now he would never be chosen to go to the city.

His mother watched the unhappy boy pass by. "What is it, little one?" she called softly.

Almost sobbing, Francisco explained. Then he concluded by saying bitterly, "I'll be an old man with white hair before I ever see Guayaquil."

"If you had told me, I could have spared you this disappointment," said his mother, brushing back the dark hair that had fallen over the boy's eyes. "Carlos was chosen last night for today's trip."

In silence Francisco walked away to untie his pack mules. He heard someone calling Carlos. Francisco did not look around.

Suddenly the plantation owner was beside him. "Where is your cousin?" asked the man.

"I do not know, *señor*," Francisco answered.

"Well," said the owner, "the boat cannot wait for him. Run and tell the men to push off."

Francisco went slipping and sliding down the mudbank. He delivered the message and leaped into the water to help push the metal flatboat off the gravel bar. Straining and puffing, he used all his strength to help float the boat free.

Then, all at once, he heard the owner's voice. "Francisco, would you like to go to Guayaquil?"

Hardly able to believe his ears, the boy could only nod. But in a few minutes he had told his mother the news and returned with his blanket.

"I've been watching you today," said the owner. "You've worked hard for one so small. You must buy something you want very much in Guayaquil."

With that, he pulled five large silver coins from his pocket and handed them to Francisco.

The elated boy had never before seen more than one silver piece at a time. He was so excited he could hardly climb onto the piled-up cacao sacks.

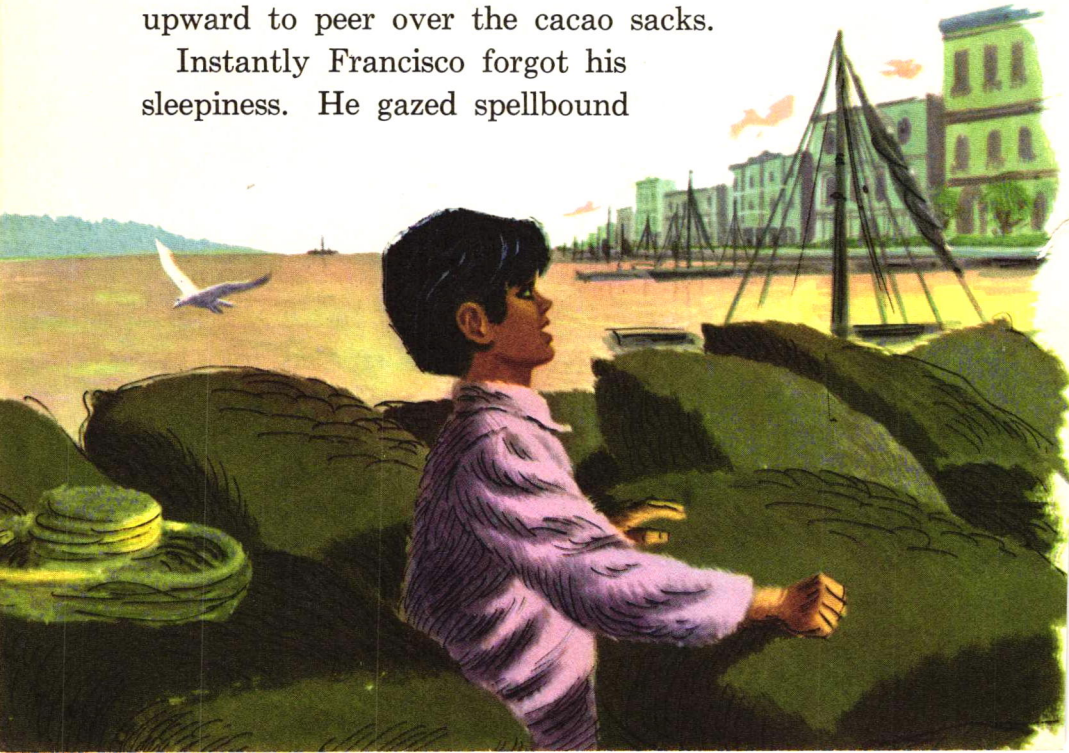
"Good journey!" called the people on the bank as the big metal boat swung into the current.

Francisco settled himself comfortably among the sacks. "Now I can buy all the things I want," he thought. Overcome with weariness, he fell asleep.

The boat slid silently past green-covered shores. Soon it was swallowed up by velvety darkness.

Hours later, the boy was aroused by the whack of a rope on a dock. Stiffly he uncurled himself, shivering in the damp morning air. He stretched upward to peer over the cacao sacks.

Instantly Francisco forgot his sleepiness. He gazed spellbound



at the sight before him. In the rosy light of the rising sun, great buildings towered above his head. Never in all his life had Francisco seen such tall buildings or so many of them. Some of the buildings looked like the stones he had seen along the river at home. Prickles of excitement raced up and down his back. If there were stone buildings in Guayaquil, then one might expect anything!

"Francisco, don't stand there staring. We must unload our cargo," called the captain of the boat.

Hurrying forward, the lad began to help move heavy sacks of cacao from the boat to the wharf. For many hours the work went on, and Francisco had no time to gaze at the wonders nearby.

The sun was high and hot when the last sack of beans had been placed on the wharf. Then the men stretched out on the splintery boards of the pier to nap. But this was no time for Francisco to rest. He must see everything in Guayaquil.

Stooping over the edge of the pier, he washed his face and hands and smoothed his hair. As he started toward the water-front street, the captain of the boat called to him. "We leave at sunset," he said. "You must be here on time." Francisco nodded in agreement.

At last he was off to explore Ecuador's biggest city. The streets were slowly becoming silent as people went indoors to escape the oppressive heat of midday. Even the dogs sought cool spots for their *siestas*. They lay in shadows of buildings, lolling out their tongues.

Francisco saw a man who had an odd-looking white box hung by a strap from his shoulder. As the boy approached, curiously but shyly, the man asked, "Do you want to buy?"

"Buy what?" questioned Francisco.

"You have never eaten one of these!" exclaimed the man, holding up a small package. "Here, try it. But first give me your money."

When Francisco grasped the package, he nearly dropped it. His fingers felt as if they had been burned. Half fearfully he removed the wrapping. Cautiously he tasted what was inside.

"Oh!" he cried. "It burns!"

Amused at Francisco's ignorance, the man said, "Here is a boy who thinks ice cream is hot."

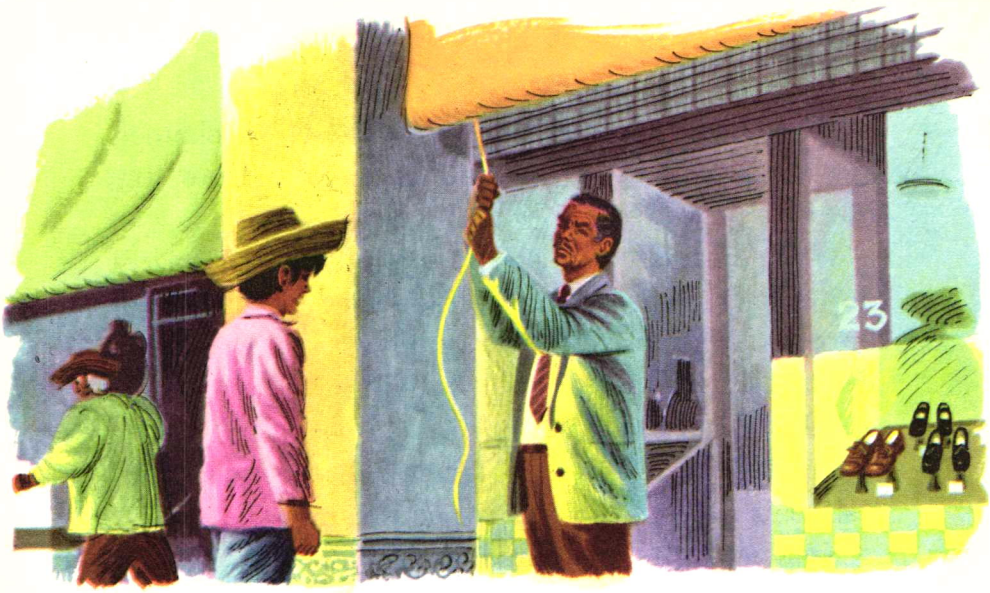
Francisco was too timid to explain that he had never seen or tasted this rare treat before. He licked the ice cream again. This time he could enjoy the cold, sweet flavor. It was oh, so good!

During the hours of *siesta*, Francisco explored the slumbering city. He wandered up one street and down another, past shops with drawn blinds, through parks filled with flowers. Some streets were covered from one side to the other with drying cacao beans, but he hurried past those. He was not interested in cacao today.

At last he saw a big building covered with many colored pictures. "What is that place, *señor?*" he asked a man who was opening a shop nearby.

"Motion pictures are shown there," replied the man. "But they don't start until six o'clock."

Regretfully Francisco turned away. He must be at the boat by six. He could not see the pictures.



Francisco watched another storekeeper raise the sidewalk blinds in front of his shop. As the boy looked closer at the display window, he saw row after row of shoes—brown, black, white, and tan.

Timidly he stepped forward and stood with his bare foot on the doorsill. "*Señor*——" he began.

"Go away," called the merchant severely. "Go on so my customers can enter."

Francisco was too surprised and bewildered to tell the man that he wanted only to possess a pair of shoes and that he had the money to buy them.

The dejected boy moved away and sat on a step, his head on his knees. The sun was beginning to sink. Soon he must go to the boat. He had not seen the pictures that move. He had not bought shoes. Sobs began to shake his slender body.

"What's the matter?" a kind voice asked.

Looking up, Francisco saw a tall, friendly man. The story tumbled out. He had wanted so very much to come to the city. But he must go home without seeing the moving pictures, and now the shopkeeper had prevented him from buying shoes.

"So that's it," said the man. "Come with me."

Together they entered the big store. The owner frowned, but before he could utter a word, the tall man said, "This boy wishes to buy shoes."

"Yes, *señor*," said the merchant courteously.

It took Francisco a long time to decide which shoes to buy, but at last he chose a pair. Outside, he thanked the stranger for his kindness.

"It was a pleasure to help you," the man said. "I hope that the next time you come to Guayaquil, you can see the moving pictures."

With a quick wave Francisco ran off toward the water front. On the way he paused at a market stand just long enough to obtain a handkerchief of the finest material for his mother.

When he reached the pier, the boat was being untied. Gasping for breath, he jumped aboard and sank down on the deck with his new shoes hugged to his chest. What a lucky day it had been!

The Silver Llama

All winter long Yama, the silver llama, had been down in the valley. That was where eleven-year-old Cusi lived with his family. It was a sheltered little valley in the mountains of Peru.

Cusi's father was the chief of the herdsmen in charge of a flock of llamas that grazed in the high mountains. Cusi's Uncle Pacha and two helpers stayed in the mountains all winter to look after the animals. But Cusi's father wintered down in the valley with his family. Now that spring had come, the family got ready to go to the three corrals in the mountains to help count the llamas. Many baby llamas would have been added to the flock.

Cusi's father kept a few llamas in the valley to be used as pack animals. On the backs of these llamas he and Cusi strapped food and blankets and cooking equipment. When everything was nearly packed, Cusi's mother put the baby into a shawl and tied the shawl about her shoulders.

Soon the family set out on the trail that went up into the high mountains. Cusi's father walked on ahead. His mother followed, knitting a yarn cap as she went. Cusi trotted along beside Yama, who was his special pet. He talked to Yama and occasionally gave him an affectionate pat.

Yama's hair was silky, curly, and above all, pure white. It was no wonder that he was greatly prized, not only by Cusi but by the whole family, for most llamas are brown or black or spotted.

Cusi's father often said, "Yama is a true silver llama. Good luck goes with him."

As the family trudged up the steep, rocky trail, Cusi thought of his Uncle Pacha. Cusi liked his uncle. He was a merry young fellow, who joked and laughed with the boy and told him stories.

Cusi climbed almost as easily as Yama did, and he had enough breath to talk or whistle, too. Yama wasted no breath. Even the humming that llamas do, he did only when he was lying down. Cusi liked to hear Yama hum. It sounded like the wind blowing through tall grass on the mountain.

As the family neared the first mountain corral, Cusi's father gave a surprised shout. "Something must be wrong here," he informed the others. "I see no one about."

Perplexed, he shaded his eyes from the bright sun as he looked anxiously up the mountainside.

"The gates of the corral are still barred so late in the morning," he said, "and the mother llamas are waiting to get out to pasture. What can be the matter with that young brother of mine? He should be looking after the flock."

"Pacha and his two herdsmen must be looking for the rest of the llamas," said Cusi's mother. "Only half of the herd is here."

Cusi's father unbarred the corral gates and let the mother llamas out to pasture. The baby llamas were left to run and caper within the enclosure.

Then Cusi helped his father remove the loads from the pack animals. As they were turned loose, Yama and the other llamas wandered off to graze.

Father carried the blankets and the food into a little stone stable inside the corral. And Cusi hurried off to be near Yama. But Cusi's legs were tired from the morning's climb. He sat down and played for Yama on the flute that Uncle Pacha had made for him.

"Cusi!" called his father from the corral. "You must stay here with your little brother and tend the baby llamas. Your mother will go to the mountainside to watch over the llamas grazing there. And I will go to search for your uncle and the rest of the flock. I shall fasten a bell on Yama and take him along, since the flocks will follow the silver llama."

Cusi watched his father and Yama until they had disappeared from sight over the top of a high hill. Then Cusi did all he could to make himself forget how lonesome he was without the companionship of Yama. But even his flute did not give him pleasure. He had seldom been separated from Yama.

At sunset Cusi's mother returned to the corral with the llamas she was tending. Soon afterwards one of the herdsmen arrived, driving his flock.

"Have you seen my uncle?" Cusi asked anxiously.

"No," the herdsman informed him. "I have not seen Pacha since early yesterday morning."

Later the other herdsman came with a flock of thirty llamas. He, too, had looked for Pacha, but he had not located him. "It is good that we have gathered in this many llamas," he said to Cusi's mother. "Though it is spring and the days are very warm, many nights are bitter cold."

Just as darkness fell, Cusi heard the jingle of a bell. His father and Yama had returned, leading a flock of two-year-olds.

"See what Yama found," said the father, looking at the baby llama snuggled in his arms. "Something must have happened to its mother. This little wobbly creature would soon have been a choice meal for some cruel condor."

"But where is Uncle Pacha?" cried Cusi.

"I found part of Pacha's flock, but I found no sign of my young brother," replied Cusi's father.

"No one else has found Uncle Pacha," Cusi cried. "So tomorrow Yama and I will go up the mountain. Yama will find him, for Yama is lucky."

"Oh, Pacha will be back with the rest of the flock in the morning," said the father. "He knows how to take care of himself in these mountains. And he knows that there is much work to be done tomorrow, counting and sorting the llamas."

After they had all eaten their hot stew, Cusi lay down next to Yama and fell asleep. When the boy opened his eyes in the morning, the sun was just coming up behind the mountains.

Cusi put some bread and cheese into a bag and took a rope. Then he let down the bars of the corral, and he and Yama slipped through the gate. Up the steep, rocky path they climbed.

Only the giant condor and the tiny hummingbird flew above the barren rocks. No large bushes or trees grew there because the strong winds kept plants from growing tall.

They searched on one mountain after another, while Cusi called, "Uncle Pacha! Uncle Pacha!" He shouted till the echoes rang.

At last it was past midday, and Cusi was tired. He would have liked to rest. But he thought of his uncle and took time only to shake the pebbles from his shoes and munch some bread and cheese.

Cusi said to Yama, "You may not remember my uncle and his jokes and laughter. But I hope you will find him. You do not laugh, but you hum. And sometimes you look as if you were smiling."

Yama seemed to be listening. He ran down the next hillside even faster than he had climbed up.

Cusi hurried after Yama as quickly as he could. When he reached the meadow below, the silver llama was drinking from a little pool of sky-blue water. Off in the distance Cusi saw some llamas grazing. And there on the other side of the pool lay a forlorn figure. It was Uncle Pacha!

"Hallo! Hallo!" called Cusi as he neared the pool. Cusi's Uncle Pacha answered weakly, but he managed to smile. "I am glad you have come, young nephew," he said. "I have been lying here with an injured leg for two days now."

Cusi offered his uncle some bread and cheese. After Pacha had eaten, he seemed to feel stronger. He told Cusi what had happened.

"A mother llama and her baby were caught on a ledge. I tried to get to them. The cliff was very steep. Yet I reached the ledge, freed the baby, and lifted it to the path above. Then I tried to set the mother's feet free. But I lost my balance and fell to the foot of the cliff. Never before have I fallen. The mother llama died. The baby must have died, too, for I could not hear it bleating."

"It did not die," said Cusi. "Yama found it on the hillside, and Father carried it to the corral."

Pacha continued slowly, "My leg is badly injured. I tried to get back to the corral, but the pain was too great. I could drag myself no farther than this pool. As soon as I saw a silver llama, I rejoiced, for I knew that help was coming. How did you find me?"

"It was Yama!" Cusi cried. "We set out this morning, and he led me straight to you."

"Yama is lucky," answered Uncle Pacha, looking admiringly at the llama. Then he said, "You will

have to be my other leg, Cusi. I will lean on your shoulder and use it for a crutch."

Pacha took a few painful steps.

"Yama can be a crutch, too," said Cusi.

Uncle Pacha put his other arm over Yama's back, and they went slowly on.

Finally Pacha said, "It's no use. It will be long after dark before we can reach the corral. Your father and mother will be worried about you. You must go back alone now as fast as you can. The herdsmen can come for me tomorrow. Part of my flock is grazing nearby. The leader will go with Yama, and the rest of the flock will follow."

Cusi answered emphatically, "No, I'll not leave you alone. Yama shall stay here with you, and the flock will remain grazing near him."

Cusi tied one end of a rope to Uncle Pacha's wrist and the other end around Yama's neck. He removed his shoulder blanket and covered Pacha. Then Cusi started off as fast as he could go.

Long after dark Cusi's mother and father heard someone at the corral gate and ran out to look. It was Cusi, lying in a heap. So exhausted was he from his long run through the mountains that he could neither walk nor talk. His father carried him into the stable, and his mother placed a warm rug over him. When Cusi could speak, he gave all the information about Pacha. He described the injury and told where his uncle could be found.

"I gave him bread and cheese," said Cusi. "I covered him with my blanket. And I left Yama with him. Now hurry! Please hurry!"

The father woke his two herdsmen. They lit torches, took blankets, and raced off into the cold night.

Long afterwards, Cusi woke up. Yama was lying beside him, humming. Uncle Pacha lay before the fire, drinking hot soup. His injured leg, bound in a cloth, was resting on a padding of straw.

"If Cusi had not left Yama with his uncle," the father was saying, "Pacha might have frozen on the barren mountainside. Yama lay close beside him and shielded him from the cold wind. Yes, a lucky animal is Cusi's silver llama."

The Great Outdoors

Storm Tide

Storm-warning flags had been posted, and the wind was rising as Barney Wilson left the island lighthouse. He was on his way to a cove near the fishing village to meet his friend Tom.

The scowl on Barney's face did not come from worry about the storm. It came from knowledge that Molly, a young pet seal, was following him. Molly belonged to Barney's uncle, who was the lighthouse keeper.

Twice a year, fur seals in large numbers moved past the island. After they had passed by the last time, Uncle Noah had found a mother seal dead among the rocks. Beside her was a forsaken baby seal. He had adopted the baby—taken her home, fed her from a bottle, and named her Molly.

Barney and his uncle loved Molly, but they were the only people on the island who did. The rest of the islanders were fishermen and their families. They disliked all seals because seals ate fish out of their nets and often tore large holes in the nets.

When Tom's father, the head fisherman, had first heard about Molly, he had growled, "There are enough harbor seals in these waters to eat fish or to chase them away. We don't need a pet fur seal right here on the island to add to our grief!" Lately many of the fishermen had been saying that Molly would have to go.

As Barney wondered what Molly's fate would be, he turned to gaze at the cause of all the difficulty. The seal, full of energy, had followed close behind Barney on the firm sand near the water's edge. But now that they were traveling over loose sand, Molly was having a harder time keeping up.

"Hurry!" Barney called teasingly.

Molly raised her head and gave a friendly yap. With a fresh burst of speed she came lolloping forward, her flippers making the sand fly.

Barney whooped with laughter. "You'll be all out of breath if you keep up that pace," he chuckled. "Come here. I'll carry you."

The seal was grateful for being picked up. To show her gratitude for the ride, Molly touched Barney's chin with her cool nose.

Carefully skirting the village where the fishermen lived, Barney carried Molly the remaining distance to the cove. As Barney had expected, Tom Pentland was waiting for him.

Barney shouted a happy hello to his friend. In reply, Tom waved an unlighted kerosene lantern at Barney's burden. "Why do you always have to have that seal with you?" he demanded.

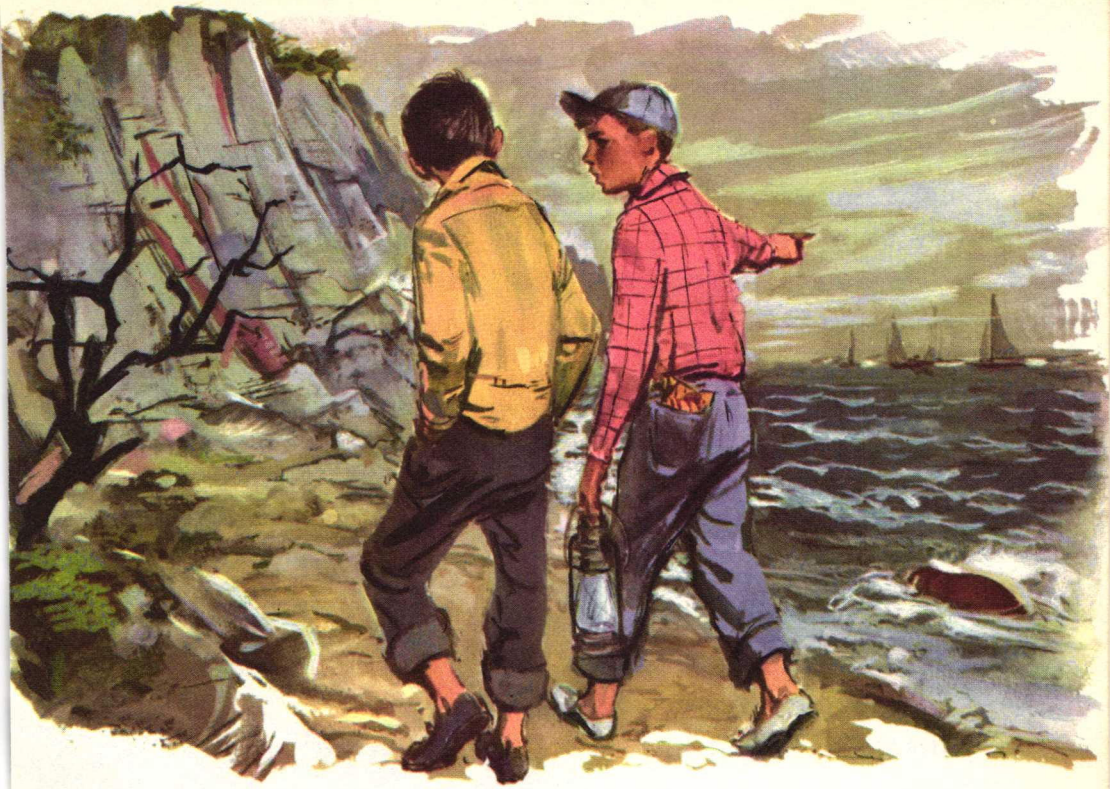
"Because she likes me and I like her," Barney retorted. "What do you have against her?"

Tom flared up. "If you were a fisherman's son, you wouldn't ask such a foolish question," he said. "Molly is a seal. Seals eat fish. And fishing has been mighty poor around here lately. That seal only makes more trouble for us."

Resentment flooded Barney's heart, but he was able to speak quietly. "Molly eats only the fish we give her," he defended. "It's just not a good season. That's all that's wrong with the fishing around here."

Barney let Molly slide out of his arms. "Come on, Tom," he said coaxingly. "Let's go explore as we had planned. I'll bet we can find a second entrance to that cave today."

Tom merely grunted. But in a minute he started off along the rocky, barren shore toward the tall cliffs in the distance. At a command from Barney, Molly waddled to the water's edge and plunged in.



She swam effortlessly, diving and coming up for air as she kept abreast of the boys.

The sea was higher than usual for this time of day. But it seemed calm before the approaching storm. The horizon was dotted with fishing boats.

Tom motioned toward the boats. "The men will have to get the nets in before the storm," he said. "There will be a small catch again this week, and that will probably settle it. The men aren't going to put up with Molly any longer."

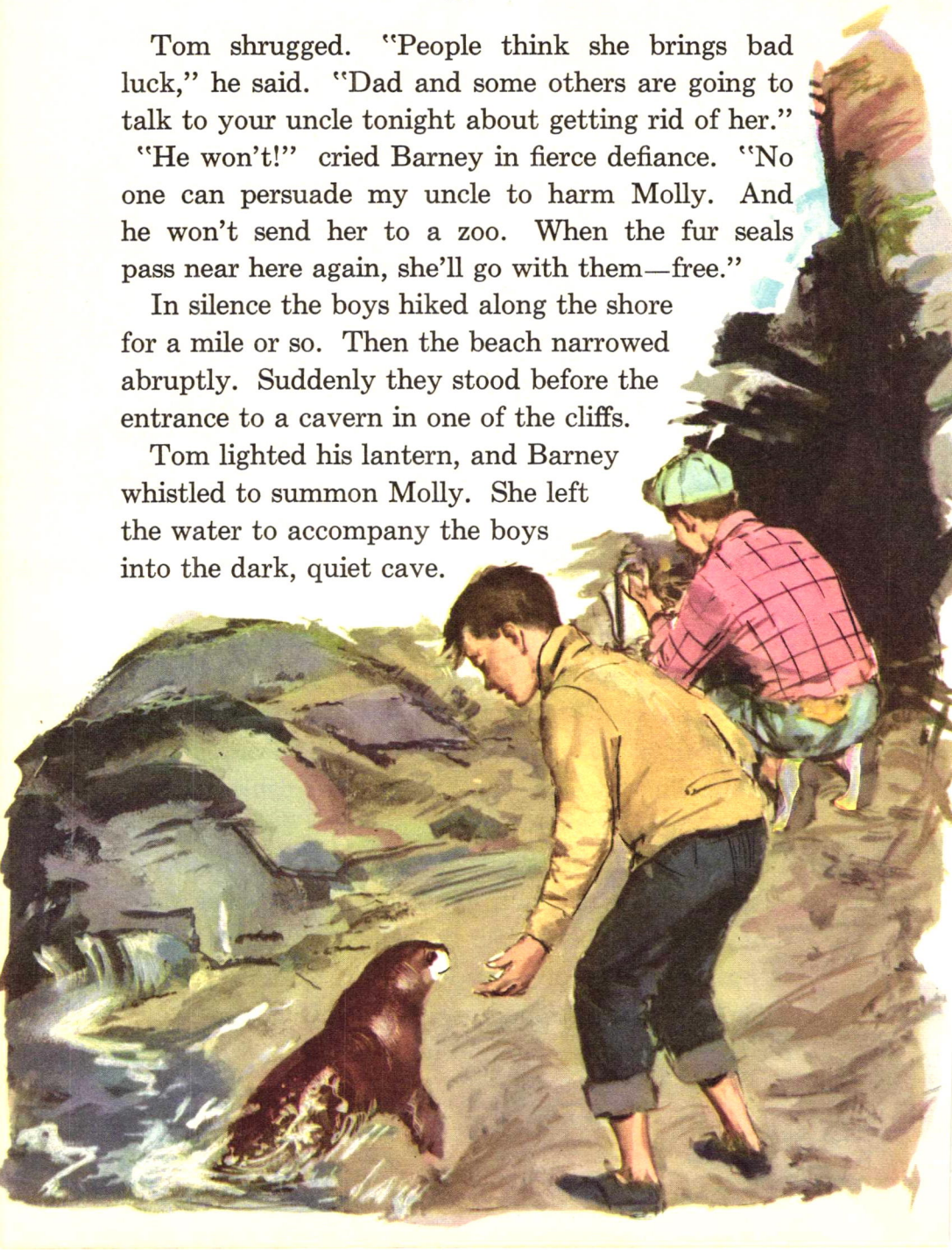
Barney was outraged. "They can't blame Molly for the storm!" he shouted hotly.

Tom shrugged. "People think she brings bad luck," he said. "Dad and some others are going to talk to your uncle tonight about getting rid of her."

"He won't!" cried Barney in fierce defiance. "No one can persuade my uncle to harm Molly. And he won't send her to a zoo. When the fur seals pass near here again, she'll go with them—free."

In silence the boys hiked along the shore for a mile or so. Then the beach narrowed abruptly. Suddenly they stood before the entrance to a cavern in one of the cliffs.

Tom lighted his lantern, and Barney whistled to summon Molly. She left the water to accompany the boys into the dark, quiet cave.



The floor of the entrance was so low that the sea had washed in a little at high tide and left water here and there in the depressions.

The boys moved down the dim central passage of the cavern on their hunt for another entrance. Deeper and deeper into the cliff they wandered. At last they reached an unfamiliar inner chamber opening onto the main passage. Barney suggested that they could go in and rest a bit and still have plenty of time for further exploration.

Tom pulled a package of coconut cookies from his pocket. While the boys relaxed and munched cookies, Molly put her sleek head in Barney's lap and went to sleep. The cookies were almost gone when the boys noticed a patch of water near the entrance to the room. As they watched, the water slowly spread over the floor.

"I didn't think that water ever came so far into this cave," said Barney with a hint of worry in his voice. "Do you suppose it's due to the flood tide being pushed ahead of the storm?"

Tom felt a slight prickling of fear down his back. "Don't know," he said, jumping up and grabbing the lantern. "But I'm getting out of this cave."

Tom, Barney, and Molly sped out of the chamber. As the boys moved back along the central passage, the water was knee-deep at first. Then it rose to the boys' hips—then to their waists.

Finally Tom gasped, "The current's too strong for us. We had better go back where we were. That room must be the highest place in the cave."

Barney agreed. "Probably we would be safer in there than in any other part of the cave."

The seal swam and the boys waded back to the inner chamber. But by the time they reached it, it was knee-deep in water.

"Where do we go from here?" Tom groaned.

Nudging the splashing seal to one side, Barney muttered, "There must be another way out." He took the lantern from Tom and started leading the way down the main passage toward the unexplored section of the cave.

Soon Barney saw an opening in the wall ahead. "That could be another room. And there might be at least one dry spot in it," he said.

As the boys advanced, they found that there was a deep pit filled with water between them and the opening. They waded in. Molly followed, swimming energetically. Soon Barney and Tom were swimming. Barney held the lantern high with one hand and did a slow side stroke. When the water became shallow again, the boys stumbled through the opening into a small dead-end chamber.

"I guess this is as far as we can go," Barney said shakily. "But it's not so bad in here. The water seems to be only a few inches deep."

Even as he spoke, Barney realized that the dark water was rising. Inch by inch it climbed—to the boys' knees, to their hips, to their waists.

Had it stopped rising? It seemed so to Barney. His arms ached from holding the lantern above the water. But he shuddered when he thought that soon there would be no need to hold it. The light would be extinguished by the lack of kerosene.

Trying not to think of that approaching disaster, Barney turned to look at the seal. She had been swimming peacefully, plying her way across the chamber. Now she was getting noisy. She gave a series of shrill yaps and dived and swam around in great excitement.

"Why is she making all that noise?" Tom asked resentfully. "Has she gone loco?"

"It's near her feeding time," Barney explained. "I think Molly wants to go home."

"So do I!" cried Tom in a wretched voice.

For what seemed a long time Molly kept the room echoing with her yaps. Then they stopped abruptly. The chamber was absolutely quiet, and there was no sign of the seal. Too grateful for the silence to wonder at it, the boys waited and hoped that the storm tide would begin to ebb.

Much later, Barney became aware that Molly was splashing near the opposite wall. In a few seconds she swam to him, yapping frenziedly.

Barney tried to ignore the seal. Finally he said sternly, "Go away!" But instead, Molly poked him with her nose and yapped louder than ever. Eventually she turned and dived out of sight.

Once more there was a long silence. Barney's curiosity was aroused now. At last he exclaimed excitedly, "I'm positive Molly has found a way out! She never stays under water this long."

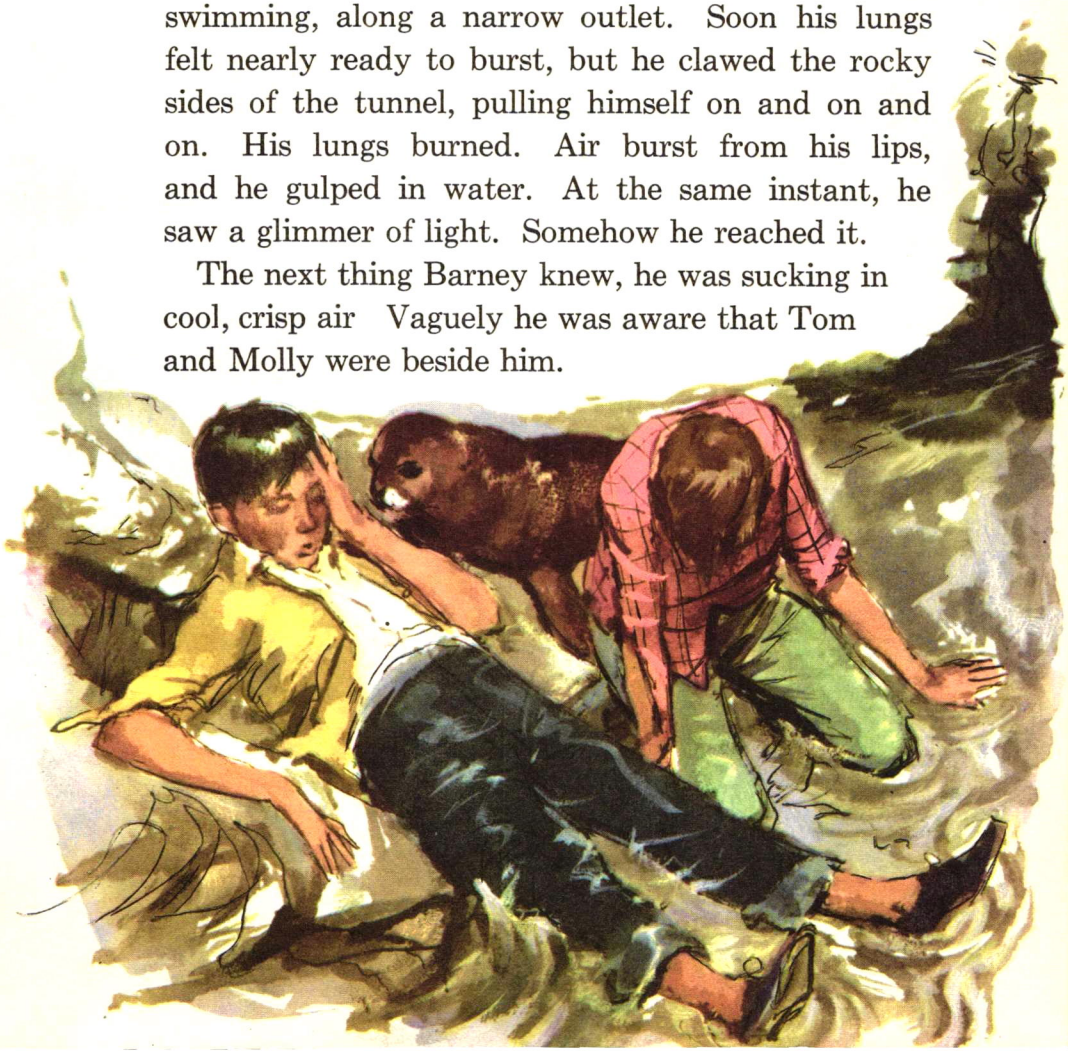
The boys waited an unbearably long time for the seal to return. When she did, Barney noted the spot on the opposite side of the room where she bobbed up. Then giving the lantern to Tom, he swam across the chamber and dived. With his hands he searched for an opening in the rock wall. He found none. Up he came, gasping for air.

Again Barney dived. This time he found a yard-wide opening in the floor.

Surfacing directly overhead, he yelled, "Tom! I've found a way out! It's right below here. I'm trying it. You follow me in a couple of seconds."

Barney took a deep breath. Then he dived. As he wriggled through the hole, he scraped his back on sharp rocks. Now he was half crawling, half swimming, along a narrow outlet. Soon his lungs felt nearly ready to burst, but he clawed the rocky sides of the tunnel, pulling himself on and on and on. His lungs burned. Air burst from his lips, and he gulped in water. At the same instant, he saw a glimmer of light. Somehow he reached it.

The next thing Barney knew, he was sucking in cool, crisp air Vaguely he was aware that Tom and Molly were beside him.

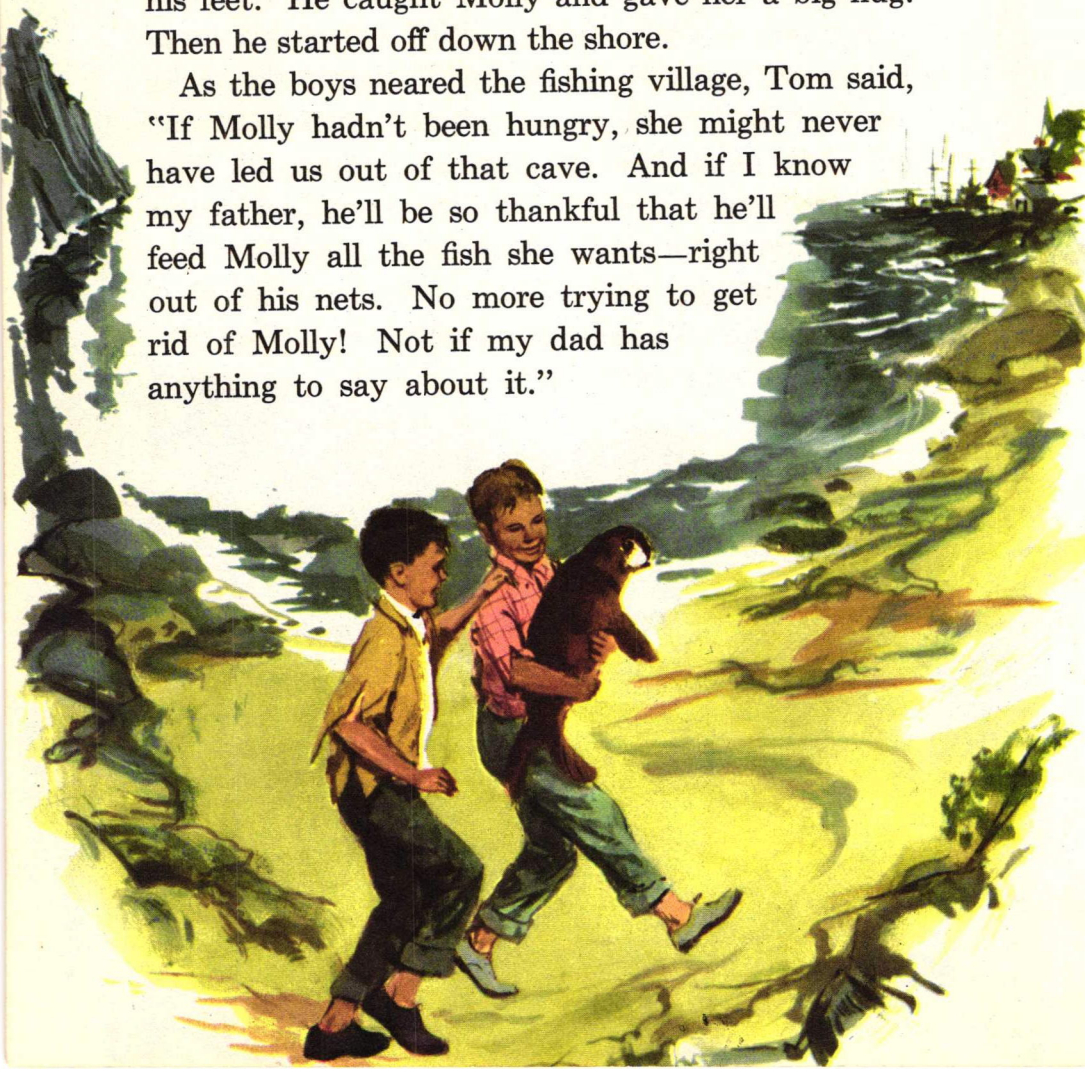


After a time Barney and Tom sat up. They saw that they were in a shallow pool beyond the cliffs. A gale was blowing in from the sea, but neither boy was thinking about the storm.

"Let's go," Barney remarked wearily. "It's past Molly's feeding time."

"Lucky for us that it is!" cried Tom, getting to his feet. He caught Molly and gave her a big hug. Then he started off down the shore.

As the boys neared the fishing village, Tom said, "If Molly hadn't been hungry, she might never have led us out of that cave. And if I know my father, he'll be so thankful that he'll feed Molly all the fish she wants—right out of his nets. No more trying to get rid of Molly! Not if my dad has anything to say about it."



A Lifesaving Job

"Whew!" Dave Chalmers cried, trying to do a dance on his snowshoes. "It's great to be outside after being snow-bound in our empty motel."

"Yes," agreed Dave's older brother, John. "But it's pretty empty outside Chalmers Motor Court, too. Why, I'll bet there isn't even a rabbit around. Blizzards like this one are as hard on wild animals as they are on tourists."

The boys were shuffling along a highway that was usually crowded. But today it was not busy. On account of the snowstorm no cars had been over the road for the whole week of Easter vacation. The empty countryside was a sparkling white fairyland surrounded by evergreen forests.

Near a clump of dark-green fir trees John spied a bluish-gray shape on the snow. "I wonder what that is," he remarked thoughtfully.

"We'll soon find out," Dave answered, starting over a snowdrift that completely covered a fence.

As the boys neared the fir trees, Dave cried, "Why, it's a young doe, John! She must be from the state park up the road. She probably got lost in the blizzard and froze to death."

John said, "She's not dead. One ear moved." Stooping, he examined the doe closely. "She has not been hurt, either. But the poor creature is suffering from exposure and hunger."

Just then the doe lifted her head and gave the boys a dazed look.

"Let's take her to the house," Dave suggested eagerly. "With food and shelter she might live. I'll go get the toboggan. We can pull her home on that."

Immediately Dave started off toward the motel. When he returned, the boys loaded the deer onto the toboggan. Slowly they pulled the heavy burden across the deep snow. Finally they reached their father's garage and with much tugging and heaving got the doe inside.

Then the boys burst into the kitchen. "Mother! Dad!" they shouted. "We have a sick deer. We must do something for her—and quick."

Mrs. Chalmers turned from the stove. "A sick deer! For goodness' sake, where?" she asked.

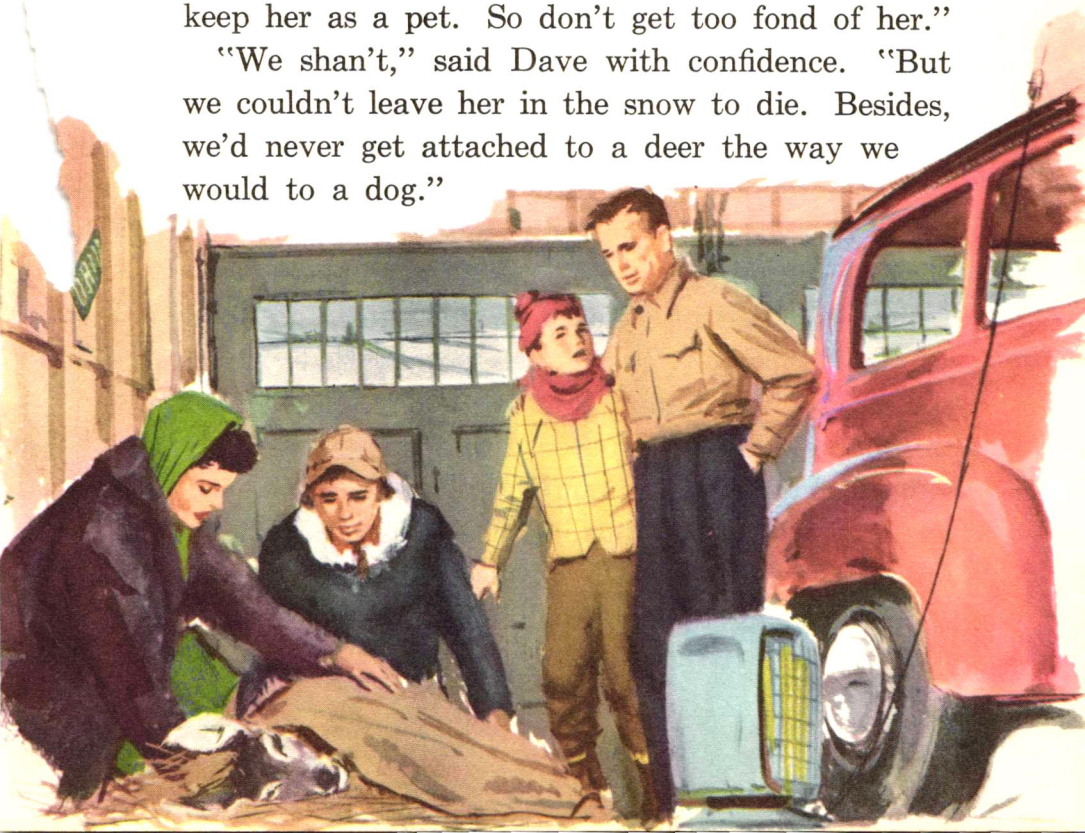
The boys quickly told the details about the doe.

Pulling on her coat, their mother spoke crisply. "Dave, find a blanket. John and I will get some straw. Dad can fetch the electric heater."

When Dave and his father entered the garage, the doe had already been bedded down with straw. Dave tucked the blanket around her and connected the heater. After he had finished, he noticed that his father was eying him in a disturbed way.

"I must caution you, Son," Mr. Chalmers said. "Even if we save the doe, you boys probably can't keep her as a pet. So don't get too fond of her."

"We shan't," said Dave with confidence. "But we couldn't leave her in the snow to die. Besides, we'd never get attached to a deer the way we would to a dog."



"I hope not," Mr. Chalmers replied. His voice showed relief mingled with doubt. "A deer is a wild animal and belongs in the forest. Once it is tamed, it becomes a real danger to itself—unable to defend itself properly and likely to be shot."

His wife said soothingly, "Don't worry, Dad. The boys know that the best place for this doe when she recovers is in the woods.

"Dave," she continued, "you go get some milk. Warm it and bring a big spoon."

"I'll fill the hot-water bottle and put it under the blanket," offered John. "We'll soon have this doe thawed out and as warm as toast."

"Well," said Mr. Chalmers with a chuckle, "I will go watch our own dinner on the stove."

It took the boys until after dark to feed the doe by trickling milk from a spoon into her mouth.

At the dinner table John said, "Dave and I will take turns watching the doe tonight. Dave can stay with her till midnight. Then he can call me."

Dave aroused his brother at midnight, and John stumbled drowsily to the garage. Curled up on the straw, John hummed to keep himself awake to watch the patient. But he dozed off anyway. It seemed only the next minute that he was awakened by bright sunshine flooding the garage. Looking up, he saw Dave grinning down at him.

"She's going to make it!" Dave cried joyously.

With good care and feeding, Betsy, as the boys named the young doe, did make it. She spent the remaining weeks of winter in the garage. By the time the spring thaw came and the earth took on a greenish look, Betsy had recovered completely.

Dave kept reminding himself as time went by that Betsy would be leaving soon. He told himself that he would not mind. He knew that she should have her freedom. He knew it would be best for her to return to her natural home in the woods.

Even so, when the garage door was opened one morning and Betsy bounded nimbly away to the forest, Dave had an unpleasant feeling of emptiness.

But Betsy, it seemed, had come to like people, for she was back at the motor court the next day. Conscientiously but not very enthusiastically, Dave and John chased her away.

When the doe persisted in returning to the motel day after day, the boys gave up and let her stay. They were careful not to feed her regularly, but occasionally Dave could not resist giving her an apple, which she crunched with enjoyment.

Throughout the entire summer Betsy stayed near the motor court. The boys decided that she had adopted their family for her own. She seemed to like the tourists at the motel, too. Then, in late fall, Betsy spent less and less time near the buildings and more and more time in the forest.

"I'm glad for us and for Betsy, too, that she's staying in the woods," John told his brother. "A grown deer would be a nuisance around a motel."

"Sure," said Dave. "And she'll get through the winter all right—now that she's older. A ranger at the park told me that deer acquire thick undercoats in winter. Betsy won't suffer from exposure this year." Dave wanted to sound confident, but his voice reflected his worry over the doe's fate.

As the fall and winter days passed, Dave kept a sharp eye out for Betsy, but he did not catch sight of her. The whole spring and summer went by without even one glimpse of the doe.

September came, and school began. At the end of the first day, Dave and John filled their pockets with small, juicy apples and started off on a hike.

As they passed the garage, they saw a still form beside it. It was Betsy! She was stretched lifelessly on the ground, a dark stain spreading over her flank.

"She's been shot!" John exclaimed hoarsely.

"What dunderhead would do that?" Dave cried in an outraged voice. "It's out of season! And it's against the law to shoot a doe, anyway. Whoever did this should be arrested!"

"With guns in their hands some people seem to have no brains at all," John replied bitterly.

Dave knelt and stroked Betsy's head with warm affection. "She must have come to us for help after she was shot," said the grief-stricken boy.

John made a quick decision. "We'll have to get the veterinarian here right away. I'll go ask Dad to call Doctor Webster."

When the doctor had examined Betsy, he shook his head. "Sorry, lads," he said with sympathy. "I'm afraid we can't save her. I fear the only hope would be a blood transfusion."

"She can have some of my blood," Dave said.

"She'd have to have blood from another deer," Doctor Webster explained. "But let's take her into the garage. I'll do what I can for her."

"I'll get a deer blood donor!" Dave vowed. But he was all tied in knots inside. He had no idea of how he could secure another deer in a hurry.

While Dave watched his father and the doctor carry Betsy into the garage, he suddenly became aware of the large road sign out in front of the motor court—STATE PARK TWO MILES.

"Maybe that's the answer," Dave whispered. He knew that there were many deer at the park and that they were almost tame. The ranger might lend a deer for a blood transfusion.

Dave called his father out of the garage and explained his plan. "Will you please drive me to the park?" he begged.

"Yes, Son," Mr. Chalmers replied, "although I rather doubt that your idea will work. But if you believe that Betsy came to you for help, then you must do your best for her."

At the park, Mr. Link, the ranger, said that he would round up a deer. "But how will you take it home?" he asked. "These deer aren't really tame. If you try to haul one in your station wagon, you'll have it kicked full of holes."

"I was afraid of that," sighed Mr. Chalmers.

"Yes, sir," Ranger Link continued. "Deer can do a lot of damage. Why, I remember——"

Dave did not want to hear. He slipped out of the ranger's office and slumped onto the ground. He had failed Betsy! He had failed John, who was depending on him to bring a deer blood donor.

Suddenly the forlorn boy felt something nipping at his pocket. As he sat up, a fawn leaped away with a "Ba-a-a" that brought its mother running.

"That baby likes apples," thought Dave, rising and holding one out toward the fawn.

The mother tossed her head with concern as her lanky baby stepped up close to Dave and began to nibble the fruit.

Holding out one apple for the fawn and another for the doe to taste, Dave moved backward to the station wagon. Nibbling all the time, both animals followed. When he opened the door and climbed into the vehicle, they climbed in after him.

Dave placed the two partly eaten apples on the seat for the doe and her fawn to crunch. Then he crept out of the car, closed the door, and sped into the ranger's office.

"I coaxed two deer into the car!" he cried.

The amazed men asked, "How?"

"With apples!" was the elated boy's reply.

Later, as Mr. Chalmers was driving home, the doe started to rise up in fright. But when Dave gave her an additional apple, she relaxed.

At the motel the veterinarian took charge, and the transfusion got under way. Eventually Dave saw the inside of Betsy's ear begin to turn from grayish white to its usual delicate pink. "It's like magic," he whispered.

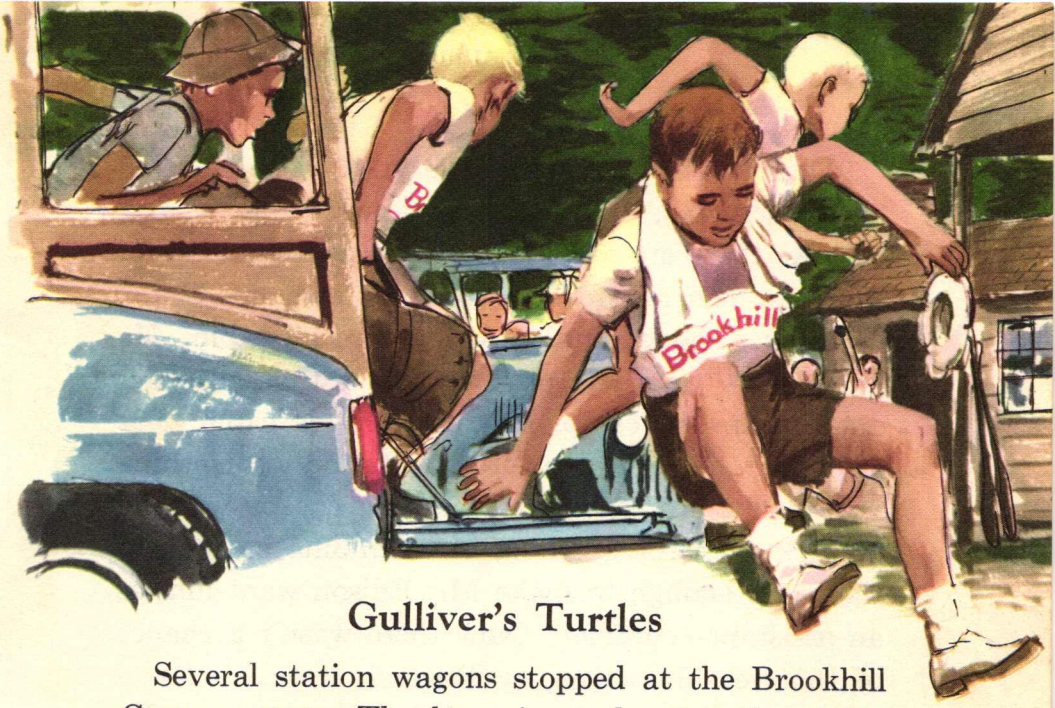
After Mr. Chalmers and the boys returned the blood donor to the park, they took turns tending Betsy. For several days they were uncertain of her recovery. But at last a day came when she pulled herself up on wobbly legs.

Within a week Betsy began moving restlessly around the garage. Soon the boys let her outside, and with a nimble bound she headed for the forest. Several times she paused and looked back at the boys, wiggling her big shoehorn ears.

Each time, the boys conscientiously waved her on. Finally she disappeared among the fir trees.

"That's it," Dave sighed. "That's the last we'll see of Betsy."

John chuckled, "I wonder if it is."



Gulliver's Turtles

Several station wagons stopped at the Brookhill Camp garage. The boys jumped out and quickly scattered among the cabins, until only Gulliver and Mr. Edison, the head counselor, were left.

The Brookhill boys had just come from a track meet with Camp Lincoln—a meet that Brookhill had lost. Gulliver had never done too well at the track meets, but today he did worse than usual. He had come in last in three events and next to the last in three others. This had cost Brookhill the meet.

Gulliver, whose real name was Gregory Rogers, looked unhappily at the counselor. Mr. Edison's friendly smile did not make him feel any better.

Finally Gulliver screwed up the courage to speak. "I—I'm sorry about today," he stammered. "I guess I—— Well, anyway, I didn't help the camp."

"Don't worry, boy. Not everybody is cut out to be a track star," the counselor assured him. "And besides, there are many other ways to help a camp. The best thing is to stick to your own line."

Gulliver nodded and started toward his cabin. He knew there were lots of little things that he could do to help the camp, like keeping his cabin neat or hoeing the vegetable garden. But only something big—really big—counted. Nothing except winning a track event or excelling in swimming could help the camp enough to make Mr. Edison want him as an assistant counselor. Now there wasn't a chance of that for him—Gregory Rogers!

The boy had an hour to kill before dinner. He suddenly decided that he did not want to face the other fellows just yet; so he headed for the camp museum. Whenever Gulliver had some free time, he either went to the museum or went canoeing on the nearby Beaver River. In fact, the reason the other campers had nicknamed him Gulliver was that he went on so many of these travels alone.

The museum was a fascinating place. On the display shelves were cases of neatly mounted moths and butterflies, a few fossils, and a wasps' nest. On one side of the room there was a table holding Indian arrowheads and a mineral collection. Near the mineral collection were two aquariums. One contained fish and the other, turtles.

Gulliver went straight to the fish aquarium. He pressed his face to the glass to get a close view of the fish gliding through the long green water plants. As his eager glance followed the moving fish, he concentrated on naming all the different kinds—dwarfs, Mexican swordtails, three-spots, and many others. There were also tadpoles and snails that kept the water in the aquarium clean.

The next morning, after a swim in the camp pool, each boy reported to Mr. Edison what he would be doing during his free period before lunch. True to his nickname, Gulliver was planning a trip on the river. He was just about to announce his plan when the counselor remarked, "Going off on one of your travels, Gulliver? If you are, how about taking Jim Burd along?"

For a moment Gulliver was too stunned to move. Why must he take Jim when he wanted to go alone? "All right," he muttered as he stalked off.

Just the sight of Jim Burd reminded Gulliver of the lost track meet. Jim was Brookhill Camp's star runner.

Besides, if Jim came along, he'd be chattering on and on about yesterday's track meet in that loud voice of his. They'd never get to see any wild birds or turtles. Every living creature for miles around would have been warned of their approach and would have vanished long before they could paddle the canoe anywhere near it.

But since it was Mr. Edison's suggestion that Jim should go along, Gulliver had to invite him. Much to Gulliver's regret, the lanky boy readily agreed to go.

"We'll have to be quiet on the river," Gulliver cautioned as he launched the canoe. "Otherwise, we won't see any turtles."

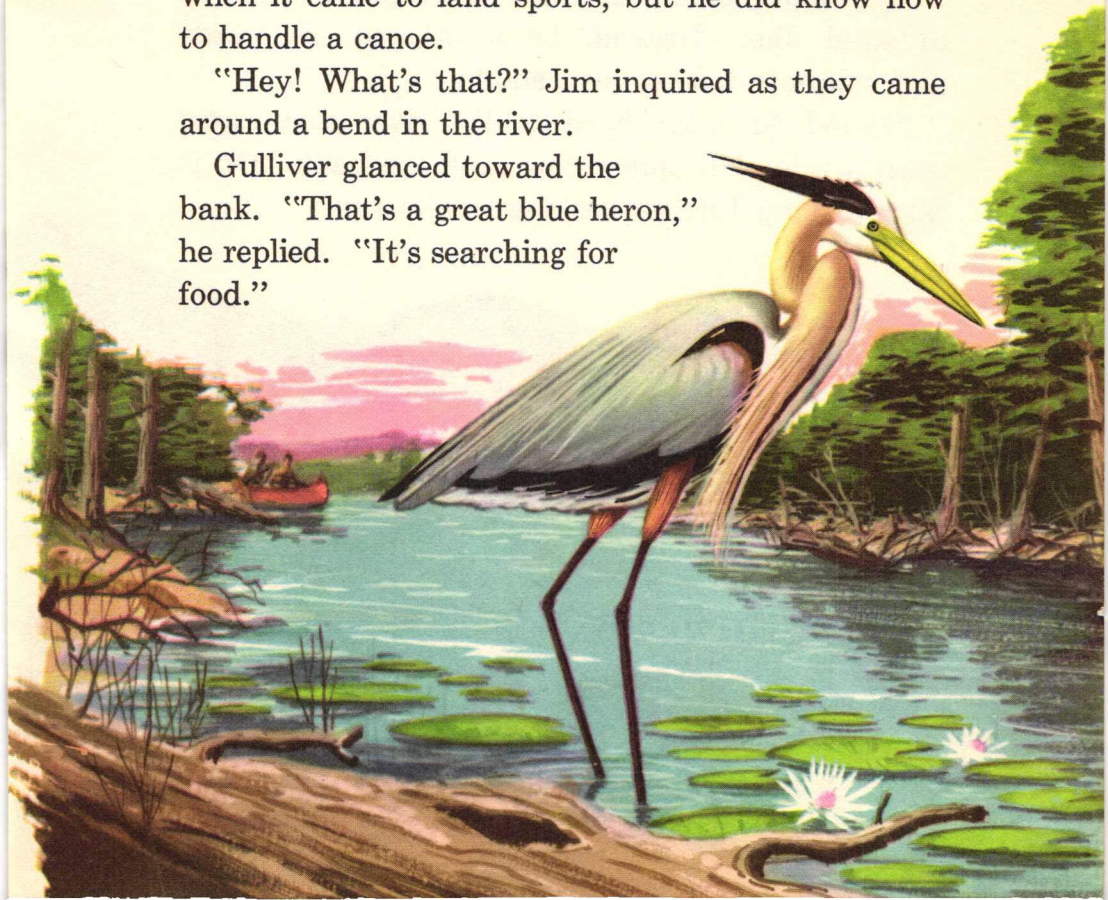
Jim stopped right in the middle of the tune he was whistling. "Why do you want to see turtles?" he asked. "Are you bringing some back to camp?"

Suddenly Gulliver remembered what Mr. Edison had said about there being many ways to help a camp. "That's it!" he exclaimed. "Maybe we can get some painted turtles for the aquarium."

The two boys started paddling upstream. Jim's thrusts with his paddle were awkward and uneven. But Gulliver kept the canoe moving in a smooth, steady path. Gulliver did not have much ability when it came to land sports, but he did know how to handle a canoe.

"Hey! What's that?" Jim inquired as they came around a bend in the river.

Gulliver glanced toward the bank. "That's a great blue heron," he replied. "It's searching for food."



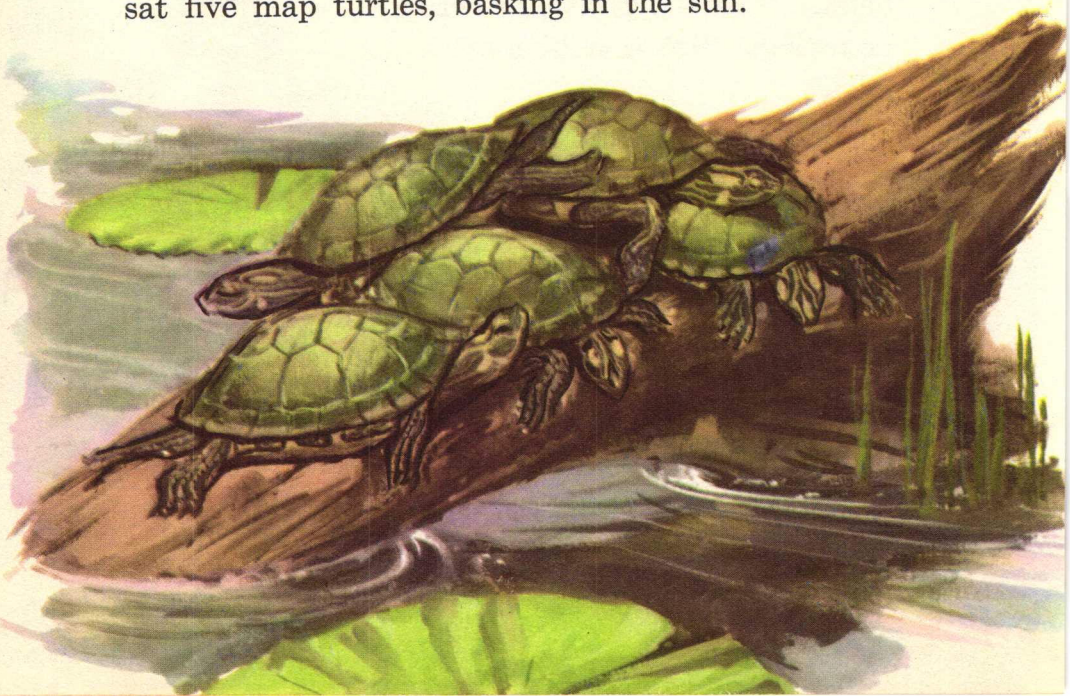
Silently the boys watched the misty-blue heron as it stood motionless on stiltlike legs, with its long neck drawn in so that its head rested between its shoulders. It was intent on the shadowy water. With a sudden stroke of its strong, sharp bill, the heron snapped up a fish, tossed it into the air, and swallowed it.

"Did you see that?" Jim shouted. "I had no idea that there were such birds along this river."

With a harsh squawk the heron spread its long wings, flapped them softly, and flew away.

Very much annoyed, Gulliver opened his mouth to scold Jim. Instead, he smothered his words and concentrated on his paddling.

Beyond the next bend in the river they came upon a root that spread out from the bank. On it sat five map turtles, basking in the sun.



"Now be qui——" Gulliver began. It was too late. Jim was already shouting his delight.

"Hey! Look over there!" he whooped, pointing his paddle toward the turtles. In his excitement he nearly upset the canoe. At the sudden commotion the five turtles plopped into the water.

Gulliver slammed his fist on the edge of the canoe. Now he was really angry that Jim had come along. "You dunderhead!" he snapped. "If you don't keep still, we shan't catch anything."

"I'm sorry," Jim apologized. "I never dreamed turtles could hear so well."

"They can see and hear lots better than most people think they can," replied Gulliver curtly.

The two boys paddled on to another open place in the river. Here the low riverbanks were made of thick, black mud. It was a quiet spot. And it was one of the best places for finding turtles.

"We'll stop here," Gulliver told Jim. "Let's beach the canoe and climb that tree that hangs out over the water. I've watched whole families of turtles from one of those low limbs."

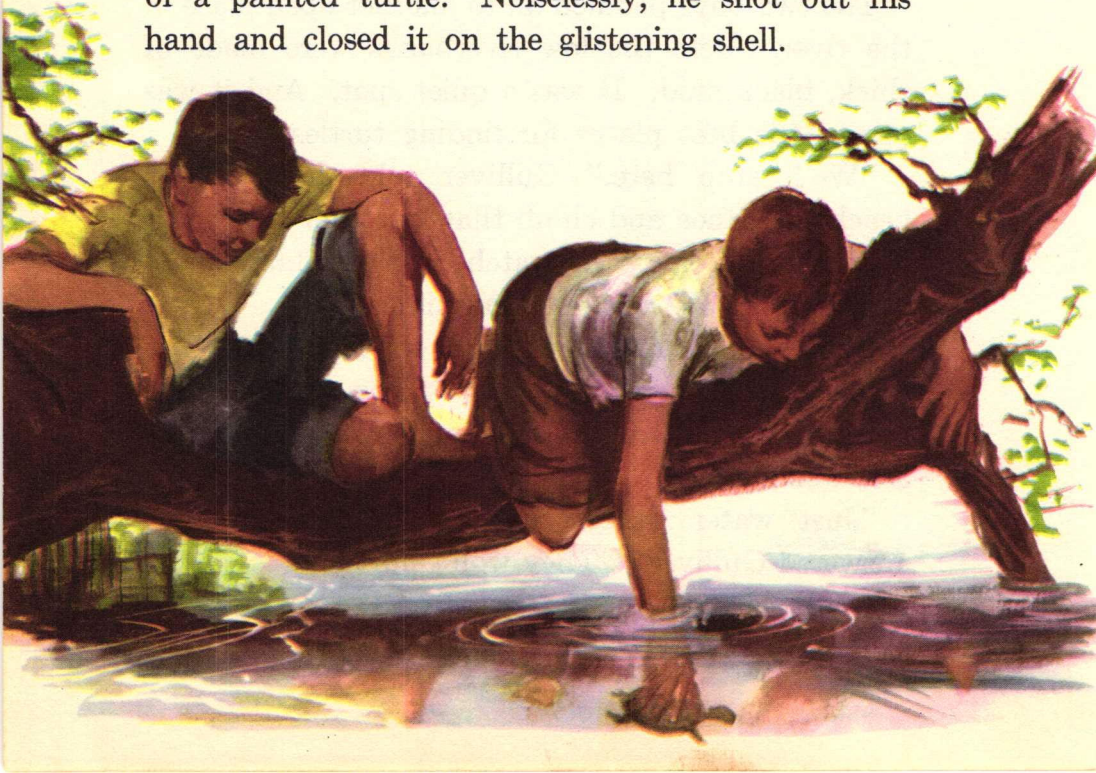
While Gulliver was kicking off his shoes, Jim sat very still, staring at the shallow water. "Do you suppose there are snakes down there?" he asked suddenly.

"Just water snakes and maybe some snails," answered Gulliver. "They won't hurt you."

"All right," said Jim, pulling off his shoes and socks. "You're the boss. But you wouldn't catch me doing this alone for anything." Cautiously he followed Gulliver across the mud flats to the tree with the low-spreading branches.

The boys crawled along a great limb that hung only a few inches above the water. Now Gulliver was beginning to have fun. Jim was being a good sport. And it was nice to be showing Jim things that he knew nothing about.

Gulliver soon spied something that seemed to be floating on top of the water. At first he thought it was merely a chip of wood. But as the object came nearer, he recognized the red-and-yellow markings of a painted turtle. Noiselessly, he shot out his hand and closed it on the glistening shell.



"So that's how you catch them," Jim murmured. "Didn't it try to bite you?"

"This isn't a snapping turtle. It's a painted turtle," Gulliver told him. "But even a snapper can't bite you when you hold it by the shell this way." He showed Jim just how to do it.

Gulliver put the turtle into the canoe. Then the boys launched the canoe and continued upstream.

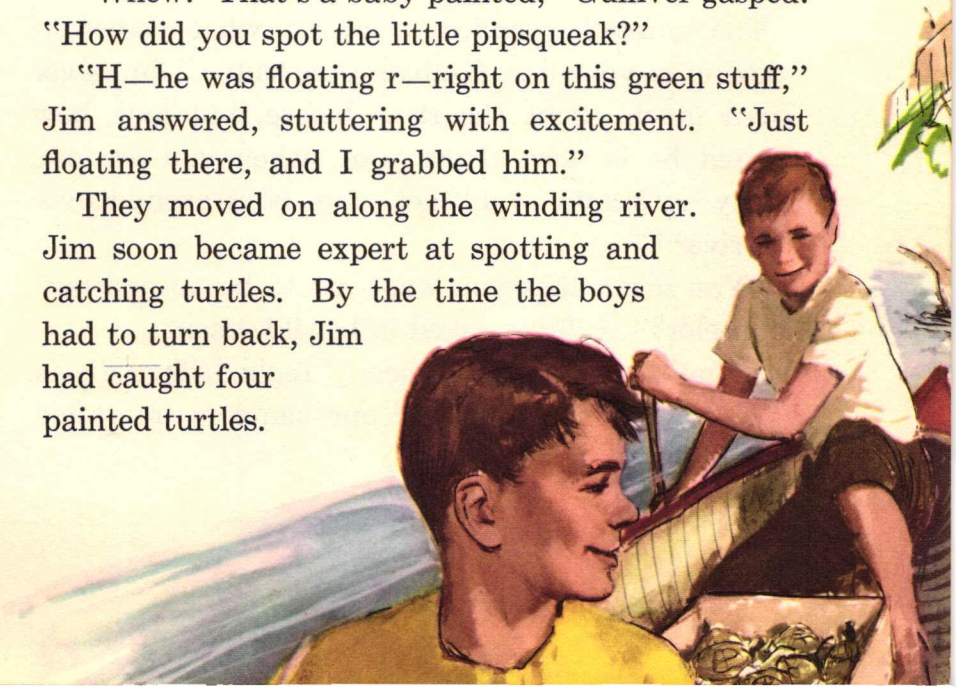
Now Jim was very quiet. When a cardinal flew overhead, he merely pointed at it. Gulliver nodded. The boys watched the brilliant red bird until it disappeared among the trees along the shore.

Around another bend the river widened into a still pond. Thick green plants almost completely covered the water's surface. Suddenly Jim lunged forward and came up with a turtle.

"Whew! That's a baby painted," Gulliver gasped. "How did you spot the little pipsqueak?"

"H—he was floating r—right on this green stuff," Jim answered, stuttering with excitement. "Just floating there, and I grabbed him."

They moved on along the winding river. Jim soon became expert at spotting and catching turtles. By the time the boys had to turn back, Jim had caught four painted turtles.



On the homeward trip past the cattail swamp, the boys again saw a heron searching for food. This time Jim did not utter a sound.

But as soon as the boys had landed, Jim began singing at the top of his voice. Gulliver didn't feel so gay. Jim had caught four of the turtles, and he, who was supposed to be an expert, had caught only one turtle.

The head counselor was delighted when he saw the fine specimens the boys had caught. "They'll be a great addition to our museum," he said.

"Gulliver's idea!" Jim declared. "He seems to know all about the river. I haven't had so much fun all summer."

"Jim caught most of the turtles," Gulliver told Mr. Edison. "He learned how in no time."

"But I learned from you," Jim persisted.

The counselor smiled. "That's what comes of sticking to your line, Gulliver," he said. "Jim never cared much about the river before, but look how excited he is now. Next year, when you are one of my assistants, you'll get more boys excited over the river."

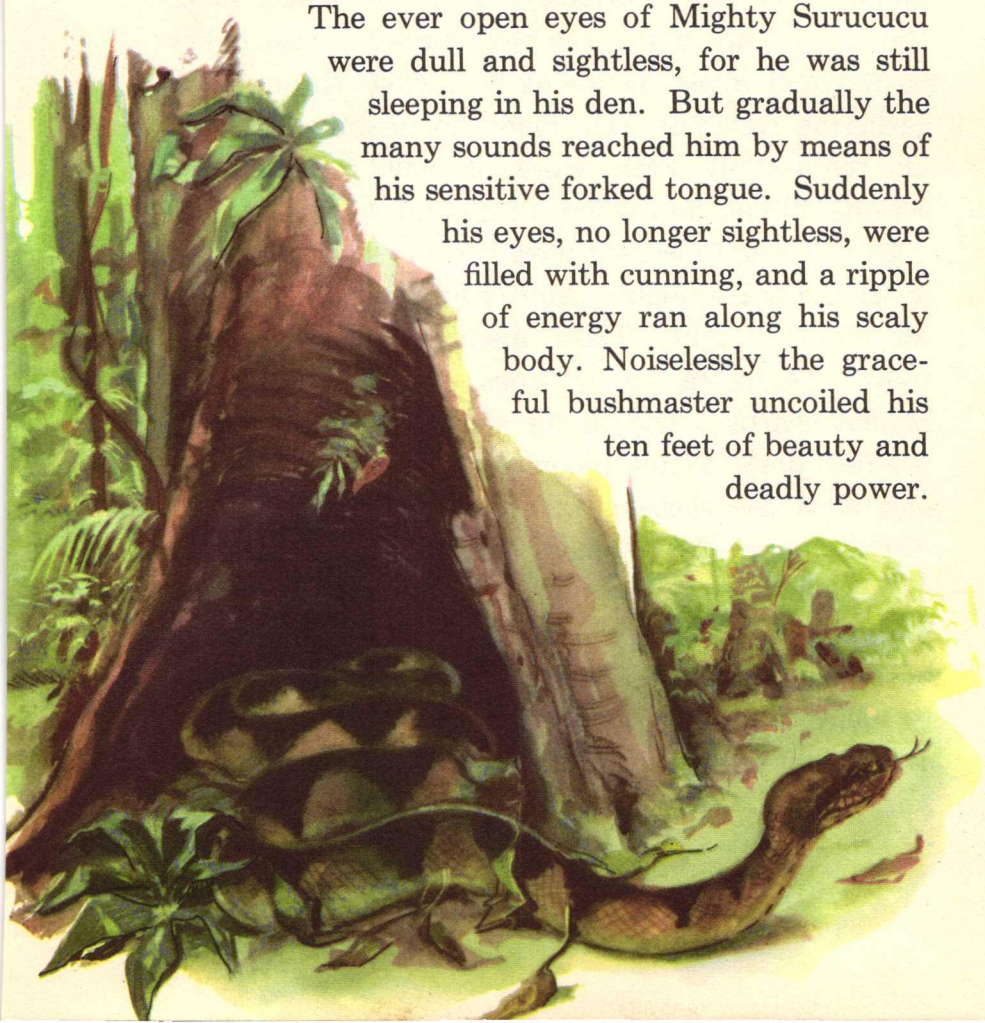
"You mean that you want me to be an assistant counselor?" Gulliver asked in bewilderment.

"That's exactly what I mean," replied Mr. Edison. "We want to get more of our campers interested in Gulliver's turtles."

Mighty Surucucu

During the steaming heat of the day, the South American jungle had been breathless and silent. Even the leaves on the huge trees had ceased to rustle. But now with the coming of dusk, a soft chittering broke the heavy silence as the creatures of the night stirred from their slumbers. Soon the jungle was ringing with their cries.

The ever open eyes of Mighty Surucucu were dull and sightless, for he was still sleeping in his den. But gradually the many sounds reached him by means of his sensitive forked tongue. Suddenly his eyes, no longer sightless, were filled with cunning, and a ripple of energy ran along his scaly body. Noiselessly the graceful bushmaster uncoiled his ten feet of beauty and deadly power.



It was cool and damp under the leaves that had collected in the hollow of the old tree. How long the big snake had remained in a pleasant sleepy state, he did not know. Days meant nothing to him. He measured time from one hungry period to the next. He was hungry now. Since it was nearly dark, food should be plentiful.

The horny tip of Mighty Surucucu's tail made no sound as he slid cautiously along the jungle floor. His slim, scaly body was well hidden beneath low bushes and moist leaves as he moved through the gathering darkness. He made no mistakes because his remarkably keen sense of smell directed his actions, telling him where to go and what to avoid.

In the small clearing ahead, shiny beetles darted in their aimless flight. Moths followed the beetles' dim trail of light. These insects were relished by frogs. Therefore, many frogs would probably be hidden nearby. And so the sensitive snake waited.

After dark a full moon rose over the treetops and filled the clearing with silvery light.

The snake's keen senses suddenly informed him of a slight movement on a nearby tree trunk. A plump frog had caught a moth. For a moment the bushmaster watched the frog's efforts to swallow its delicate prey. But before the moth had been completely swallowed, the snake glided forward and seized the frog by one leg.

Mighty Surucucu did not bother to inject any poison into his quarry. Calmly and without haste he proceeded to swallow the frog.

That was only the beginning of the snake's meal. A minute later he caught a lizard that was crawling over the foot of a tree. When the last inch of the ill-fated lizard had disappeared, the big snake yawned twice and set out to seek additional food.

Soon the bushmaster's wanderings took him to a jungle drinking hole that lay in a depression near the river. Because this quiet pool was frequented by small creatures, the snake hid under the tangled vines and waited. One more animal would fill him, and he could then return to his den for a long nap.

As Mighty Surucucu rested on the damp ground, he sensed a jaguar crouching nearby on an overhanging branch, but the snake did not take fright. Experience told him that the great cat would not seek a dispute with him. Even the kingly jaguar respected the evil power of Mighty Surucucu's poison fangs.

Suddenly the snake caught the scent of human beings. He rarely met men in the jungle at night, and they always made him uneasy. Silently he slid off to one side where he could safely watch them.

Two men were leaving a tent that had been set up in the clearing by the river. The shadowy figures were approaching stealthily along the narrow

trail. They carried lights and long poles, and at times they paused to search near the ground.

Quietly the wily snake slid farther into the dense underbrush, leaving a faint trail on the damp, soft earth. Then by making a half circle he reached another water hole located nearby.

A sleek ratlike animal was drinking at the pool while her two little ones capered on the bank. A ripple of excitement shot along the snake's body. This was quarry well worth capturing! Soon one little animal strayed too far from its mother's side. Abruptly the snake shot forward and struck it with his needle-sharp fangs. The injured animal raced madly toward shelter. But suddenly it wobbled and fell. It lay on the ground, twitching wretchedly.

The bushmaster approached his prey to swallow it. He had just finished when he became aware of a movement behind him. Instinct warned him to hide, but he was no longer ten feet of swift power. Bloated by his burden of food, he moved sluggishly as he tried to slide off the path. Suddenly one of the men stepped forward and placed a forked stick just behind the snake's head, pinning him to earth.

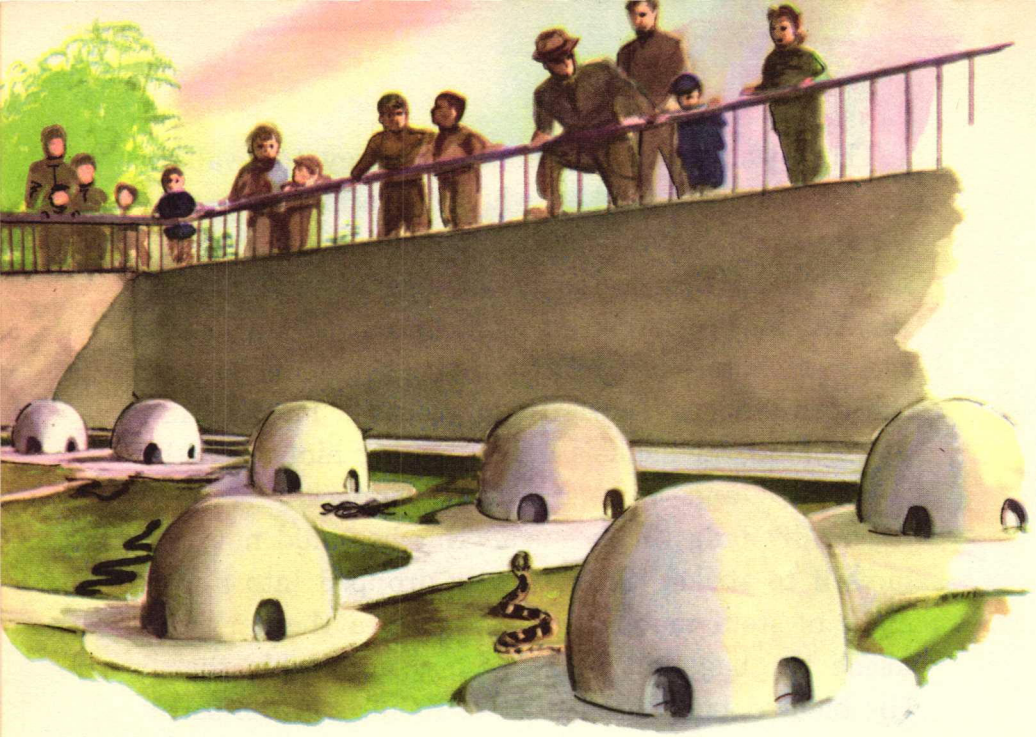
Helpless and outraged, the bushmaster showed his deadly fangs in defiance. But he could not free himself to strike. Soon he was dropped into a bag made of stout material. He welcomed the darkness inside the bag, but he was not comfortable there. His bloated body needed more room, and the scent of man was too oppressive to be ignored.

After a while the sluggish snake grew drowsy. He was aware of the motion of the bag, but it did not disturb him. His one desire was to sleep.

Later, he was transferred to a box with air holes along the side. This new prison gave him more room, and he eventually passed into a deep sleep.

Many days passed. But Mighty Surucucu was unaware of time until hunger informed him that the hour had come to go forth and search for food.

His present shelter was a low dome of concrete. Leaving it, he suddenly found himself in a different world. Instead of the moist, dense jungle with its familiar odors, he discovered a large open area



covered with short, smooth grass and hard trails. Surucucu's horny tail made a clattering noise on these trails as he crawled along.

This was no place to search for food! There were no tangled vines or large leaves to hide his body, no palm-filled swamps and no towering trees. He would leave this barren place with all possible speed and return to the jungle.

The bushmaster set out over the grass. During his exploration of the area he met other snakes, all intent upon gaining their freedom. He followed one snake to the edge of a long ditch and slid down into the water he found there.

On the opposite side of the ditch rose a smooth high cliff. Again and again the bushmaster tried to scale it. But each time, the steep wall prevented his escape, and he fell back into the water.

Although the snake persisted all night long in his efforts to escape, he did not succeed. The next morning he noticed that a few of the snakes were pursuing some live frogs near the ditch. But the bushmaster turned away. His instincts warned him of men who stood watching from the top of the cliff.

Later, several men entered the snake enclosure. One of them was carrying a long pole. Quickly the bushmaster attempted to conceal himself in one of the concrete domes. But before he could reach it, he was caught by the man with the pole. Then three other men held open a canvas bag by means of long cords that allowed them to stay at a safe distance from the snake. The man with the pole skillfully dropped the bushmaster into the bag.

Anger flooded the snake's entire body as he was carried away in his new prison. He waited for a chance to strike his captors. The chance came at last when he was dumped from the bag. Savagely he headed for the nearest man, but the long pole turned him to one side. Soon the man pinned down the snake's head. Then Mighty Surucucu felt the hateful, throttling grasp of a hand about his neck. In desperation he tried to bite the man.

But the instant he opened his mouth, the edge of a glass was pushed beneath his erect fangs. He struck at it fiercely. Streams of venom ran into the container. Then he felt the thumb and forefinger of his captor pressing gently along the sides of his head. More venom trickled into the glass.

Still raging, Mighty Surucucu was dropped into a box with some other snakes. In his fury he struck at the nearest one.

His sharp fangs made deep holes in the snake's body, but no poison was injected there. For Mighty Surucucu had been "milked" of his deadly venom. His poison and that obtained from the other snakes would be turned into a precious snake-bite serum. Then the bottled serum would be sent all over the world to save the lives of human beings.

The Polar Bear Twins

In the arctic region of snow-covered ice near the North Pole, Fluffy and Tuffy, the polar bear twins, lived with their mother.

Their home was an immense ice pack. This mass of slowly moving ice covered a wide area in the Arctic Sea, up near the top of the world.

It was October. The days were rapidly getting shorter, and the polar bears no longer felt the sun's warmth as they had in the summer. But their thick fur coats kept them snug and warm as they roamed at will in this barren realm of ice and snow.

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The mother bear guarded her cubs carefully and fed them when they were hungry. The twins were comfortable and secure in their arctic home.

One morning, as the cubs slept in the shelter of a huge bank of snow and ice, the mother bear opened her eyes, stretched, and sniffed the air anxiously. No enemy scent disturbed her, and no whimpering came from her sleeping twins. She was ravenous and eager to satisfy her appetite. Her cubs were safe from harm out here on the drifting ice pack. She would return to them soon. With one last look at the twins, she lumbered off across the glistening ice, sniffing at the small breathing holes of the seals as she went.

A long time later Fluffy opened her eyes. It was dark. Icy blasts of wind made her shiver. The cub moaned softly, missing the warmth of the old bear's massive body.

Tuffy stirred, too. Snow was falling, and the wind was blowing furiously. The sound of waves beating against the jagged ice confused and frightened the unhappy cubs. The water had been calm when they had gone to sleep.

By now the little bears were fully awake. There was no huge body to snuggle them close and shield them from the raging storm. They sniffed the place where the mother bear had been lying before they had gone to sleep. Their mother was gone!

The wind shrieked, and the snow beat down on the little bears. The angry booming of the massive ice cakes being broken up by the waves sounded like thunder. Fluffy, still whimpering, moved closer to Tuffy.

Tuffy could do nothing to comfort his sister. He, too, was terrified. The twins were so accustomed to being cared for by their mother that they could do little for themselves. Snuggling close together, they finally fell asleep again.

When the cubs awakened, they were almost buried in a snowdrift. The storm was over, and a pale sun shone feebly. Shaking the powdery snow off their coats, Fluffy and Tuffy scrambled from their

cozy nest. Their mother was still nowhere to be seen. The frightened little bears rushed about, searching for tracks and sniffing the air.

Giant roaring billows of dark water lashed all around them. The ice on which they had been sleeping had broken away from the main ice pack. Now the helpless twins were floating along on a small ice floe. They were lost in the Arctic Sea on their own little island.

When the sun had set, Fluffy and Tuffy were still hopelessly lost. They had no one to provide food.

There was no great shaggy body to snuggle against for warmth. At any moment their tiny island might be dashed to pieces. And the wind continued to howl, and the jagged ice hunks boomed and hissed as they crashed against the ice floe.

There was nothing for Tuffy and Fluffy to do but return to the shelter of their snowbank and wait for their mother. Here the shivering twins huddled together, each trying to warm the other.

Meanwhile the mother bear had found a fat seal. After she had eaten a big meal, she began to feel drowsy. She had a strong desire to lie down and sleep. But Fluffy and Tuffy must be fed. So she resolutely set out for the spot where she had left them sleeping.

The wind had now risen to a strong gale, and the snow had begun to drift. The big bear fought her way through mounds of snow and toiled over jagged peaks of ice.

Finally she lurched wearily to the brink of the main ice pack. Her twins were nowhere in sight. She stood up on her hind legs and sniffed the cold air, trying to locate her babies. She wrinkled her black nose and sniffed again. Then she turned and scanned the whole area. Unable to catch the scent of her cubs, she called to them. Again and again her anxious cries filled the air. But there was no answer.

In desperation the mother bear hurled herself into the foaming, icy water. With long, powerful strokes she swam first to one ice floe and then to another, looking for her lost cubs. Without her they could not long survive.

All through the long night she hunted. And all the next day, without food or rest, she labored over the glistening ice floes and resolutely explored the lashing waters.

Once, on the afternoon of the second day, she heard a sound like the faint whimper of little Fluffy. Eagerly she swam toward the sound. When she reached the spot, she saw nothing. It was only the moaning of the wind that had deluded her.

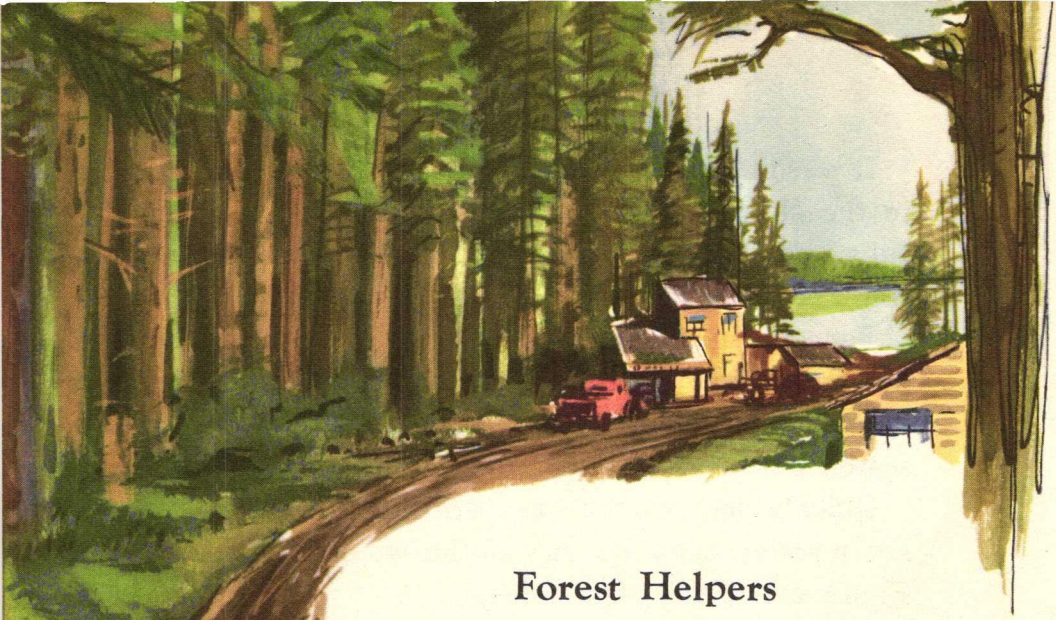
Finally the weary animal swam back to the main ice pack. She climbed to a high ledge and scanned all the humps and hollows. But no glimpse of her children rewarded her tired eyes.

It wasn't until the third day that the wind carried to the old bear's keen nostrils a faint scent of her cubs. She followed the scent into the wind to the brink of the ice pack. Then she began to swim.

Far out in the water she spied a small island of floating ice. The crisp air brought a stronger, unmistakable scent. This was proof that her long search was at an end.

Quickly she swam to the drifting ice and pulled her massive body up out of the water. There lay Fluffy and Tuffy, fast asleep.

Fondly the mother pressed her nose into their fur. Now awake, the cubs jumped up to lick their mother's face. They tugged at her shaggy coat and nipped her ears affectionately. The howling winds and lashing waters held no terrors for the twins now. Their mother would take care of them.



Forest Helpers

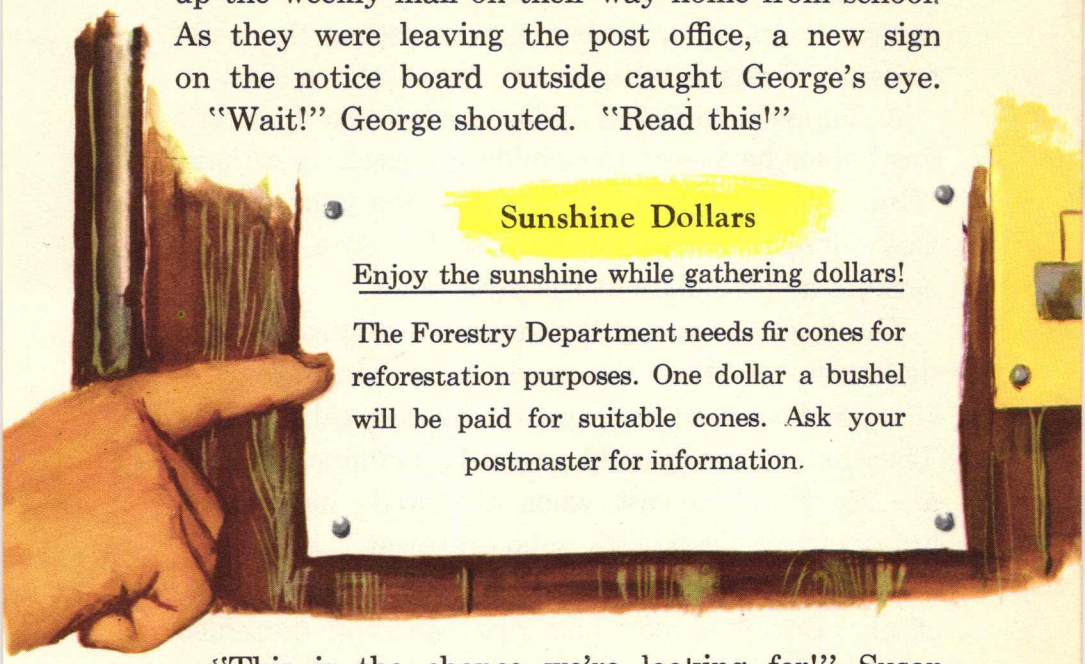
"But how can we help?" George Barnum asked his sister Susan and their friend, Henry Lever. The children were walking toward the post office in the isolated lumbering settlement where they lived.

"That's what I've been wondering," Henry replied. "When we discussed earning money for a school radio, I voted for the project along with everyone else. But now comes the problem of how to raise money."

"There must be a way," insisted Susan. "Boys in the upper classes are going to chop firewood to sell. The girls are planning a bake sale. Surely we can think of something."

The children walked along until they came to the post office. Each Wednesday an upcoast steamer brought the mail to this Pacific Coast settlement. The Barnum children and Henry had come to pick up the weekly mail on their way home from school. As they were leaving the post office, a new sign on the notice board outside caught George's eye.

"Wait!" George shouted. "Read this!"


Sunshine Dollars
Enjoy the sunshine while gathering dollars!
The Forestry Department needs fir cones for reforestation purposes. One dollar a bushel will be paid for suitable cones. Ask your postmaster for information.

"This is the chance we're looking for!" Susan cried. "Come on. Let's talk to the postmaster."

"No, it's too late for that," said Henry. "He was closing the delivery window when we went in to get the mail. We'll have to wait until tomorrow."

As the disappointed children left the post office, they made a hopeful discovery. In the harbor ahead of them, a patrol boat lay alongside the wharf.

"We don't need to wait!" George cried. "That's the forestry boat! We can get information there!"

Two minutes later the youngsters were on the wharf beside the cruiser. One of the deck hands allowed them to come aboard when he heard their story. Soon the youngsters were asking the chief forester, Frank Bartholomew, about the notice.

A happy expression came across the forester's face when he heard the children's eager questions. "Our government would certainly like your help in this reforestation project," he said. "And you'll be earning a few dollars at the same time."

The forester showed the attentive children how to determine whether the seeds in a cone are ripe. He split a cone in half, uncovering several fir seeds. Then he gave each child a seed to examine. "Cones are ready to harvest when the seeds have hard, brown shells filled with solid nutmeat," he said.

"The fir trees in this area are too tall for you to climb. But you may find ripe cones on discarded treetops in a clearing that loggers have recently made. A metal pail is a handy container for collecting cones. Then you should transfer them to a big sack and bring them to the forestry boat."

After school the next day Susan, George, and Henry hurried home for pails to load with cones.

"Where should we start, Henry?" asked Susan. "You know these woods better than we do."

"A lumber company has been felling trees on the north side of the bay," said Henry. "Trucks have taken the logs to the mill, but the tops of the trees are left on the ground. We might find cones there."

"You lead the way," said George.

As they neared the clearing, the boys stopped to examine a deep rut in the dirt road. "One of those trucks must have skidded here," said Henry.

Susan rushed on ahead and was soon breaking cones off the boughs that lay on the ground. By the time the boys caught up with Susan, she had nearly filled her pail with cones.

"You've got quite a start," said George, beginning to break cones off the fragrant boughs. "At this rate it won't take long to fill our pails."

"Wait a minute," Henry interrupted. He peeled back the scales of a cone, and a tiny seed rolled into the palm of his hand. "These cones won't do," he announced. "You'll have to dump them out."

"But why?" Susan asked in bewilderment.

"Look at this seed," replied Henry. "It's white and has milky stuff inside. The shell should be hard and brown like those the forester showed us. These firs were cut before the cones were ripe."

George discarded his and Susan's cones. "Now what?" he inquired with ebbing enthusiasm. "We can't climb the firs around here. The trunks go up at least fifty feet before there's a branch. If anybody knows another way to get ripe cones, I'd like to know about it."

The children picked up their empty pails and moved on in a discouraged procession. On a bluff overlooking the bay, they found a leaning fir with several branches low enough for them to reach. They managed to fill two pails with good cones. But although the children scouted back and forth among the trees, they found no other leaning firs.

"We'll be a long time earning our share for the radio this way," George grumbled dejectedly as the children went deeper into the forest. Suddenly his

face brightened. "Say!" he cried. "There's one tree with branches low enough for me to reach!" Peeling off his jacket, he started toward the fir.

"Do be careful," Henry advised as he anxiously observed his friend's progress. There was good reason for Henry's anxiety. The children were a long way from help, should an accident occur.

But George was not taking chances. He tested each branch before trusting his weight on it.

All at once Henry sighted a small, dark cloud hovering above George's head. "Quick!" he yelled. "Quick, George! Come down!"

"E-yow!" yelped George as he came sliding down the tree trunk. "Wasps!"
he shrieked. "Run!"

Henry grabbed George's coat and began beating back the hostile insects. "Did any of them sting you?" Henry gasped as the boys ran down the hill, zigzagging to avoid prickly blackberry bushes.

"A few," George groaned. "Only a few."

The boys found Susan waiting for them at the foot of the hill. "I wouldn't climb that tree again for all the cones in the world," George vowed. " 'Sunshine dollars' the notice said. Well, we've had the sunshine, but where are the dollars?"

"Even the sunshine will be gone soon," Susan observed.

"Here we are moaning about cones we didn't get, and we've left those we did pick," Henry reminded the others. "You wait here, Susan, while George and I go back to the wasp tree for them."

As she stood alone in the fading sunlight, Susan heard a sound exactly like a stone being hurled at top speed through branches. "Which one of you threw that?" she shouted, whirling around.

"Threw what?" George asked from halfway up the hill. "We didn't throw anything." But even as he spoke, a second missile tore through the branches of a tree near Susan.

"*Someone* threw something," she yelled.

Puzzled, the boys sped back to investigate. As the three stood beneath a tall fir, another missile rattled through the boughs and thudded to earth.

"Susan is right," George said, peering into the branches above. "Somebody is throwing things!"

Meanwhile, Henry was circling the tree. "Things are being thrown, all right," he declared. "And just see what they are!"

George and Susan stared wide-eyed. They were being pelted with plump, ripe fir cones! In one voice they asked, "Who's throwing them?"

"I think we have some helpers up there," said Henry, "if only they'll throw down enough cones."

"But who are they?" Susan insisted.

"We'll have to wait till tomorrow to find out," Henry said with a grin. "It's getting dark."

The two boys climbed the hill to get the pails of cones. Soon the youngsters headed for home.

After school the next day the children hurried back to the tall fir. They wanted to find out more about their mysterious helpers, and they hoped to fill several pails with ripe cones. But when they arrived, they found very few cones under the tree.

"Somebody else wants those cones just as badly as we do," Henry commented.

"You mean other people are gathering cones, too?" Susan asked.

"Not people," answered Henry. "Be quiet, and you'll see."

The minutes seemed like hours. Then a rustle caused all eyes to focus on a nearby tree trunk.

All at once a frisky red squirrel darted out from behind the tree. It carried a fir cone in its mouth. The squirrel peered inquiringly at the youngsters. Then it scampered off with the cone.

A sudden giggle from Susan broke the stillness. "This is harvest time for the squirrels," she said.

"That's right," replied Henry. "When the cones are just right, the squirrels cut them down. They work in the treetops until they have the ground well scattered with cones. Then down the squirrels come to gather the crop."

"What happens next?" asked Susan.

"The cones are stored for winter food," Henry said. "I've seen cone scales on the snow lots of times when there wasn't much other food around."

"That solves our problem!" cried George. "The squirrels will cut the cones from the tall trees, and we'll pick them up from the ground. We——"

"Oh, no!" Susan protested. "If we take all the squirrels' cones, they'll go hungry during the cold weather. Not even a school radio is worth that."

"You didn't let me explain my idea," George said. "The squirrels need winter food. We need their cones. So why not trade with them?"

"That's a wonderful idea," Henry agreed. "The squirrels will forgive us for taking their cones if we leave them apples and corn to store away."

The next day was Saturday. By midmorning the children were ready to start out to trade with the squirrels. Each boy was carrying a bag of small apples, a bag of shelled corn, and two empty pails. Susan had a pail and enough lunch for three.

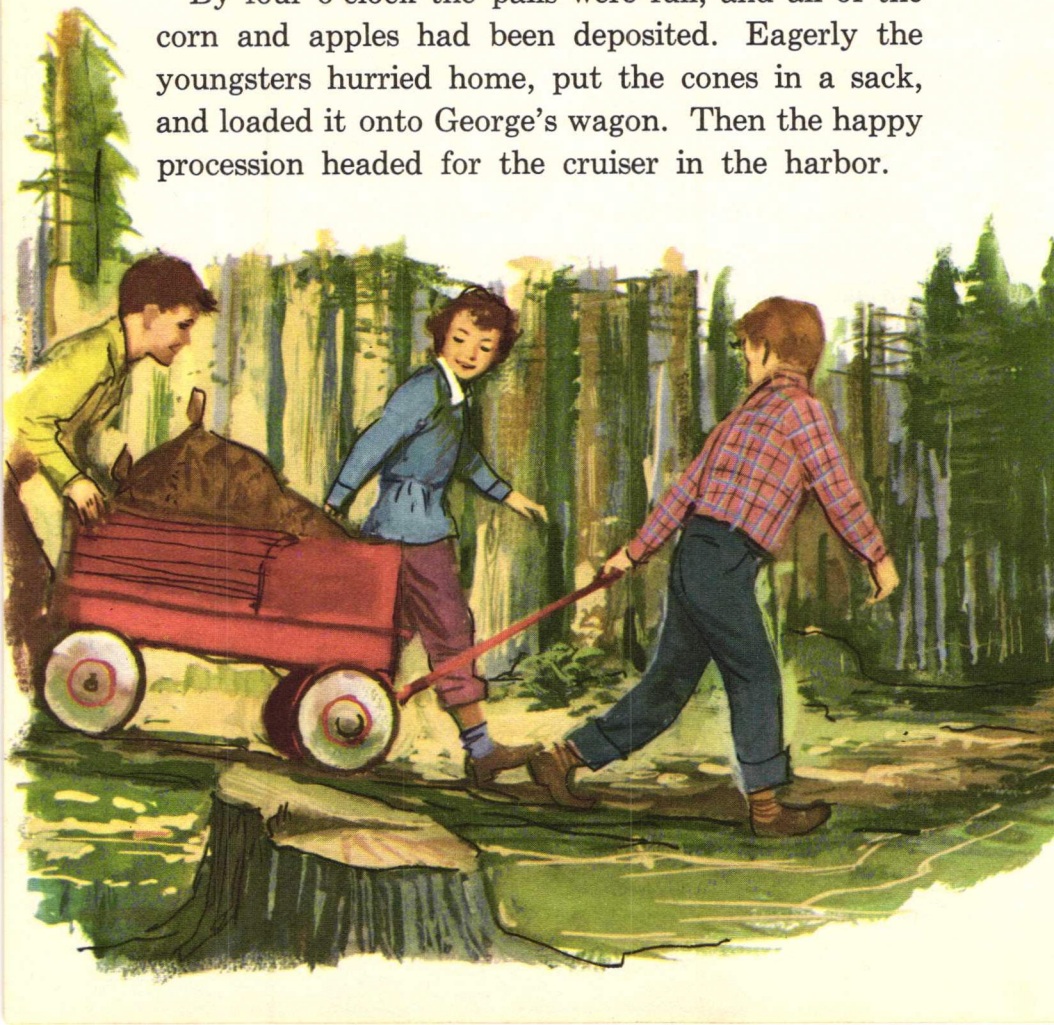
As the children entered the forest, Henry said, "There's not a breath of wind today. We'll have no trouble hearing those cones clatter down."

Until noon, however, they heard no rattle of falling cones. The squirrels seemed to be interested only in play. They chattered and scampered from branch to branch in the big firs. Then, while the children were munching sandwiches and bananas, they were hit with a sudden shower of fir cones.

"I wish I'd brought my umbrella for protection," said Susan, laughing happily.

The youngsters quickly finished lunch and began to pick up cones. Those that had fallen in underbrush were hard to locate. But as the children worked down the slope of the forest, they found open spots strewn with cones. The afternoon sun seemed to have brought out dozens of busy red squirrels. Susan left apples and corn for them by each tree where the children gathered cones.

By four o'clock the pails were full, and all of the corn and apples had been deposited. Eagerly the youngsters hurried home, put the cones in a sack, and loaded it onto George's wagon. Then the happy procession headed for the cruiser in the harbor.



"You must have nearly two bushels there!" the chief forester exclaimed when he saw the children's sack. "The seeds in those fir cones will produce thousands of young trees. The trees will be used to replant burned-out forest areas. Thank you for your help."

"Thank you for yours," Susan said courteously. "You've helped us get our school radio."

"What's this about a radio?" the forester asked in bewilderment.

"That's our school project," George explained. "Our school needs a library and a radio. Stocking a library with good books is awfully expensive; so we voted to buy a radio first."

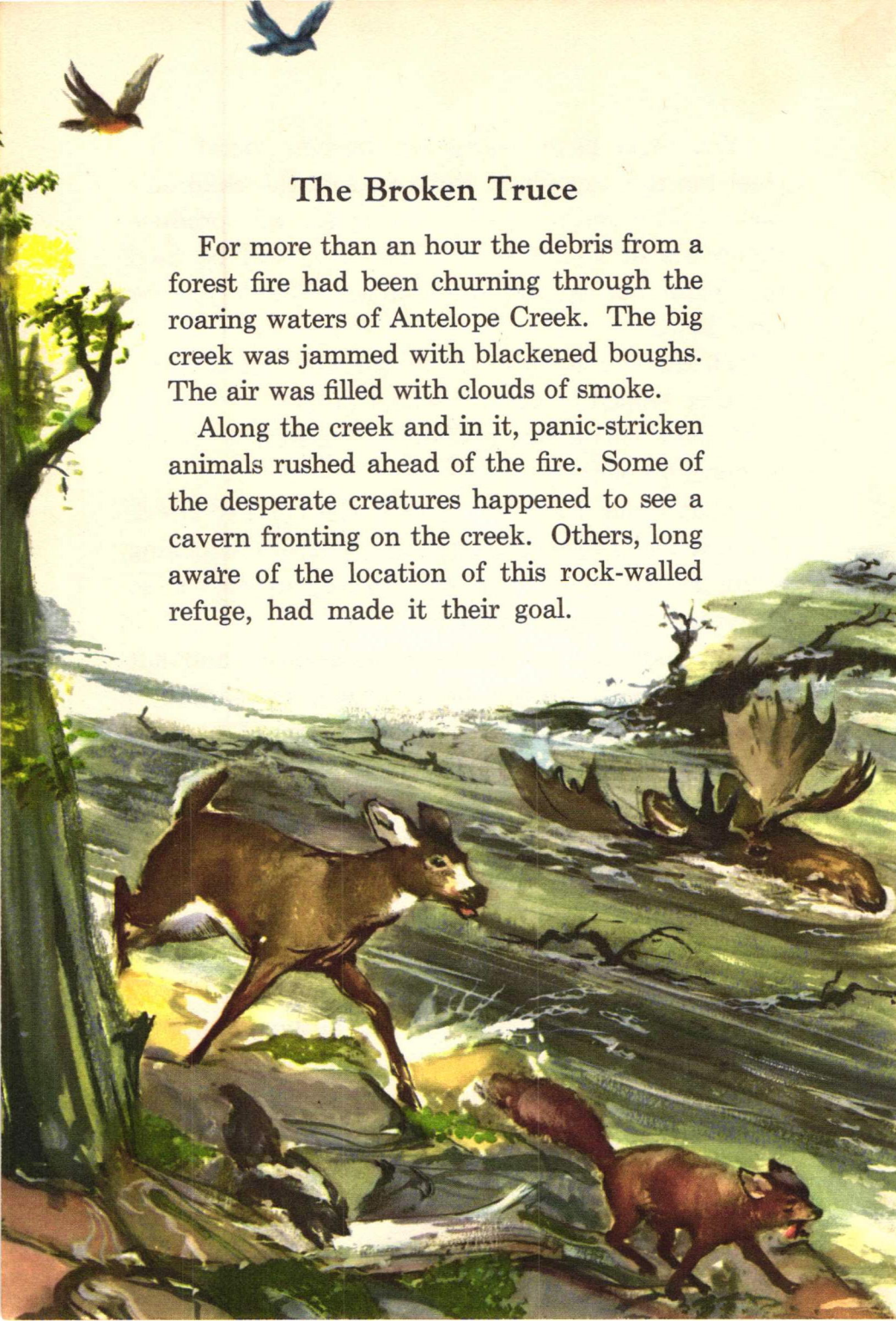
The chief forester grinned mysteriously and left for a moment. When he returned, he carried a package. "Open this when you get home," he said.

Thirty minutes later, eager fingers tore off the wrapping. There lay a handsome book, *The Beauty of Trees*. On the inside front cover the chief forester had written "For the school library—to my forest helpers, Susan, George, and Henry."

"Look! It's been autographed!" Henry cried. "It's signed *Frank Bartholomew!*"

"A book autographed by the author himself!" Susan cried. "What a start for our library!"

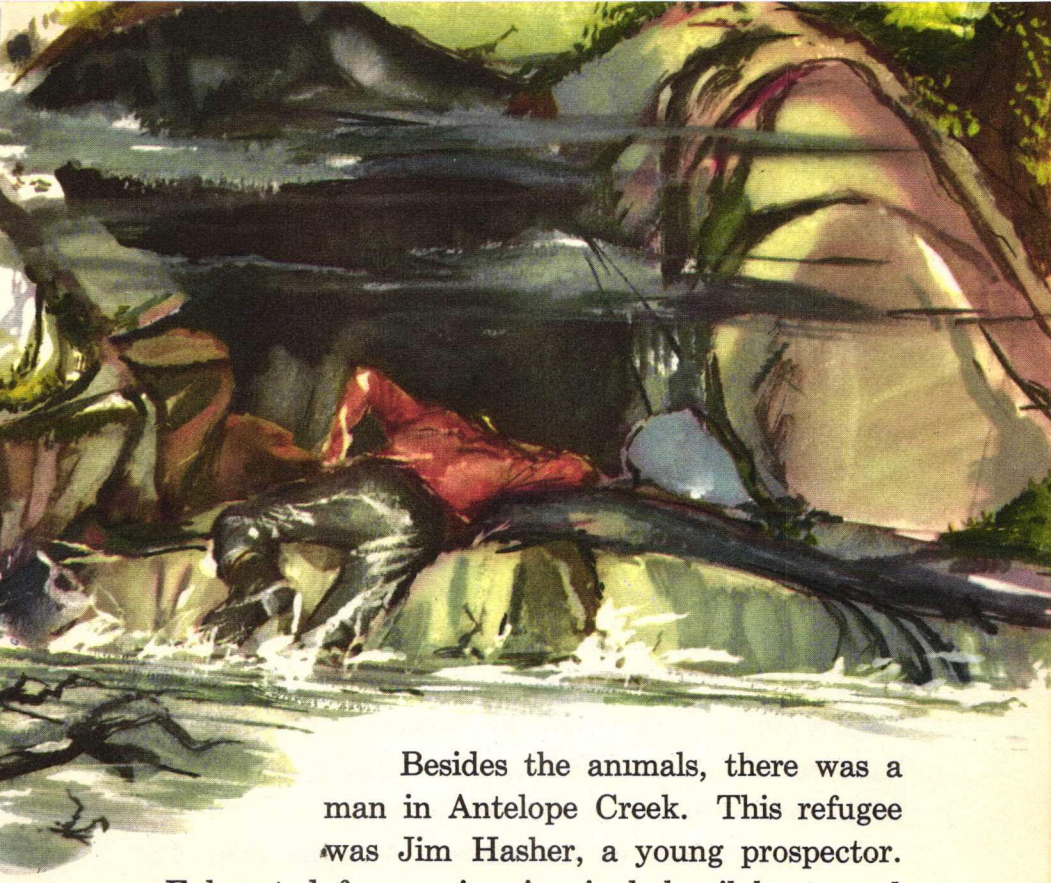
"Who would ever think," laughed George, "that squirrels could start forests and libraries!"



The Broken Truce

For more than an hour the debris from a forest fire had been churning through the roaring waters of Antelope Creek. The big creek was jammed with blackened boughs. The air was filled with clouds of smoke.

Along the creek and in it, panic-stricken animals rushed ahead of the fire. Some of the desperate creatures happened to see a cavern fronting on the creek. Others, long aware of the location of this rock-walled refuge, had made it their goal.



Besides the animals, there was a man in Antelope Creek. This refugee was Jim Hasher, a young prospector. Exhausted from swimming in hobnail boots and heavy clothes, he pulled himself up onto the rocky ledge at the mouth of the cave. He lay there for a minute, then rose and tottered into the cave.

Two hours ago the fire had reached Jim's camp on the creekbank. He had tossed some equipment into a canoe and abandoned camp, hoping to escape downstream. But soon a blazing bough fell on the canoe and spilled him into the water. Swimming and wading, Jim had continued his flight from the flames. Only by chance had he spotted the cave.

Weak with exhaustion, the prospector sat down just inside the cave. He noticed that he was not the first to reach this sanctuary. The cavern was serving as a refuge for many forest creatures.

Four deer stared at Jim with frightened eyes. Back in the shadows a coyote sat on its haunches, watching him with interest. Several dark-furred minks were darting nervously here and there, and a forlorn porcupine waddled toward a dark corner. Just inside the entrance to the cavern a group of timid cottontail rabbits were huddling together, undecided whether to stay or go.

"Take it easy, bunnies," Jim murmured gently, recovering a little from his exhaustion. "We all have to trust one another. We have to be friends while we're waiting for the fire to pass."

Jim stared across the water. Various creatures were still racing along the opposite bank. Through the thickening smoke and flying cinders, he saw an awkward moose, a leaping wildcat, stampeding elk, and swift weasels. Then a black bear came loping along at a rapid pace. Suddenly it turned, splashed into the stream, and headed for the cave.

At the bear's approach, Jim immediately recalled that his rifle was somewhere at the bottom of the creek. So were his knife, his ax, his crowbar, and anything else that might serve as a weapon. They had all been lost when the canoe overturned.

The bear climbed up onto the rocky ledge and sneezed noisily. Then it turned its eyes from side to side in distrustful investigation of the occupants of the cave. Finally the big animal lumbered to the far side of the entrance and sat down, staring out at the billowing smoke.

Scattering away from the bear's side of the cave, the rabbits hopped over to a position near Jim and the cavern wall. The deer, too, suddenly preferred to take their chances with the man rather than the bear. But the bear was apparently unaware of the anxiety that it was creating. It made no further move and seemed content just to sit and watch the departure of other animals from the flaming woods.

A spent coyote scrambled out of the stream and entered the cave. Dejectedly it dragged itself to the back wall. With its red tongue lolling out, it rested there, panting.

"The fire is getting mighty close," the prospector thought uneasily. "Those poor fleeing animals are nearly loco with fear. How fast that deer runs! And there's another porcupine—he will never get anywhere with a slow waddle like that!"

Then something heavy splashed into the stream. Suddenly the flat, evil head of a big cat emerged from the water. The next instant a tawny cougar was poised on the rocky ledge. Its hostile green eyes darted from side to side, taking stock of the cavern's frightened occupants. Then the cougar's black lips drew back from its teeth in a nasty-tempered snarl.

Instinctively the four deer gave shrill whistles of alarm at the appearance of their dread enemy. The bear paid no attention, but the smaller animals were all disturbed and fearful.

Jim Hasher's fingers sought a grip on a piece of driftwood nearby. "No fighting," he ordered curtly, seeing the ears of the cougar flatten close to its head. "There's a truce on here. So calm down!"

The cat swung its head toward the man. Then it turned back and glowered resentfully at the bear. With an angry snarl the powerful cougar padded to

the darkest shadows of the cavern, and the coyotes and minks scattered hurriedly out of its way.

The cougar gave another cry of menacing anger. All the other animals grew increasingly nervous. Slipping quietly over the ledge, a rabbit and one mink swam away, preferring to seek sanctuary elsewhere. A coyote whined meekly. Other beasts continued anxiously watching the cougar and listening to its snarls. But the bear swung its snout toward the huge cat and rumbled a low warning.

"I don't relish a fuss either, old bruin," declared Jim, still clutching his driftwood club. "We've all got to be friends for this one time."

Usually Jim did not fear cougars, knowing them to be shy. But here, in peril of death by fire, the big cat was acting differently. Danger was causing it to vary its ordinary ways of behaving.

Possession of the cave meant life itself for all who hoped to survive the fire. Possibly the cougar had used the cave in the past. The bear, too, had probably been accustomed to sleeping there from time to time. Now both animals had to forget their instinctive rivalry and permit each other, as well as the smaller beasts, to remain there.

"Oh, quit snarling!" Jim muttered uneasily to the cougar. "We're all staying here, like it or not."

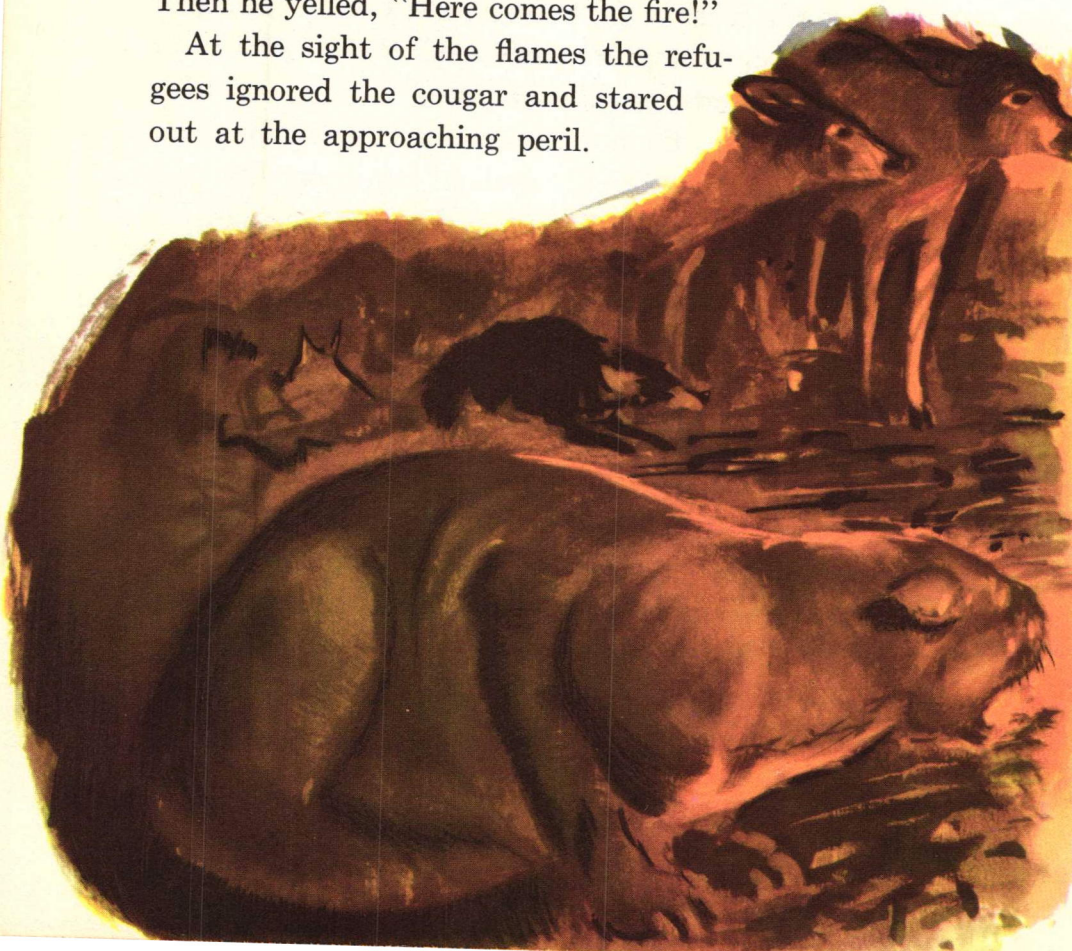
Again the bear swung its head toward the giant cat and gave a low-pitched growl of warning. In

reply the cougar uttered a sudden scream of rage. Terrified, a doe plunged forward, toppled into the stream, and headed for the opposite bank.

The sudden commotion pulled all eyes toward the entrance. At that instant the flames came licking greedily through the underbrush on the far shore.

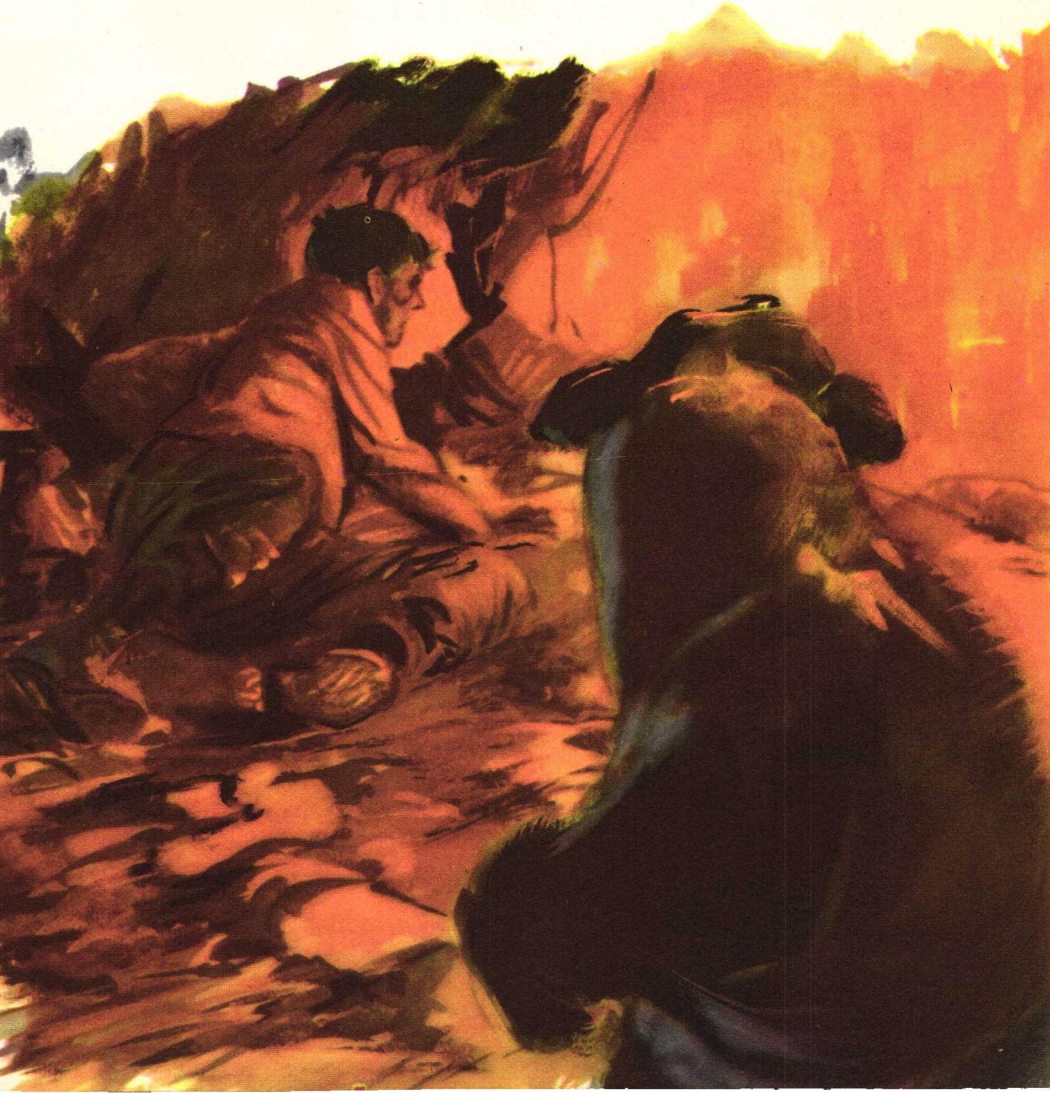
In desperation the doe reversed its direction and swam away from the threatening shore back to the cave. It bounded into the group of deer and stood there trembling. "Steady, now," said Jim soothingly. Then he yelled, "Here comes the fire!"

At the sight of the flames the refugees ignored the cougar and stared out at the approaching peril.



Gradually the smoke had thinned away. In its place rose a great wall of fire that lent a reddish glow to the water and threw a hot, angry-looking reflection far back into the arched cave.

The underbrush burned fiercely. Then, flaring upward through the dry branches of spruce and fir, the blaze attacked the main trunks.



The rock walls of the cavern reflected the heat, making the cave into a scorching furnace. All the refugees were panting, coughing, and whimpering in distress. Jim dropped to the rocky floor to shield his face from the heat. Stretched out flat, he was able to draw cooler air into his aching lungs.

After a timeless period of horror the fire passed on, leaving behind only blackened stumps and logs among the hot, glowing rocks. The wind had died down, and an oppressive thick haze of smoke was rising from the debris. Suddenly lightning flashed. Then thunder rumbled in the still air. A moment later welcome rain hissed on the scorched earth.

Some time later, when the falling rain had extinguished the last sparks of the fire, the refugees began to stir once more. Bravely a coyote edged past the tawny cougar, plunged into the creek, and went swimming away through the heated water.

A mink swiftly followed. Then a resolute rabbit gave an enormous leap that shot it into midstream. Isolated near the entrance, the bear was coughing and wagging its massive head from side to side as though trying to shake off the heat and the choking smoke. At that moment the other animals in the cave became suddenly alert.

Immediately the prospector glanced behind him. He saw the glittering eyes and gleaming teeth of the cougar. The beast was creeping forward!

Slowly and cautiously, Jim stood up. He braced himself and clutched his club more firmly. With every muscle taut, he watched in growing alarm as the cougar inched forward, closer and closer.

Although Jim mouthed a fearful shout when the cougar sprang, a doe was caught off guard. It fell beneath the cougar's crushing weight with a thin, hoarse bleat of terror. The deer's cry of despair spurred Jim into reckless action. Leaping forward, he hit the murderous cat with his club. Instantly the big cougar whirled, raked out a swift paw, and clawed the man's shirt.

Jumping back to save himself, Jim saw the cat crouch and noted the angry lashing of its long tail. Then the cougar sprang again!

Jim pivoted on his heel and flung himself over to one side just in time. The tawny body flashed past and landed less than a foot from the watching bear. Joining the fray, the bruin clawed out with great force and grazed the big cat's flank. The cougar arched away, slashing at the bear with one paw.

Then Jim was up again. With all his might, he swung his club across the back of the big cougar. Instantly it charged him. Uttering a cry of fear, Jim fell beneath the beast's heavy body.

But before the cat's teeth reached Jim's throat, the bear attacked with sudden fury. The cougar screamed with pain and lunged at the bear.

Jim rolled clear and saw that the cougar and the bear were battling furiously. The cat's back legs were working with vicious purpose. Sharp claws raked at the bear's hide. Grunting angrily, the bruin changed positions to avoid the savage claws. Then the cougar's teeth flashed toward the bear's neck. But before the murderous fangs could slash into the bear, Jim brought his club down on the cat's head.

Dazed by the blow, the beast let go of the bear and crouched low, waiting for its brain to clear. At that instant the bear rushed back into the fray.

Again Jim struck at the cougar. But the big cat avoided the blow by making a great leap that sent it toppling over the rocky ledge into the creek.

For a few confused moments the vicious cougar threshed around in the water. Then one forepaw gripped the ledge again, and its big head appeared above the water. The bear struck savagely at the cat's head, while the man's club slammed down on the forepaw. The club broke into splinters. Jim hurled the useless pieces into the creek just as the cougar turned from the ledge and swam away.

"We won!" Jim whooped in joyful relief.

But then he had a sobering thought. Now that the club was broken, he had lost his only weapon! Fearfully, Jim stepped back, turning to watch his partner of the fight.

A growl was still rumbling in the throat of the shaggy beast as it stared after the escaping cougar. Finally the bear sat back on its haunches and began to lick its wounds. It seemed unaware of the man.

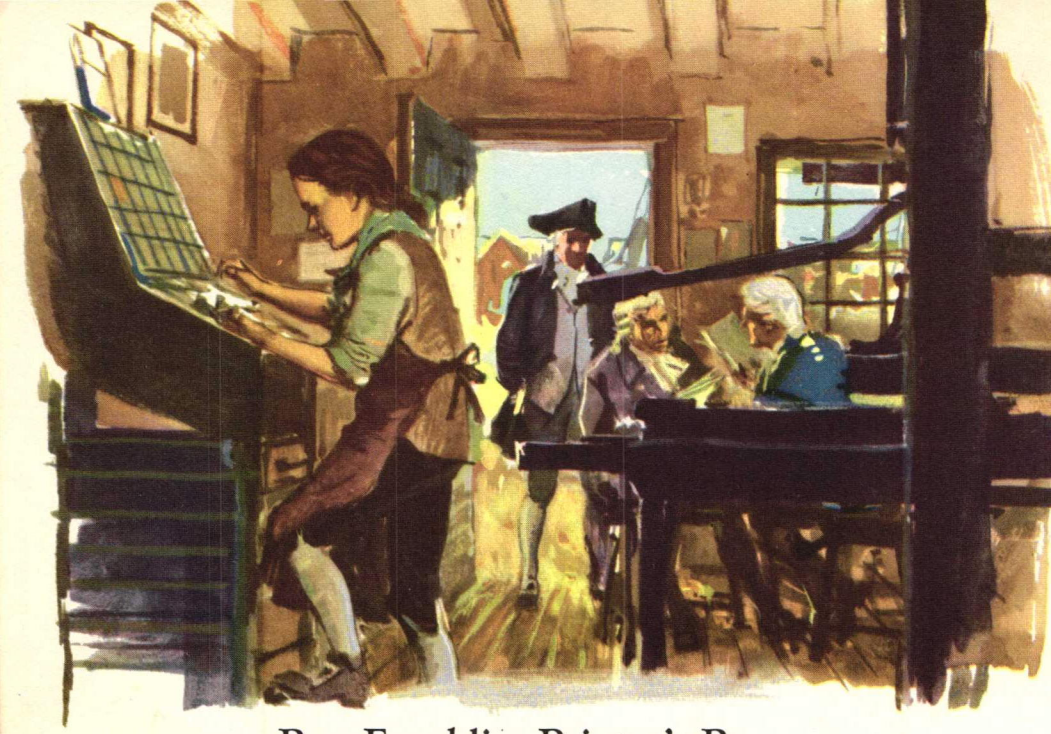
Meanwhile the rain had ceased, and the sun was beginning to break through the clouds. Most of the cavern's occupants had disappeared. Now the doe that the cougar had attacked stood up shakily. On its way out of the cave it passed Jim, and he saw that its wounds were not serious.

Relaxing, the weary man slumped down near the mouth of the cavern. With a shudder he recalled the moment when the cougar was on top of him, its teeth seeking a hold. "That was a very near thing!" he muttered half aloud.

Across the cave the bear heard Jim's voice and stopped licking its wounds to turn sulky eyes on the man. Jim stiffened, but he gazed steadily back. Finally the bear rose, lumbered to the creek, and swam away without even a backward glance.

"Good-by, friend!" called Jim with mingled relief and gratitude. He stood up and glanced around the cavern, noting the shreds of fur strewn here and there and the bloodstains on the floor. Then the prospector turned away. It was time to go.

Famous People of Other Days



Ben Franklin, Printer's Boy

Young Ben Franklin was busy setting type for his brother's newspaper, the *New England Courant.* As he worked, Ben could hear the talk going on in the front of the shop. Men who wrote articles for the paper were discussing how well it was selling. Ben could hear their expressions of pleasure as his brother James told them that all the people in Boston were praising their writings.

All this talk inspired Ben. Why should he not write an article for the *Courant,* too? He had been writing in secret for some time. But no one knew about it except his friend John Collins. He would talk over the idea with John.

"You write well enough," John admitted. "But would James print an article of yours?"

"I'm afraid not," replied Ben. "He wants well-known writers so that the paper will sell better."

"Maybe you can persuade him," John remarked. And the two fell to plotting how this might be done.

"I shall write an amusing article," Ben decided. "I'll write something to make James laugh. I'll make fun of things that should be made fun of."

"How about the ruts in the streets, or even better, the mudholes?" John suggested. "Boston isn't a new town. This is 1722. Give people a good teasing about those mudholes in the streets."

"I will!" vowed Ben. "Just you wait!"

For several nights in an attic room close to the eaves a candle burned until very late. It lighted the face of a lad who was putting words on paper. Now and then he would stop to read what he had written. "This really is funny," he thought.

Ben's article was actually a comic strip, but it was in writing instead of in pictures. There was a middle-aged widow in it whom Ben had named Mrs. Silence Dogood. She was an empty-headed woman who did and said many foolish things.

Ben was still certain that James would not publish the article if he knew who had written it. So the lad disguised his handwriting when he copied the article. Then he signed it *Silence Dogood.*

He wanted to deliver the article to his brother's newspaper office on Queen Street that very night. But first he had to get out of the house without being observed. Quickly Ben removed his shoes. He would make less noise walking in his hose.

Clutching his shoes and the article in one hand, Ben opened the door of his room so quietly that it would not have disturbed a fly. Now he stood in an inky hall. Cautiously and silently he started down two long flights of stairs in the dark. One stumble would bring brother James from his room to investigate. So down crept Ben as softly as a cat. Reaching the street door, he opened and shut it soundlessly.

Outside, Ben put on his shoes and raced to the newspaper shop. He thrust the envelope under the door. Then he sped home. Quietly he slipped into the house and stole up the stairs to his room. It was done! No one had heard him.

The next morning a mysterious envelope was discovered under the print-shop door. Ben picked it up, since he was the first to come in.

When James arrived, Ben produced the envelope. "It was under the door," he explained truthfully.

"No doubt it's something the writer is ashamed of," James remarked scornfully. "Otherwise, he would not have come like a thief in the night."

Meanwhile, James was opening the envelope. He pulled out some pages and began to read.

Ben went back to tidying the shop, but he kept one eye on his brother. Would James recognize the handwriting in spite of the disguise? Would he see any humor in the article? Would he print it? Ben could scarcely conceal his anxiety.

But James seemed to be completely deluded by the writing. And as he read the article, he began to smile broadly. Next he was actually laughing!

Just then some of the *Courant*'s regular writers entered the shop. To Ben's delight and surprise, James read the article to them. They all joined the newspaper publisher in jolly laughter.

"Remarkable wit!" Ben heard one man exclaim.

"It's the most humorous article ever written in this town," said another.

"That muddled Silence Dogood will surely make everyone laugh," a third man declared.

Ben's heart hammered wildly with excitement.

"Do you men have any idea who Silence Dogood really is?" James asked.

"I should assume that the writer is a respected professor at the college," a man said.

"Someone at the college," remarked another man thoughtfully. "Or perhaps one of our Boston wits."

The men continued with their guessing. Every name suggested was that of some famous person. No one even thought of crediting James Franklin's apprentice with the ability to write such an article.

In the next issue of the *Courant*, Mrs. Dogood made her appearance. When Ben saw his story in print, he wanted to shout with glee. His friend John was more than proud of the sixteen-year-old author. But both boys kept the secret.

Before long the whole town was laughing about Silence Dogood's foolish words and deeds.

"Are the mudholes in the Boston streets made on purpose?" Ben had her inquire. "If so, it is a real kindness to animals. Mrs. Meriweather can bring her twenty pigs here to wallow. No use taking them to the creek—such a long trip for them. Of course, their grunting may disturb some folks, but surely not the lovers of good bacon.

"And are grunts any worse than croaks? The mudholes are full of frogs. They make a terrible fuss all night long and scare little children into fits. But that is life in a big city!

"The mud is nice for flies and mosquitoes, too," said Silence Dogood. "There is the mud to live in and the people to light upon, all close together. Very fine indeed for the mosquitoes and flies."

Then she described how one day when she was wearing her Sunday gown she had fallen into one of those mudholes. When she got out, she found a frog in each pocket and tadpoles in her shoes.

The readers of the paper laughed at first. Then they began to think. Then they filled the holes.

Before long, James Franklin inserted a notice in the *Courant.* He asked Silence Dogood to send another article to him. The author could bring it right to the *Courant* office, and no questions would be asked. Or he could take it over to the Sign of the Blue Ball, the candle and soap shop on Union Street, and no questions would be asked.

Ben told John Collins, "I can easily write the article. There are enough things in Boston that should be made fun of. For one, there's the way they punish people by putting them in the stocks."

The stocks were big wooden frames with holes for arms and legs. For punishment, people were made to sit there where all could see.

"It's a cruel custom," John agreed angrily.

"They arrest and punish people for such little things," went on Ben, "like taking a walk or going swimming on Sunday."

"Or for saying that your neighbor is lazy," said John.

"Or for saying that he does not tell the truth," Ben added. "I believe I'll have Silence Dogood make fun of the stocks in my next article."

"Be careful," John warned, "or you'll find your own arms in those holes some day."

"I don't care," said Ben. "I'll do it anyway."

So again a candle burned late at night in the little room close to the eaves. And again it lighted up the face of a happy lad who was busily writing an article. Again he laughed as he wrote.

At last the second article was written, copied, and signed with the name *Silence Dogood.* But it was not taken by daylight to the *Courant* or to the candlemaker's shop. It was delivered in the same way that the first had been.

The readers of the next issue of the *Courant* said delightedly, "Here's Silence Dogood again! And if she hasn't her six children with her!"

She had, indeed. According to Ben's account, the widow and her children were out dressed in their Sunday clothes. On Milk Street they met a Mrs. Goodheart. A lively conversation followed.

SILENCE DOGOOD: Oh, my dear! I guess you know where we've been.

MRS. GOODHEART: No, I don't!

SILENCE: Why, bless you, to the stocks, of course, to see poor Bill Fiddlesticks. He has been in the frame since sun-up. Haven't you seen him?

MRS. G.: I couldn't go. (*But to herself she said*, I wouldn't go.)

SILENCE: I wouldn't have missed it for anything. The children will never forget it.

MRS. G.: (*To herself*, No, they never will, the poor things.)

SILENCE: You couldn't guess what happened. Bill's feet were too big to go through the holes in the stocks. The constable had to take off Bill's shoes. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

MRS. G.: (*Not even smiling*) The constable should have opened the frame wider.

SILENCE: Oh, my dear! You really couldn't expect that. The frame is too heavy to lift.

MRS. G.: I see. It would be too bad to make the constable go to any extra trouble.

SILENCE: I'm glad he didn't. We shouldn't have had all that fun. Ha, ha, ha!

CHILDREN: Ha, ha, ha!

SILENCE: Tell the lady what you saw, dears.

CHILDREN: Holes in his socks!

MRS. G.: You mean holes in the stocks.

SILENCE: Not holes in the stocks! Holes in his socks, Bill's socks! You should have heard the people laugh. He'll never live that down.

MRS. G.: Will he live down his crime?

SILENCE: Crime? What crime?

MRS. G.: Don't you know why Bill was there?

SILENCE: Oh, I never pay any attention to that. Well, good-by, my dear. Come on, children. Haven't we had a good time?

At first everyone laughed at the humor in this story. Then certain brave citizens began to talk against the stocks. It took a long time, but finally the stocks in Boston were burned.

People kept on asking for more Dogood stories. James Franklin kept on advertising for them, and Ben Franklin kept on writing them. He knew his Boston well, and he had observed many things that should be made fun of. When he had written sixteen of these stories, still no one knew who the author was.

Finally Ben could not keep the secret any longer. He confessed that he was the mysterious author of the Silence Dogood stories.

James was stunned. "You!" he jeered. "You wrote that series of sixteen humorous stories? I don't believe you! You couldn't have!"

Ben produced his proof. He showed his brother the first copies of all the articles before they had been corrected and rewritten. After James had looked over the pages, he was convinced.

In a short time everyone in Boston knew who Silence Dogood really was. And the people all agreed, "There isn't another lad like Benjamin Franklin in all America."

A Valuable Art Lesson

Benjamin West dashed into the yard of the little Pennsylvania school. Immediately he noticed that something unusual was happening. Even though it was not time for school to start, all the children were huddled about the door of the schoolhouse.

When Benjamin ran over and joined the group, he saw a sign posted on the door.

> *It pains me to be abroad on business for the day. Do not tarry! Return to your homes at once. Come tomorrow—sharp at eight.*
>
> *The Schoolmaster*

From: *Benjamin West and His Cat Grimalkin*, by Marguerite Henry and Wesley Dennis, copyright 1947, used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Inc.

If it pained the schoolmaster to be away, it did not pain the children at all. Joyfully they whooped and shouted as they left the schoolyard.

Benjamin dashed homeward through the crisp autumn air. His cheeks were rosy and tingling by the time he reached the house.

"Mama!" he cried. "The schoolmaster is away on business. The school door is barred. Please, may Grimalkin and I go into the forest?"

Mrs. West was busy starching caps and aprons at a huge tub. But she straightened up and questioned, "With your drawing board?"

Benjamin nodded. He loved to draw pictures on white poplar boards that he had sanded down. But he seldom found time for drawing. Mr. West always seemed to have some task for his son to do that kept Benjamin from his art work.

"Your father says that you may draw if it does not keep you from doing your chores," Mrs. West said. Then she smiled. "Yes, you may go to the forest. I shall fix a lunch for you and Grimalkin."

Benjamin gave a joyful leap. He picked up the black cat, Grimalkin, and placed him on his head like a coonskin cap. Then suddenly the boy had a troubling thought. Peering out from under the cat's furry body, he asked anxiously, "What if Papa is in the woods, too? If he sees me there, he may think up a chore."

"I have already thought of a chore," replied his mother.

"Oh, not Mama, too!" Benjamin thought bitterly. He assumed the task would be long and tedious.

Continuing with her starching, Mrs. West said, "It's a fine day to go a-leafing. I need a large supply of oak leaves to line the oven floor when I bake my bread. Take a stick along and string it thick with leaves."

There was a smile between the mother and her son. Going a-leafing was no chore, none at all. There were many oak leaves in the forest. He could string a stick in a twinkling and have the rest of the day to do as he liked!

Benjamin put his lunch, a poplar drawing board, and some charcoal to draw with into a knapsack and set out with Grimalkin. As they ambled along, Benjamin admired the blue sky and the rich garnet and gold colors of the autumn leaves. Soon the lad parted the bushes that grew near the roadside and entered the forest along an Indian trail.

Suddenly he smelled the fragrant odor of wood smoke and heard the crackling sound of fire. "The Indians! They must be firing the forest to kill off the brush," he decided. Picking up Grimalkin, the boy broke into a run. "I hope it's the old chief. If it is, he'll bake fish for you, Grimalkin. And he'll bake corncakes for me!"

Just as Benjamin burst through a big clump of bushes, he saw a sight so splendid and so colorful that it held him motionless. A circle of fire was licking at the base of a sturdy tree. Four Indians danced around the tree—the old chief of the Turtle Clan and his three sons, Bear, Elk, and Beaver.

Each Indian waved a long pole with dripping-wet rags tied on one end. When the fire leaped above a certain line on the tree trunk, the dancing men nimbly put it out. There was a loud hissing sound each time the wet rags quenched the fire.

"I know what they're doing!" Benjamin thought. "They are going to fell the tree and hollow it out to make a boat. I'd better move back."

As yet the Indians had not noticed the watching boy. With sudden inspiration Benjamin pulled the poplar board from his knapsack. Squatting down on the earth, he eagerly began sketching the scene in charcoal. But as the Indian figures took shape, he frowned.

"I long to paint them copper brown," Benjamin told his cat. "This charcoal on the white board is not enough. I want color, too. It seems as if I am never content."

Just then the Indians leaped away from the tree and ran in Benjamin's direction. The large tree toppled to earth with a noisy snapping and crashing of boughs.

At that very moment the chief spied Benjamin and his black cat. The old Indian's face wrinkled with pleasure. He raised his hand in a friendly salute.

Bear, Elk, and Beaver walked over and squatted near Benjamin to look at the picture that he had made. Finally the chief himself took the white poplar board in his hands. He pointed to the tree that Benjamin had drawn. "Is good," he said soberly.

Bear, Elk, and Beaver nodded in agreement.

"Did you hear, Grimalkin?" exclaimed the young artist. "My picture of a tree is good!"

Then the old chief pointed to the charcoal sketch of the dancing Indians. With a look of displeasure

the chief clenched his right fist. Then he opened it with an abrupt motion that looked as if he were tossing away something unpleasant.

Benjamin was perplexed by the action. Had he hurt the Indian's feelings?

As if in reply, the old chief motioned to Benjamin, indicating that the lad was to follow and bring his drawing board. The boy, with Grimalkin poised on his shoulder, and the three young Indians followed the chief in single file along a narrow forest path.

They came out on the grassy bank of a stream and crossed to the opposite side by means of a fallen tree trunk that served as a bridge. Then things began to happen so rapidly that Benjamin's eyes tried to be everywhere at once.

Elk began gathering a few clamshells at the edge of the stream. Bear was scooping up red earth in his hands. Beaver was digging up hunks of yellow clay. Then, with small stones, Bear and Beaver began to grind the colored earth.

First to finish grinding was Bear. Proudly he showed the red earth to Benjamin. It was now powdered very fine.

The chief took a clamshell from Elk and poured the powdered earth into it. Then he mixed it with a small quantity of bear's grease from a bag at his waist. He stirred the powder and grease together to make a smooth paste. At last the Indian chief handed the mixture to Benjamin with an expression of triumph and pointed to the drawing board.

The boy dipped his fingers into the colored paste. His hand trembled a little as he began painting in a rich, coppery red.

"Grimalkin!" Benjamin shouted to his cat. "I have color to paint with!"

The Indians looked at the picture with approval. Then they ran to strip pieces of bark from the tall birch trees that grew nearby. Squatting on their heels, they began painting on the white bark with the red and yellow colors.

The way the Indians laid on the color fascinated Benjamin. Elk had chewed the end of a reed and was dipping the chewed end in the color mixture. He used the reed as if it were a quill pen. Bear and Beaver were painting with splinters of birch bark. The old chief was using a piece of wood that was flat and looked like a tiny canoe paddle.

Benjamin watched in wonder. The chief was painting a turtle because he was chief of the Turtle Clan. His oldest son was painting an elk because that was his name. The second son was painting a bear, and the third, a beaver.

"Think of it!" Benjamin whispered to Grimalkin. "The Indians like to draw, too. At last I've found some *real* schoolfellows!"

Thus it was that Benjamin West, who later became a famous artist, joined his first art class, right there in the heart of the Pennsylvania forest.

Apples for the Wilderness

"Johnny, I do declare you are lazy!" Elizabeth Chapman scolded. "The way you tarry at your work makes you seem witless!"

Elizabeth's cross voice aroused her daydreaming brother. He was lying in the shadows of the apple orchard, dizzy with the fragrance of apple blossoms and the humming sound of bees.

It was true that Johnny did little work. He much preferred reading and wandering through the woods. Even when he did set out to do a task, he spent more time daydreaming than working.

That summer, however, in 1791, Johnny decided he must help his family. He went to work for a nearby farmer who was interested in new ways of growing apples. The farmer taught Johnny to care for an orchard and to tend and transplant young apple trees that had sprung from seeds.

From: *Restless Johnny*, by Ruth Langland Holberg. Copyright 1950 by Ruth Langland Holberg, reprinted by permission of the publisher, Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

"How long does an orchard last?" Johnny asked one day.

The old farmer wrinkled up his sunburned face. "Well, now, I believe a properly cared for orchard should be profitable to the owners for eighty years. I believe that the best orchards are those planted on lands recently cleared of timber. Trees grown there seem to be of larger size than those planted in soil that has been under cultivation for a long time. And the apples seem to be of better flavor."

Johnny gave a low whistle of astonishment. The farmer's words made a strong impression on his mind. "Think what an orchard would mean to a settler making his home in the wilderness!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," the farmer agreed. "And think, too, what the fruit of those trees would mean to a pioneer family. Nothing so good as an apple to eat, I always say." He shook his head. "Can't for the life of me see why folks want to go off into the wilderness where they start out with nothing. Why, everything a man can ask for is right here in Massachusetts. It must be a strange fever that gets into people's blood and makes them restless."

After the farmer had walked away, Johnny stood thinking. "A strange fever," he murmured. Suddenly he realized that a fever of restlessness had been growing in him for a long time.

Johnny's restless feelings grew stronger as he watched more and more emigrants crossing the Connecticut River near his home. One morning his younger brother Nathaniel stood with him on a hill overlooking the river.

"Look, Johnny!" Nathaniel cried, pointing toward a ferryboat at the river crossing. "See the men and boys with packs on their backs! They have no wagon. Will they walk all the way to the Far West?"

"Yes, of course," Johnny answered. "They are all husky-looking men."

Nathaniel wriggled with excitement. "But I see a boy no bigger than I am!" he exclaimed. "Don't you see him?"

"Yes. He's older than you are, though," Johnny said, peering at the young emigrant on the ferry.

Then Johnny caught the fire of Nathaniel's excitement. A daring idea sprang into his mind. Burning in his blood was the wanderlust for faraway places that had often seized him before. "When you are eleven, Nat, and I am eighteen," Johnny said, "we will leave Springfield, Massachusetts. We'll cross that Connecticut River and go somewhere."

"Where?" Nathaniel's voice was shrill. "Where?"

Johnny had not decided just where to go. Then suddenly he had an inspiration. "We'll go to New York State to visit Uncle Ben. He lives in a place called Olean. Pa told me about him once."

Nathaniel's mouth opened wide. But Johnny said, "Don't tell anyone yet. We must make plans."

On September 26, 1792, Johnny was eighteen. He and Nathaniel began secretly making ready for the journey to Olean. Then one evening in April, as the family gathered to listen to Mr. Chapman read from the Bible, Johnny decided that it was time to tell about their plans.

"Pa," he said, "Nat and I are leaving home soon. We are going to the Far West."

"We're going to visit Uncle Ben way off in New York State!" Nathaniel added excitedly.

"No!" protested Mrs. Chapman. "You're both too young to go!"

"Hush, dear," said Mr. Chapman kindly. "Johnny knows the ways of the woods. He is better fitted to

go west than most people." Mr. Chapman's eyes began to sparkle. "Johnny, if that new country is as rich and fertile as people claim, you send back word to me. We'll all come west to join you."

On the morning they were to leave, the boys awakened early and ate a good breakfast. They swung neatly rolled bundles of blankets over their shoulders and picked up pouches of food. All of Johnny's savings, a handful of coppers and some paper money, were tucked away in his pocket.

Outside, butter-colored sunshine glittered on the bare, dark branches of the apple trees. Johnny stared at the trees, imagining the pink-and-white blossoms soon to come. There was something in the back of his mind about them—something that was not quite clear to him. But he would know what it was someday. Right now, it was time to start for the wilderness.

After tearful good-bys the boys set out. They walked about twenty miles the first day. By dusk they began looking for a place to spend the night.

"Look!" exclaimed Nathaniel. "There's smoke coming from the chimney of a cabin. And I smell meat cooking."

"We'll stop there," Johnny said. He saw that Nathaniel was longing for the comfort of a house.

The occupants of the small cabin welcomed the Chapman boys and invited them to supper. These

settlers were accustomed to having travelers stop overnight. They were glad to exchange food and sleeping room for news of distant places. The boys had little news, but they were treated as well as if they had come all the way from Boston.

The next morning the boys were awakened by the delicious odor of griddlecakes. After breakfast the young travelers started out again.

Gradually the country rose in a series of steep hills called Jacob's Ladder. Other travelers were climbing the hills. Many drove ox-drawn wagons loaded with wool, hides, and tubs of maple sugar. Johnny and Nathaniel joined these travelers. They all trudged along together, stopping only at Jacob's Well, where the oxen were watered.

"Johnny," puffed Nathaniel as they neared the summit of the last hill, "is this New York State?"

"Not yet, Nat," Johnny replied. "We're still in Massachusetts. One of the men said it would take another day to reach the state line. He——"

Just then Johnny's voice died away. The boys had reached the summit. Johnny stood spellbound. In the distance he saw a mountain range and a river winding between hills, losing itself and then reappearing. Below was a wide, marshy valley.

"But this must be the wilderness. This must be the unknown wilderness!" Johnny cried in wonder as he gazed at the wild country.

A man joined the boys in time to hear Johnny's remark. "Bless you, lad," he declared, "this is not the wilderness. This country has been settled for over fifty years."

Johnny looked disappointed. But soon he and Nathaniel were following a lonely trail westward. For many weeks in sun and in shower they trudged over mountains and through deep woods. Now and then they came to a cabin, where they were sheltered and fed. But most of the time they slept in the forest on a bed of clean beech leaves and ate whatever food they could find.

At last they arrived in Olean. But when they inquired for Ben Chapman, a neighbor said that he had moved to Ohio. Johnny did not know what to do now. He had made no plans beyond finding his uncle. The only thing left to do was to move into Uncle Ben's abandoned cabin and find work.

Johnny and Nathaniel were employed by a farmer who had a large apple orchard under cultivation. Johnny found himself more satisfied than he had expected to be. Once more he was working among apple trees.

The late summer faded into autumn, and Johnny took the ripe apples to a cider press. While he waited for the apples to be crushed, he noticed that the ground near the cider press was sprinkled thick with seeds from apples that had been through the

press. Squatting down, Johnny gathered up a handful of seeds and examined them thoughtfully.

A small girl came from a nearby house and leaned over to see what he was doing.

"See what I have here," Johnny said, showing her the seeds heaped in the palm of his hand. "A hundred little apple trees."

The child gave him a puzzled look. "Those are apple seeds," she said.

"But I can see apple trees in bloom when I look at these seeds," Johnny told her.

"Tell me what you mean," the girl said, sitting down to listen.

Johnny smiled at her, and a story began to take shape in his mind. "If these seeds are planted in warm, fertile earth, they will sprout and grow as all seeds grow. By and by they will be big trees. In the spring they will burst into fragrant blooms

and will bear fine apples. When the apples are ripe, they will be picked. Some will then be dried or cooked, and some will be made into cider. But the best apples will be put away. And on winter evenings families will sit by the fire and eat them."

"Tell me more," his attentive listener prompted.

"The seeds are wasted lying here. Why shouldn't they be planted? Where should they be planted?"

"Where children can pick the apples," the child answered quickly.

Suddenly, Johnny trembled with a new idea. Someone could go into the wilderness and plant apple seeds for the pioneers. That someone was Johnny Chapman. Now he had a real mission. He would gather seeds at cider mills and sprout new trees. He would carefully tend them year after year. When the trees were big enough, he would give them to people or sell them to pioneers who could afford to buy them.

A flood of joy filled Johnny's heart. He knew what apple trees could mean to pioneers. And he could see their happiness as the tiny trees were transplanted near their cabin doors. He could see men starting apple orchards that would help support their families for many, many years.

Johnny's old wanderlust rose inside him. He burned with eagerness to start out on the mission that was to be his all the rest of his life.

"What is your name?" Johnny asked the little girl.

"Nancy James," she said, blinking mischievous eyes at him. "What's yours? Mr. Appleseed?"

Johnny chuckled. "Johnny Appleseed!" Then he repeated thoughtfully, "Johnny Appleseed. Why, yes, I guess that is my name."

And it was. It was his name all up and down Ohio and Indiana where new settlers gratefully set out apple orchards with the trees that Johnny brought them. It was his name in all the other wilderness places where people came to settle and found apple orchards there to greet them. It is his name even today in the stories about him that will never be forgotten.

—Adapted

A Stern Teacher

It was early on an October morning in 1820. As soon as Joseph Mason was dressed, he sped out of the house and down the street to the river. The boy had spent many hours wishing for this day to come. Today he was going south!

There, tied to the Cincinnati dock, were the two flatboats. "Hello, boy," called a friendly boatman. "Do they aim to make you a cook?"

"No!" Joseph replied emphatically. "I'm going to fish and hunt to pay my fare to New Orleans."

A good-humored voice behind Joseph spoke. "So you're going down the Mississippi to find fame and fortune."

The boy turned quickly. He saw the merchant whose cargo was on one of the boats. "I'm going to New Orleans as Mr. Audubon's assistant," said Joseph. "We're going to make drawings of all the different kinds of birds we see."

"Drawings of birds!" the man chuckled. "How do you expect to make any money drawing birds? Will a bird hop up and tweet, 'Please to make my likeness, sir; I'll pay you well for it'?"

"These drawings will be put in a book," said Joseph. "It will be a famous book. People all over the world will want to buy it. The name of John James Audubon will be known everywhere."

From the book, *Joe Mason, Apprentice to Audubon* by Charlie May Simon. Copyright, 1946, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

Joseph thought of what Mr. Audubon, the new art teacher who had come to Cincinnati, had said to him. "We will follow our bird friends to their winter home. We will find birds that have never before been drawn or described. We'll give them names and make pictures of them for all the world to see. Who knows, Joseph—if you discover an unknown bird, we may name it the Mason Bird."

There was still a whole day of waiting, since the boats would not leave till sundown. Joseph turned toward his home to pack a few things. Late that afternoon his parents accompanied him to the dock. He hugged them both and, with his blue knapsack over his shoulder, leaped on the deck of the boat.

Just then a tall man approached the boat. He had a portfolio under one arm and a violin under

the other. "Hello there, Joseph," he called, leaping aboard. "I see you are here ahead of me."

Joseph greeted his teacher and then noticed a slender young woman standing on the dock. She was smiling. Her two small sons stood at her side, shouting and waving.

"I'm leaving behind all that I hold dear in this life," Mr. Audubon said softly, looking at his wife and his two children. Then he noticed a look of sadness on Joseph's face. "I was eighteen years old, about your age, Joseph," the man remarked, "when I left my beloved home in France and came to America."

Joseph felt his cheeks burn. Would his teacher be willing to take him along as an apprentice if he knew that he was only thirteen?

Suddenly came the shout, "Cut loose the fasts!" A burst of activity followed. Ropes that held the boats to the dock were untied. Long oars were rammed against the bank. The two boats moved awkwardly toward the current. Then they started drifting slowly down the Ohio River. Soon the sun had sunk behind the purple hills.

"What a glorious life for a boy to lead!" Joseph thought. "To eat when you're hungry. To stay up at night as long as you like, going to bed only when you're sleepy and with all of your clothes on. To get up at daybreak, ready to roam the woods."

The next morning when Joseph got down from his bed of buffalo hides thrown over a table, the flatboats had traveled fourteen miles.

Soon he was in the skiff with Mr. Audubon and another passenger, going ashore to hunt. In the woods they soon came upon a warbler perched on a limb. John Audubon stood still to look at it. The man had the look of a bird himself, Joseph decided, with his keen gray eyes and his beaked nose and long, flowing hair.

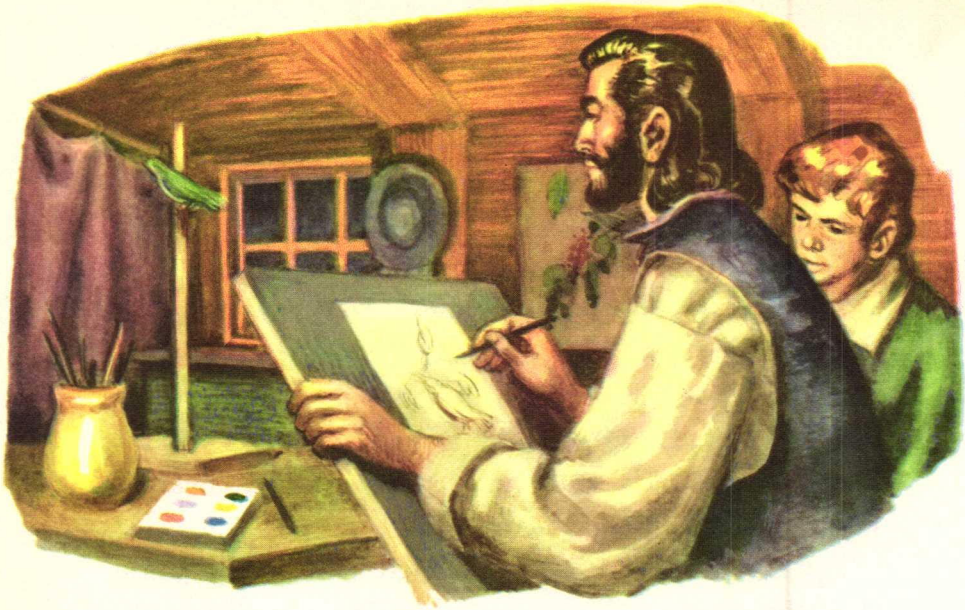
By night the skiff was so filled with small game that the crews of both boats had to help unload it. Joseph counted thirty partridges and twenty-seven squirrels. They had surely earned that day's fare.

Mr. Audubon went directly to his cabin with the warbler and three other birds to sketch. These specimens would keep him busy for many a night.

"See how beautiful the warbler's plumage is," said John Audubon, tenderly picking up the bird's limp body. "How much better it would be never to have to shoot such lovely creatures!"

But how could he learn about it without examining it closely? How could he draw it, except by stuffing it and posing it with thin wires holding its head and wings as if it were alive?

Audubon wasted no time. After he had wired and posed the warbler, he commenced to draw by candlelight. Joseph sat by his side, absorbed in



close observation of the artist at work. The man was creating on paper a life-size warbler as real as the one before him. It would take the place for all time to come of the bird that had been killed.

Each day the two men and the boy went ashore. Audubon was interested only in birds to be drawn. The second man thought mostly of partridges and other game, for hunting was his pleasure. Joseph was interested in everything he saw. He filled all his pockets with abandoned birds' nests, colored pebbles, and other things he wanted to keep.

At last one night John Audubon said to Joseph, "We must begin your lessons again. Get crayons and paper for us both." While Audubon colored a thrush, he managed to keep a watchful eye on his pupil, who was drawing a stalk of corn.

For his lesson another night Joseph was drawing the nest of a hummingbird. He erased, drew, erased, and drew again. There, that was better! He looked up for a nod of approval, but there was none. John Audubon was a gay, carefree friend when he and the boy tramped the woods together. But at the drawing board, he was a stern teacher.

"You can do better," he said. "Discipline yourself. Don't ever be satisfied until you are sure in your own mind that it's the best you can do."

Week after week life continued in the same way for Joseph—hunting by day, drawing by night. He drew blossoms, plants, and insects, and at times he made copies of his teacher's work.

When the flatboats started floating down the Mississippi River, they soon caught up with the southward flight of the birds. A chorus of robins, cardinals, and bluebirds was heard daily. There were other calls that Joseph had never heard. One of them might be the cry of the Mason Bird. The boy kept sharp watch as he gathered flowers, leaves, and sweet gum balls to put in his pictures.

One night when Joseph sat down to his lesson, John Audubon was sketching a white-and-black bird. "Please, sir——" Joseph began. "Please, may I draw the bird, too?"

"If you feel you are ready for it, you may try," his teacher replied.

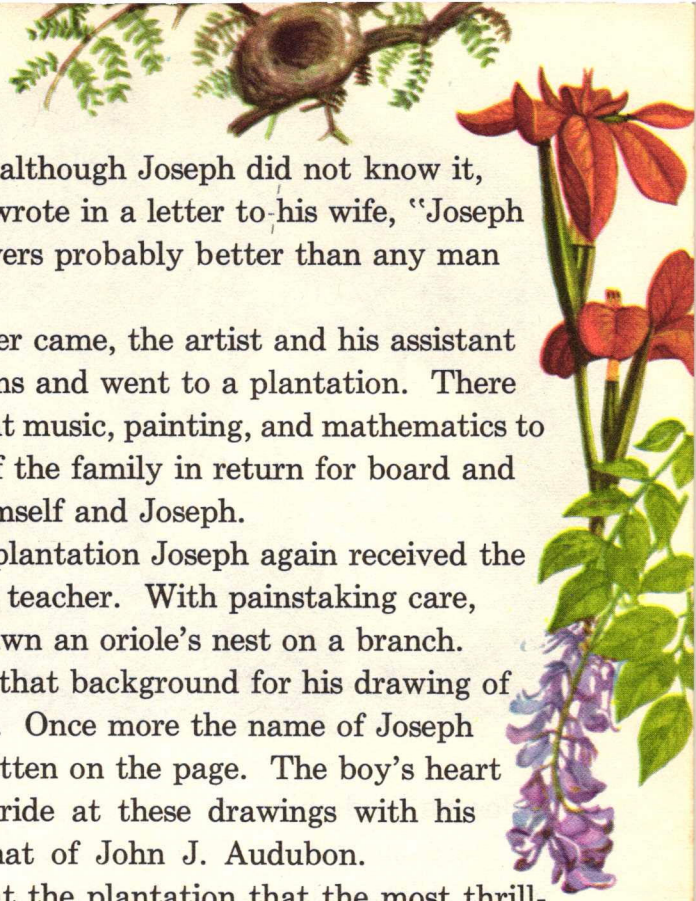
Happily, Joseph went to work. Hours later, he felt that he had done well. "Here it is, sir," said the boy, hoping for some small word of praise.

Mr. Audubon looked, nodded, and said nothing. But when Joseph was fast asleep, the artist smiled down at the boy. "He has more talent than any lad I've known. He wants so much to be praised, but I must be careful that he doesn't become vain. A lad needs more than a born talent. He needs self-discipline to master the art of drawing well."

Joseph made the entire journey to New Orleans without a word of praise from his stern teacher and without finding the Mason Bird.

In New Orleans, Mr. Audubon painted portraits to pay for food and lodgings for himself and for the boy. Later, he also found pupils to teach. Then he employed a man to hunt for bird specimens. And he set Joseph to work full time with his crayons to perfect his drawing of plants and blossoms.

Sometimes Joseph could not resist going to the woods himself. One day he caught a blue yellow-back warbler. That night he received a reward for all his work that was better than praise. John Audubon drew the warbler perched on a wild flag that Joseph had drawn. Underneath the picture he signed his own name, and below it he wrote *Joseph Mason.* Without a word of comment, the man had accepted Joseph's work for the book, *The Birds of*



America. And although Joseph did not know it, Mr. Audubon wrote in a letter to his wife, "Joseph now draws flowers probably better than any man in America."

When summer came, the artist and his assistant left New Orleans and went to a plantation. There Audubon taught music, painting, and mathematics to the daughter of the family in return for board and lodgings for himself and Joseph.

Here at the plantation Joseph again received the approval of his teacher. With painstaking care, Joseph had drawn an oriole's nest on a branch. Audubon used that background for his drawing of orchard orioles. Once more the name of Joseph Mason was written on the page. The boy's heart swelled with pride at these drawings with his name below that of John J. Audubon.

And it was at the plantation that the most thrilling thing of all happened. One morning, as Joseph tramped the woods alone, he heard an unfamiliar bird call. It was a soft, gentle cheep that could scarcely be heard above the wind whispering in the pines. Joseph stood still and looked for the bird. At last he saw it creeping headfirst down a pine tree in search of insects in the moss. It was no wonder he had not immediately seen the bird. Its black-and-white striped plumage made it seem a part of the sunlight on the tree.

Joseph made his way forward, inch by inch, with no more movement than a sapling swayed by the wind. Slowly his arm stretched out. Then the bird was his!

When Mr. Audubon saw it, he said, "It's a bird I've never heard of. It looks like a warbler. But from what you say, it searches for its food like a creeper. We'll call it a pine creeper. It will be known as Mason's Pine Creeper."

Joseph drew the background, a larch bough covered with small cones. As the bird itself would look like a living bird, so must the plant seem to be real. Joseph worked with the greatest care.

Cooler weather came, and Audubon and Joseph returned to New Orleans. It was time, his teacher decided, for Joseph to learn portrait painting, too. The months passed quickly. Before long the lad was allowed to assist with the art lessons that John Audubon was giving to other pupils.

All this time Joseph was reaching a decision. At last, nearly two years after he had left his home in Cincinnati, he had made up his mind. He was a born artist, but he was not a born student of the outdoor world.

The book, *The Birds of America*, did not belong, even in a small way, to him. It was being created by Mr. Audubon alone. It could only come into being by the courage, determination, and hard labor of this one man. But it would come into being; Joseph was quite sure of that. The name of John James Audubon would be known everywhere.

Young Joe Mason was a prophet. A few years later, when Joseph himself had become a painter of portraits and a teacher, he began to hear more and more about Audubon and his work.

Taking his portfolio of bird drawings, Audubon had gone abroad. There the book had finally been published. Joseph heard that it was selling for a thousand dollars a copy. John James Audubon's name was famous throughout England and France. America was beginning to take notice.

XV. Blue Yellow-back
Warbler.

"Have you seen John Audubon's *The Birds of America?*" a wealthy young man asked Joseph one day.

He brought out his copy, and Joseph opened it. He turned the plates one by one. There were the flowers and plants he had drawn when he was a youngster.

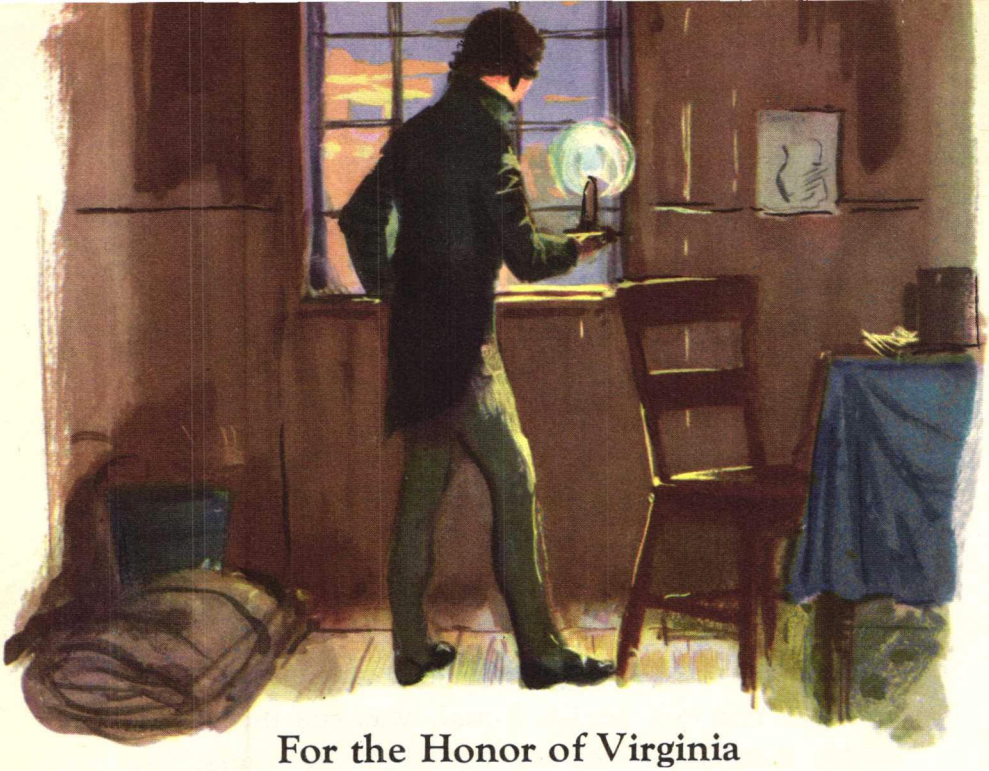
There on plate number fifteen was his wild flag, holding Audubon's blue yellow-back warblers.

On plate forty-two were Audubon's five orioles grouped around the oriole's nest that Joseph had drawn.

And there was his larch bough on plate number ninety. Perched on the bough was the black-and-white creeper. Evidently, through the years, the lettering below the picture had faded completely, and the name of Mason had faded with it. Now the bird was known only as the pine creeper.

That was exactly as it should be, Joseph felt. He thought back to the day a half-dozen years before when he had parted from his loyal friend and stern teacher, Mr. Audubon. He remembered his thoughts of that day and knew that they had been right. Here was the proof. John James Audubon, through courage, determination, and hard work, had created a thing of lasting worth and beauty for all the world to enjoy.

—*Adapted*



For the Honor of Virginia

It was seven o'clock on an evening in 1827. The light was fading in the little room in the barracks at West Point where young Robert E. Lee had been studying. He got up to light a candle.

As he passed by the window, he happened to glance out at the drill ground, just below. There he saw his roommate, Joseph Johnston, approaching the barracks with dragging steps.

"Joe is in the dumps about something," Robert thought as he went back to work. He was sitting in the candlelight, bowed over his engineering book, when Joseph Johnston came slowly up the stairs and into the room.

Adapted from *The Story of Robert E. Lee* by Iris Vinton, published by Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., 1952.

"Some more of the boys are going home," Joe announced dismally, slumping down on a nearby chair. "They aren't making good grades. So they think it's no use to stay."

Robert closed his book and drew a long breath. "How many are leaving?" he asked.

"Four more. One's a Virginian," Joe replied.

"Then," said Robert, "there are just the two of us left from Virginia."

"That's right. Only two Virginians left in our class," Joe answered. "That looks bad."

The boys had reason to feel gloomy about their class. During the two years that Robert and Joe had been at West Point, they had lost classmate after classmate.

The entrance examinations had been easy. But after those, the examinations held twice a year had become harder and harder. Many cadets had not passed. The daily round of exercise and study, starting at dawn and ending at nine-thirty at night, had been too much for others. They had given up the struggle and gone home.

For weeks Robert had been near the top of his class in many subjects. Now, however, he was not doing so well. He was not spending enough time on his studies.

In order to earn a little extra money, he was teaching mathematics to some of the new cadets.

He was also spending many hours studying books on history and navigation, which had nothing to do with his lessons.

All this proved too much even for Robert. His grades went down. He now stood fourth or fifth in some subjects instead of first or second.

Tonight, as Robert and Joseph sat talking, they felt that the good name of the State of Virginia depended upon the two of them.

"We're both good students," said Joe. "But we have to be the best. You were near the top of the class, and then you fell behind."

"Three or four of those top fellows are almost impossible to beat," Robert reminded his friend.

"I'll admit that they're good," Joe said. "But we shouldn't let them stay ahead of us Virginians." Marching across the room, he sat down to study.

The two determined lads concentrated on their lessons until nine-thirty, when tattoo was sounded. Then they began to get ready for bed.

Just before ten o'clock, Major Worth stamped along the corridor, inspecting quarters. Poking his head into the room, the officer saw the two boys. "All here," he said and went on down the corridor, his shoes squeaking at every step.

At ten o'clock the sound of taps came from the parade ground. Lights began to wink out in the barracks.

Robert blew out the candle and rolled himself in his blanket on the floor. He lay there thinking. Somehow he must make better grades.

Much later, he decided what he would have to do. Slipping silently from his blanket, he went to the table and lighted a candle. Taking a sheet of paper, he began to write. The pen scratched across the page with mouselike sounds.

After several minutes, he felt something brush his shoulder. He glanced up into Joe's startled face.

"What in the world are you doing?" whispered Joe.

"I'm writing to the superintendent. I'm giving up my teaching job," Robert replied softly.

Joe wagged his head. "Don't be rash," he said. "You would surely miss those ten extra dollars a month."

Robert nodded as he carefully folded the letter for the superintendent. "I'll miss the money," he agreed. "But I'll get along without it."

Then he stood up and began searching through a stack of books.

"What are you doing now?" Joe demanded in an alarmed whisper. "You know that we'll both get demerits if we're caught fooling around after the signal for Lights Out has sounded."

"I am going to take these books on navigation back to the library tomorrow," declared Robert. "No more outside reading for me. From now on, it's study and drill, drill and study. And not one single other thing! The State of Virginia is going to be at the head of the class, or I'll——"

He broke off in the middle of his threat, for Joe grabbed his arm and hissed, "Ssssh!" Joe's sharp ears had caught a noise on the stairs.

In the silence that followed, both lads heard a squeaking sound. "Thunder!" Joe said in a whisper. "Major Worth is on the prowl."

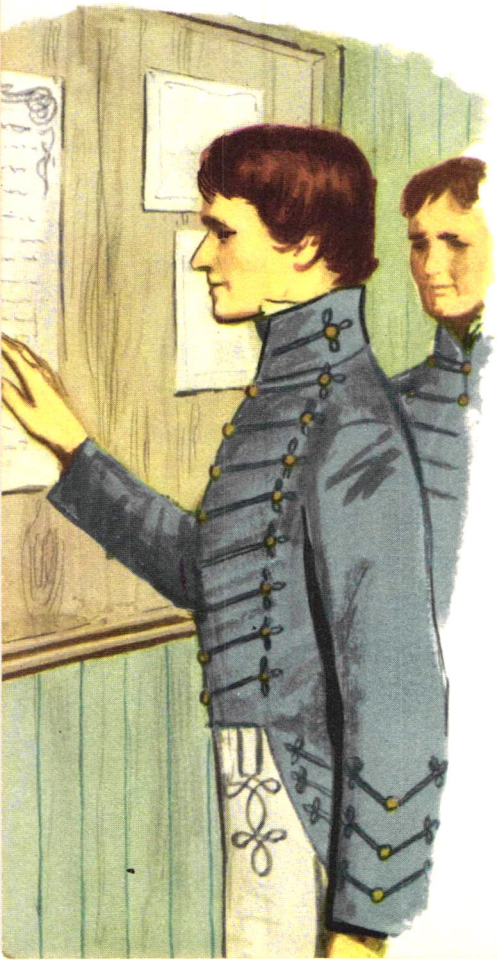
Moments later, the major stood in the doorway, holding a lantern. He eyed the boys suspiciously. But they seemed to be asleep. Mumbling under his breath, the officer creaked away.

When it was safe to talk, Joe whispered, "Say, Robert, you nearly ruined your no-demerits record. A fine way to start being the head of your class! It's a good thing the major's shoes squeak."

Robert E. Lee stuck to his plan for hard work, and twelve months later he was awarded the most desired of all West Point honors. He was made assistant to the commanding officer. Throughout his last year at West Point, he worked harder than ever to excel as a student.

In the spring of 1829, Robert passed the final examinations with the highest grades in the class. But when the marks for the year were totaled for all forty-six class members, he came out second.

Robert was deeply disappointed. When he saw his name on the West Point list of distinguished cadets, however, he felt rewarded for his work. Each year for four years his name had been on this list. Such a feat required knowledge, skill, and ability as well as hard work.



Years later, Robert E. Lee was to become one of the great generals of history. But as he gazed at the list of distinguished cadets on that fine June morning in 1829, he was not thinking of the future. His only thought was that he had not failed the proud State of Virginia.

"I honestly tried and did the best I could," he said to himself. "What really matters is to know that you have done your very best."

Boy of Hannibal

It was a Saturday morning in April, 1846. A boy of ten sat on a river dock in eastern Missouri, enjoying the fragrance of spring in the air. Fresh winds were blowing eastward off the prairie, and all the world was waking to new life. The boy was Sam Clemens. He was looking out over the great, muddy Mississippi River.

Behind him, basking in the sun, lay the river town of Hannibal, Missouri. But Sam Clemens' thoughts were not concerned with Hannibal. They were fixed on the wide expanse of muddy river. There it lay, stretching north just as far as the imagination could reach and south all the way to the Gulf of Mexico.

Suddenly a voice shouted, "Steamboat a-comin'!"

This was the moment for which Sam had waited.

Around the bend in the river came gliding a big white bird of a boat with gold-spangled wings and smoking funnels. The wings were really paddle boxes on the sides of the boat. And the spangles were drops of water that fell from the paddles and sparkled in the sun like bits of gold.

With glowing eyes Sam watched the approaching steamer, quite bewitched by the sight of it. Here was adventure! To ride on one of these floating palaces was the ambition of every boy in Hannibal.

The boat's big steam engine was throttled down to a very slow speed as the vessel drew near the landing. Finally the powerful side wheels stopped turning. The boat halted at the dock.

Immediately a sailor tossed one end of a coil of rope to someone on the landing. The gallant and dashing appearance of the sailor inspired Sam's envy. Secretly the boy decided to be a sailor on the river when he grew up. But then the cabin boy came to the side in a white apron. He shook a cloth so self-importantly that Sam was uncertain whether to be a sailor or a cabin boy.

Meanwhile, the steamboat's gangplank had been run out. Workmen on the dock sprang into action. They carried bales of tobacco on board as well as barrels of ham and bacon. These were the things that farmers in the area around Hannibal shipped to city merchants.

From the boat itself the men unloaded barrels of sugar and molasses from New Orleans, tools made in the East, and a few bolts of cloth.

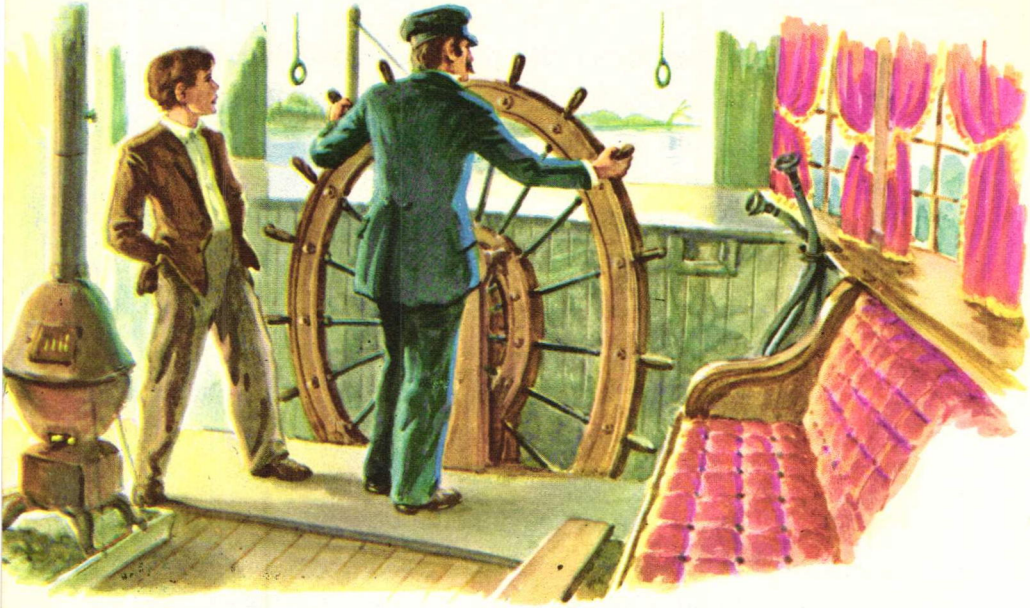
For some time the wharf hummed with activity. Then the gangplank was pulled in, and all was over. The bell clanged three times, and the boat backed briskly out into the river. Threshing the water up from her side wheels, she sped upstream.

Sighing, Sam turned to go. But his imagination went with the boat into a world beyond Hannibal.

Three years later, Sam Clemens was earning his living in a print shop. When he became an expert typesetter, wanderlust took him to many big cities to work. Then one day, on an impulse, Sam set out for South America. He booked passage on a boat bound for New Orleans called the *Paul Jones.* From New Orleans he would go to South America.

Once on board the boat, Sam began to explore every corner of it, for he had never ceased longing for boats and the water. In the pilot house on the upper deck, he found a small, wiry man behind the big wheel. This man controlled the vessel firmly, although he was nursing a sore foot at the time.

"Good morning," said Sam in his slow drawl. His quick eye took in the comfortable furnishings of the pilot house. There were bright red curtains trimmed in gold, a red leather sofa, and a stove with a cheerful fire.



This man, Sam knew, was in complete charge of the steamboat's movements. Because of his ability to pilot boats safely up and down the river, everybody spoke to him respectfully, even the skipper. And a pilot's pay was nothing short of magnificent—two hundred fifty dollars each month!

Another impulse swept over Sam. "How would you like to teach a young man to be a pilot?" he asked, half in jest.

The man at the wheel turned for the first time to look at his visitor. "I would not like it at all," he replied, shrugging. "Cub pilots are more trouble than they're worth."

Sam was not dismayed by the curt reply. He went on to say that he was a printer by trade but that he did not care much for the work. He said, too, that he was thinking of going to South America. Then he began to question the pilot about life on the river.

The pilot, whose name was Bixby, spoke casually and then more enthusiastically about river life. But he would not agree to teach Sam piloting.

The man's stubbornness only served to increase Sam's interest. Each morning he went up to the well-furnished pilot house to get better acquainted with Bixby. One day Sam asked, "What do you charge for teaching a young man to pilot?"

"Five hundred dollars," was the quick reply.

Sam did not possess that amount. "I'll give you one hundred dollars and the rest when I earn it," he said. Sam was eager to make a bargain.

Mr. Bixby was weakening. He really liked this good-humored young man. Besides, the pilot's lame foot hurt him a great deal, and he did not relish long hours of standing on it behind the big wheel. It occurred to Bixby that if he had a cub pilot to tend the wheel from time to time, he could afford to spend more time sitting down on the leather sofa. Then perhaps his foot would heal more quickly.

"All right," Mr. Bixby agreed quite unexpectedly. "Take the wheel and see what you can do. Keep

the boat pointed just as she is, toward that lower cottonwood snag. Keep your eyes always on the river!"

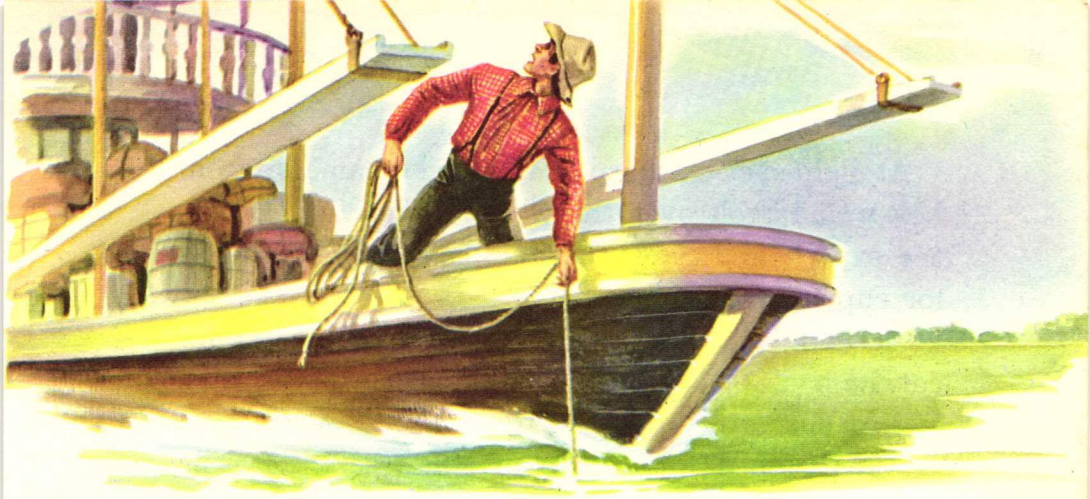
Mr. Bixby, who stubbornly refused to make use of crutches, tottered painfully over to the sofa. He sank down on it with a sigh of relief.

Sam sprang forward energetically and grasped the wheel. It was taller than he was. If it had not been sunk into the floor a foot or two, he could not possibly have seen over the top of it. With the wheel in his hands, Sam found that going to South America no longer seemed interesting.

When the *Paul Jones* pulled into its berth at New Orleans, Sam inquired half-heartedly for the next boat to South America. He learned that none had sailed from that city in years. So he abandoned his plans to go to South America and went happily back to the *Paul Jones* and Mr. Bixby.

Two days later the *Paul Jones*, loaded with new freight, was ready to head north. A bell clanged, and Mr. Bixby backed the boat expertly out into the river and pointed her nose upstream.

For several hours Sam stood beside Mr. Bixby in the pilot house. But Mr. Bixby made no move to turn the wheel over to Sam. Instead the wiry pilot scanned the river and smoked in silence. He spoke only to mention the names of towns, points of land, and plantations that they were passing.



Off the bow of the boat a sailor was throwing a lead-weighted rope into the river. When the lead touched bottom, he could tell how deep the water was. After each throw the leadsman called out some words in a droning voice. Another sailor on the upper deck repeated them. In this way the steamboat pilot learned the depth of the water.

"Ma—rk three!" came the cry.

Another throw.

"Quarter less three!" The water was getting shallower.

Again the leadsman threw the rope.

"Half twain! Quarter twain! Ma—rk twain!"

Each "mark," or fathom, was six feet. "Quarter twain" meant two and a quarter fathoms, or a total of thirteen and a half feet. "Mark twain" meant two fathoms, or twelve feet. This was the depth needed for safe navigation.

At eight o'clock sharp another pilot came up from below and took over the wheel. Then Mr. Bixby, the expert, and Sam, the humble cub, went below for supper and bed.

At midnight, when Sam was fast asleep on his cot, he had a shock. The watchman awakened him. "Turn out!" the man said urgently.

Sam listened for sounds of shipwreck. Hearing no commotion, he ignored the watchman and dozed off to sleep again. In a few minutes the watchman was back. This time he spoke more roughly.

"You!" he shouted. "Turn out, I tell you!"

Was this some kind of rude jest? If so, it was certainly growing wearisome. To disturb a young man's slumbers twice in the middle of a night for no reason was carrying a joke too far.

"Why do you want to come bothering me in the middle of the night?" Sam demanded indignantly. "Like as not, I'll not get to sleep again."

It was the watchman's turn to be surprised. A young pipsqueak so green that he did not know the pilots changed every four hours! Did he think one man worked all night long while the other lolled on his cot? Sam's comic ignorance brought a chorus of laughter from men on the other cots.

The next moment Mr. Bixby was in the cabin. His words crackled around the cub pilot's head. Sam did not even wait to pull on all his clothes.

He shot out of the cabin and lolloped up to the pilot house, carrying his shirt and shoes.

Mr. Bixby took the wheel, and Sam peered out the window. It was so dark that he had not the vaguest idea of where the boat was going.

Mr. Bixby began to question Sam. "What's the name of the first point above New Orleans?"

"I don't remember."

"You don't remember! Well, then, what's the name of the next one?"

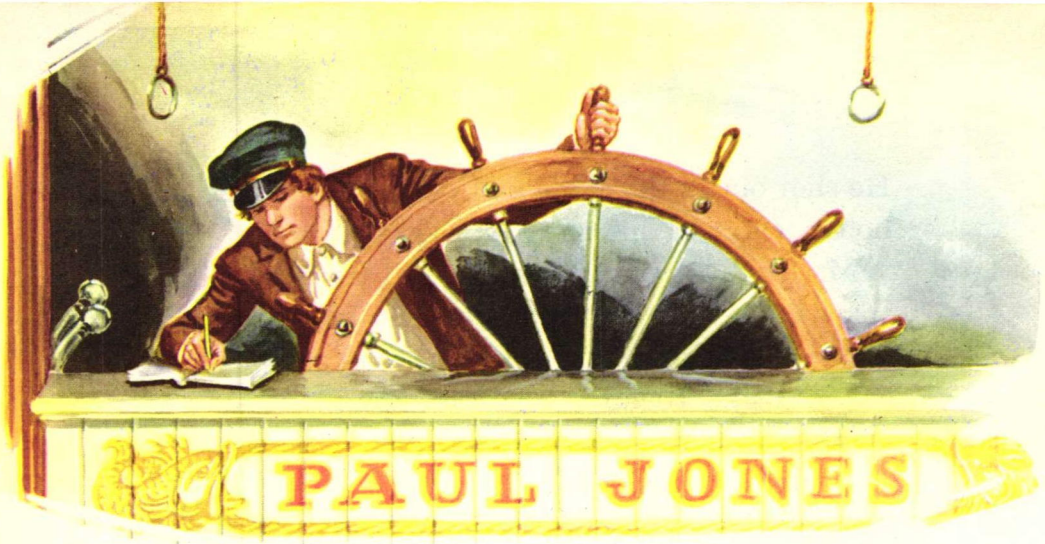
"I don't remember that one either."

"Well, this beats anything! Tell me the name of any point or place that I've called out."

By this time Sam was so muddled that he could not recall any of the names that Mr. Bixby had mentioned so casually the afternoon before.

"Well!" jeered Mr. Bixby. "You don't know enough to pilot a cow down a lane, let alone a steamboat on the river."

This incident made Sam more attentive. The next day when the boat stopped at a town, the cub pilot bought himself a notebook. Conscientiously he wrote down in it everything that Mr. Bixby said. Only a riverman could understand these odd notes. Sam himself struggled to remember what one of them meant. "Meriweather's Bend. ¼ less 3′— sun shape of upper bar and go into low place in willows about 200 (ft.) lower than last year."



With great self-discipline Sam added more notes daily. He was determined to acquire a complete knowledge of the twelve hundred miles of river.

Exercising his powers of observation, he learned to read the signs in and along the river. He noted where sluggish ebbing water had left debris strewn along the marshy banks. He learned to give sand bars and dangerous reefs a wide berth, for they could tear the bottom out of a costly boat.

The cry "Mark twain" took on new meaning for Sam. He listened anxiously for the words that meant safe water. And as he grew familiar with the river's varied moods, he gained confidence.

Finally the *Paul Jones* had covered the length of the river from the Gulf of Mexico to St. Louis. Sam had put down in his notebook everything that he had seen and all that Mr. Bixby had said.

Then Sam realized that the bends, banks, snags, shallows, reefs, and sand bars along fully half of the river had been passed when he was off duty. He was dismayed but still fired with ambition. He now concentrated even harder on getting the whole story of the river into his notebook.

In spite of these extraordinary difficulties, Sam enjoyed his work. Just eighteen months after he had started to work on the *Paul Jones*, he secured his license as a full pilot. He had conquered the mysteries of the mighty Mississippi. He could now travel it safely without using his notebook.

For three years Sam Clemens was a licensed pilot on the river. Then boat traffic grew lighter, and he gave up piloting for newspaper work. But his fierce allegiance to the river never changed.

Later, when he began to write stories and books, he wrote *Life on the Mississippi*. In it he told of his own youthful experiences as a pilot. He also wrote some of the best boys' stories ever written. He had such a gift of humor that he kept people all over the world laughing. He signed his stories "Mark Twain," the river words that had sounded in his ears up and down the Mississippi.

The call "Mark twain" has disappeared from the river. But it still lives on in the name of one of America's most beloved writers—Sam Clemens, boy of Hannibal.

The March King

John Philip Sousa stood on the corner with his mother, watching a parade pass by. The United States Marine Band was rapidly coming closer to where they stood. Philip jumped up and down and cried excitedly, "Look, Mama, there's Papa now!"

Marching along in the brass section, Mr. Sousa looked very handsome. He winked as he went by. Philip grinned back.

Philip loved bands, and the nation's capital was a fine place to hear them during the early 1860's. Washington was full of bands, and Philip loved them all. Now, with rapture in his eyes, he watched the Marine Band in all its glory. And as it disappeared down the street, he vowed to become a musician.

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Soon seven-year-old Philip started to attend a school of music in his neighborhood. He liked all his studies, but he particularly enjoyed learning to play the violin. It was not very long before he excelled in playing that instrument, for he was both talented and eager to learn.

But Philip did not spend all his time playing the violin. He loved to play baseball, too. And that is why he got into trouble one evening when he was eleven years old.

Every year an evening concert was given by the music school. This year Philip had been chosen to play a violin solo. For several months he had been earning money by directing a small band. So the thought of playing in the concert did not make him the least bit nervous. And because he did not feel nervous, he did a foolish thing.

On the very day of the concert, Philip pitched a game of baseball. He was tired and puffing as he came dashing home at suppertime. Dirt was streaked across his moist forehead. His clothes were dusty and wrinkled.

"I'm starved!" he cried as he passed the kitchen on his way upstairs. There was no answer, and suddenly Philip realized that something was wrong. The house was so quiet that he could hear the slow ticking of the big clock in the hall.

"Where is everybody?" he yelled.

Puzzled by the silence of the household, Philip ran into the kitchen. On the table he found some sandwiches and a note from his mother. She had been called away very suddenly by the illness of a friend. She would not be back until late evening.

Philip looked at the clock. He would have to hurry to get to the concert on time. He washed, gobbled a sandwich, and ran to his room to dress.

He looked for a shirt in the drawer where his clean laundry was kept. The drawer was empty! The laundry had not yet come back. "Oh," Philip moaned forlornly, "what shall I do? I can't play without a clean shirt!"

Suddenly Philip realized that he ought to tell his music teacher, Professor Esputa, at once. He ran over to the school and gasped out his story.

At first the professor scowled with concern. But then he said, "That's all right. Run to my house. Tell my wife to give you one of my shirts."

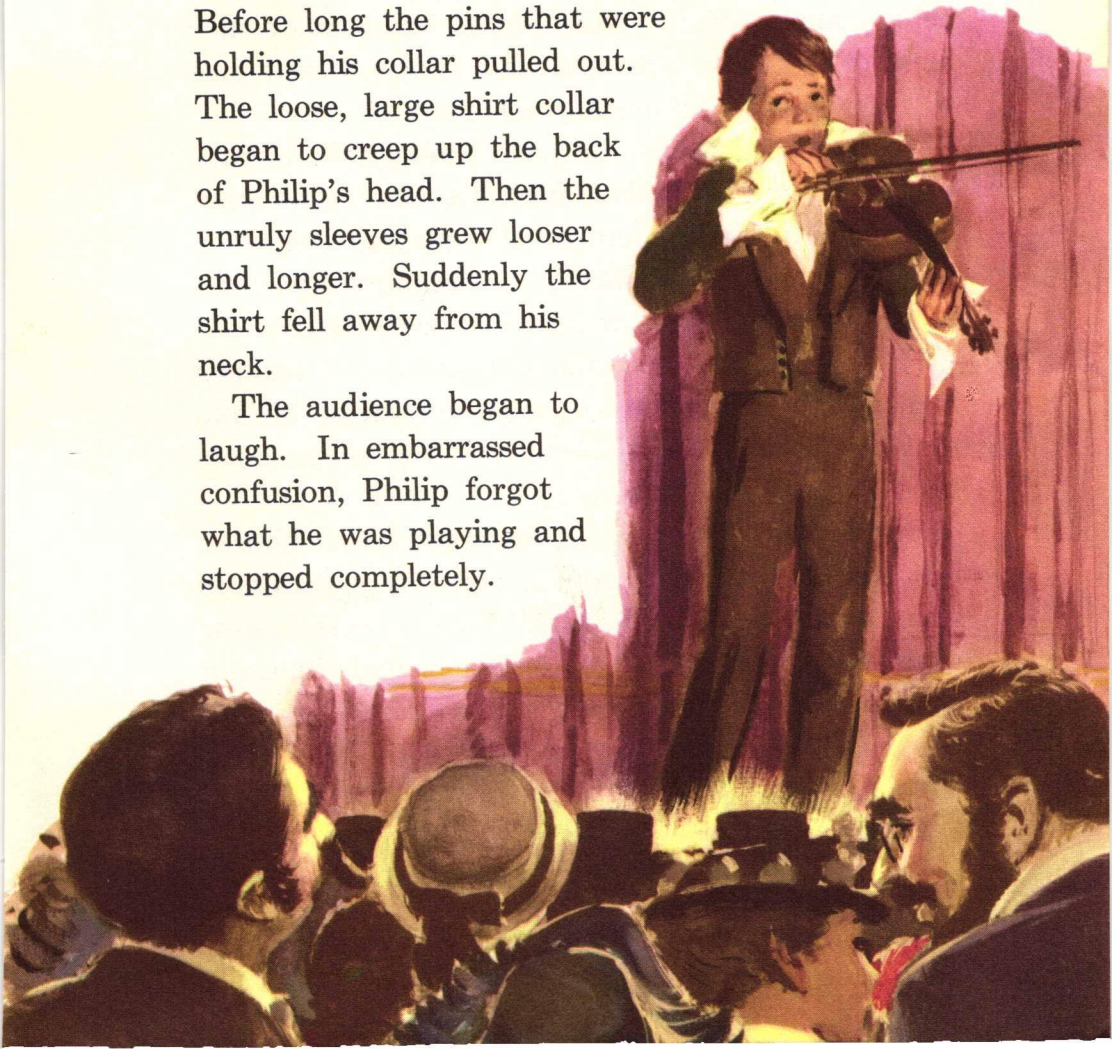
Mrs. Esputa quickly fetched one of her husband's white shirts. But when Philip put it on, she began to exclaim, "Oh, dear! Gracious!" The shirt was so large that Philip was almost lost in it.

Hastily Mrs. Esputa found a box of pins. In a twinkling, her nimble fingers pinned enough tucks in the shirt to make it fit Philip. They both heaved a big sigh of relief when the job was finished. Then, free from anxiety, Philip hurried back to the school.

The concert finally began, and soon it was time for Philip's solo. He stood up, placed the violin under his chin, and raised his bow. With horror he felt a pin pulling loose in the back of his shirt! But he recalled how many pins had been inserted in the shirt and thought, "Losing one won't matter."

Philip started to play. At first his right arm moved back and forth slowly, then more swiftly. Before long the pins that were holding his collar pulled out. The loose, large shirt collar began to creep up the back of Philip's head. Then the unruly sleeves grew looser and longer. Suddenly the shirt fell away from his neck.

The audience began to laugh. In embarrassed confusion, Philip forgot what he was playing and stopped completely.



The disaster so upset him that he rushed off the stage and sulked in a dark corner. Fighting back tears, he mumbled gloomily, "I wish I were dead!"

Refreshments were served after the concert, but Philip was too busy to have any. He mingled with the crowd as quickly as he could, hoping to avoid Mr. Esputa. After a wistful look at the ice cream, Philip was about to slink out when a booming voice behind him scoffed, "Well, Philip, you made a nice mess of it." Philip turned and found himself face to face with his glowering teacher.

With no sympathy for poor Philip, Mr. Esputa continued unreasonably, "No refreshments for you! You shouldn't have spent the day playing ball. You should have been preparing for the important work of the evening. You ought to be ashamed!"

Philip hung his head, sighed heavily, and trudged home. The incident left such an impression on him that he always remembered it. He never again tried to mix work and play.

But that was not the last time that he got himself into trouble with Mr. Esputa. One day when Philip was twelve, both he and his teacher were feeling tired and cross. They got into a heated argument over a trifle. As a result, Philip returned home convinced that he no longer wanted to take music lessons.

He discussed the matter with his father.

"Well," commented Mr. Sousa, "it seems that you don't want to be a musician. Is there anything else you would prefer to be?"

"Yes," said Philip. "I want to be a baker."

Mr. Sousa's eyebrows flew up. "A baker?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes, a baker," Philip answered firmly.

"If that's what you want," replied Mr. Sousa, "I will see what I can do to get you a suitable position in a bakery. I'll go and attend to it right away." And he went out of the house.

Soon Mr. Sousa came back. "Well, Son," he informed Philip, "I've been talking to Charlie, the baker. His shop is a few blocks away, and he'll be glad to teach you how to bake bread and pies. He is expecting you tonight at half-past eight."

"Good," said Philip, but with little enthusiasm.

Mr. Sousa put his hand on Philip's shoulder and continued more seriously, "Philip, I've noticed that bakers aren't always well educated. I believe that it would be profitable for you to educate yourself beyond the level of most bakers. Perhaps you will then be more successful in your business. For this reason I must insist that you keep on with your education, even though you stop taking your music lessons. When you have finished school, you can become a full-time baker."

Philip willingly agreed to continue his education.

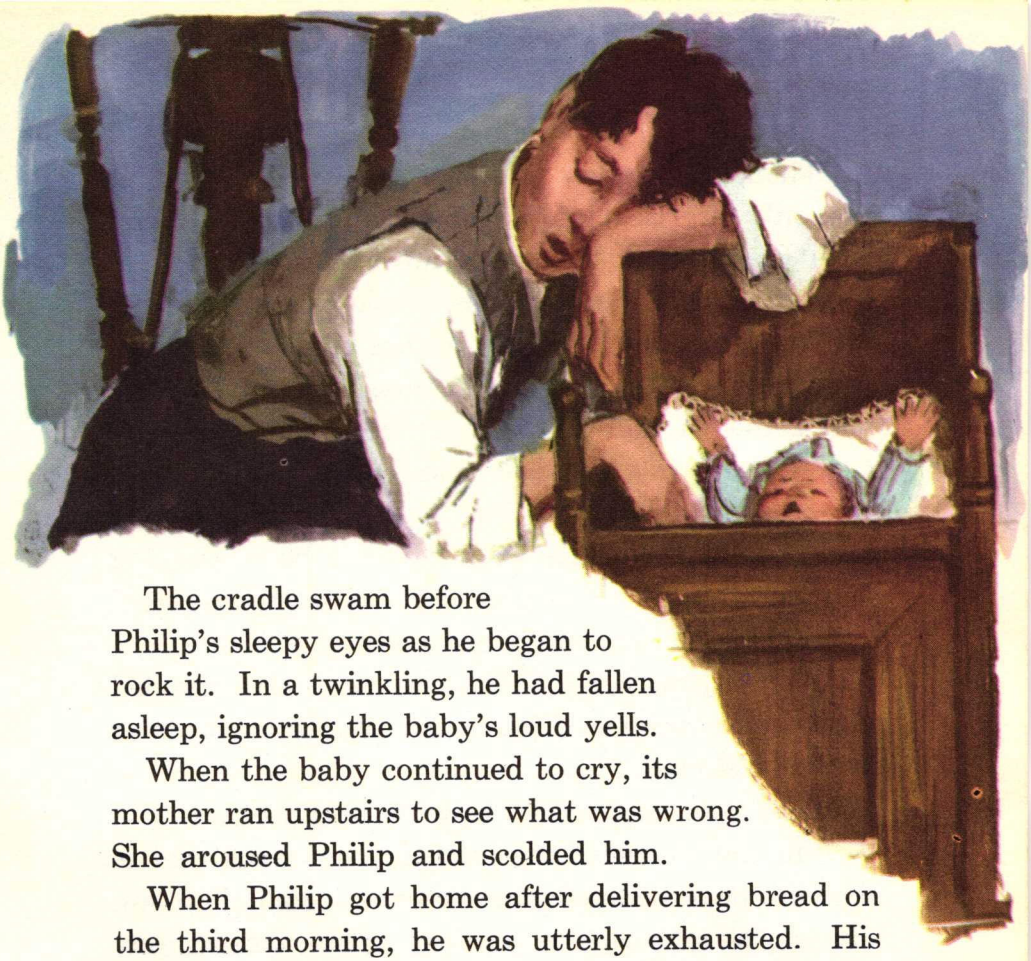
At eight-thirty that evening, Philip went to the bakery. There he watched the bakers at work mixing bread and making pies. Everything he saw was new to him, and for a while it seemed very interesting. The bakers impressed Philip with their speed and skill, and he was amazed at the amount of bread that was being made. Later he grew tired and slept while the bread was baking.

Very early the next morning Philip helped load the big bakery wagon. Then he went out with the driver to deliver the bread. By eight o'clock he was through and went home to breakfast.

Philip kept his agreement with his father and went to school that morning. After school he did not feel like playing baseball. Too tired to do anything else, he went home and sat around until after supper. Then it was time to return to the bakery, where he spent another evening very much like the first.

After helping with the morning delivery, he went to school again. But he was too tired to learn much. When evening came, he dejectedly dragged himself off for his third night of work at the bakery. Watching the bakers no longer seemed interesting.

About midnight the baker's baby started to cry. The baker's wife said to Philip, "Go upstairs and rock the cradle." Only half awake, poor Philip did as she requested.



The cradle swam before Philip's sleepy eyes as he began to rock it. In a twinkling, he had fallen asleep, ignoring the baby's loud yells.

When the baby continued to cry, its mother ran upstairs to see what was wrong. She aroused Philip and scolded him.

When Philip got home after delivering bread on the third morning, he was utterly exhausted. His father said, "How do you feel this morning?" But Philip fell sound asleep before he could answer.

In a low voice Mr. Sousa murmured instructions to Mrs. Sousa. "Give the lad some breakfast and put him to bed. Let him sleep all day."

That evening he said to his son, "Of course you still want to be a baker, don't you, Philip?"

"No!" groaned the weary boy. "I'd rather die than be a baker!"

"Then," concluded his father gently, "I think that the only practical course of action is to make up with Esputa and start your music lessons again."

After that, Philip and his music teacher became the best of friends. The youngster studied hard. And because he possessed remarkable ability, he had gained a reputation as a fine violin player by the time he was thirteen years old.

One day while Philip was busy practicing, a man came to the door. He said, "I have been listening for five minutes. You play the violin very nicely."

"Won't you come in?" asked Philip.

"Thank you, I will," said the man. He stepped inside and continued, "Have you ever thought about joining a circus?"

"Why, no, sir," said Philip in surprise.

"I'm the leader of the band in the circus that is showing near Pennsylvania Avenue," said the man. "If you should care to join us, I'd be most happy to employ you."

Visions of a wonderful life in the circus flashed through Philip's mind. "I'd like to do it," he said wistfully. "But I don't think my father would let me go."

"Don't tell him," said the man.

The circus man's suggestion shocked Philip.

"Oh, I couldn't just go off without asking him," Philip answered.

"But often fathers don't understand what a very fine future there is for a boy who is traveling with a circus," the man argued. "I'll tell you what to do. Tomorrow night you bring your fiddle and go along with us when we leave. After we have been away for a day or two, you can write your father and tell him what a wonderful time you are having. Perhaps he won't interfere then. Otherwise, if you tell him now, he might forbid you to go."

Philip finally agreed to report the following night. The more he thought about his decision and about the glory in store for him, the more elated he felt. At last he could keep quiet no longer. He went next door to see his best friend.

Tingling with excitement, Philip told his secret. "I am going to join a circus tomorrow night, Ed. I'll make a lot of money and become the leader of a circus band." Then he cautioned Ed not to tell.

Ed's eyebrows arched, and his mouth flew open. The news impressed him greatly. It was so much on his mind that he accidentally let the secret out at suppertime. Later that evening, after Ed was asleep, his mother paid a visit to Mrs. Sousa.

The next morning Philip lay in his bed dreaming a delightful dream about being the director of a big circus band. Suddenly he heard his father's gentle voice saying, "Good morning, Son."

"Good morning, Papa," Philip replied.

"When you dress today," Mr. Sousa said, "put on your Sunday clothes."

Philip was certain that it was not Sunday. But he obeyed his father's request. As he went downstairs to eat breakfast, he kept wondering, "Why did Papa want me to put on my Sunday clothes?"

Mr. Sousa chatted with Philip in a friendly way until the end of the meal. Then he said abruptly, "We will take a walk."

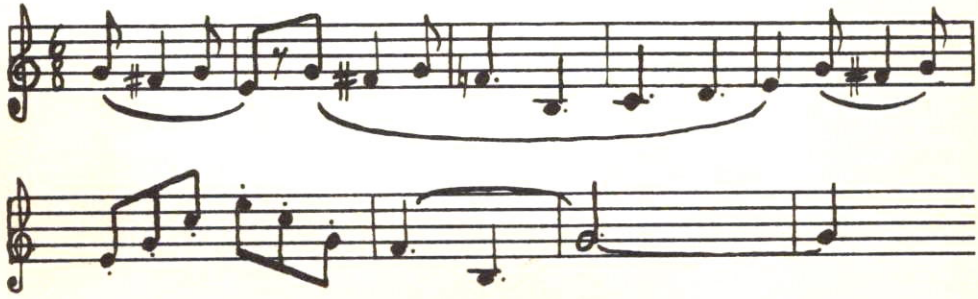
They had walked only a few blocks when Philip realized that they were headed toward the United States Marine Barracks. The boy wondered why his father was taking him there. He soon learned. Within an hour Philip was enlisted as an apprentice to study music in the Marine Band.

Mr. Sousa had confidence in his son's strong sense of duty. He knew the boy would not desert the Marines to run away with a circus.

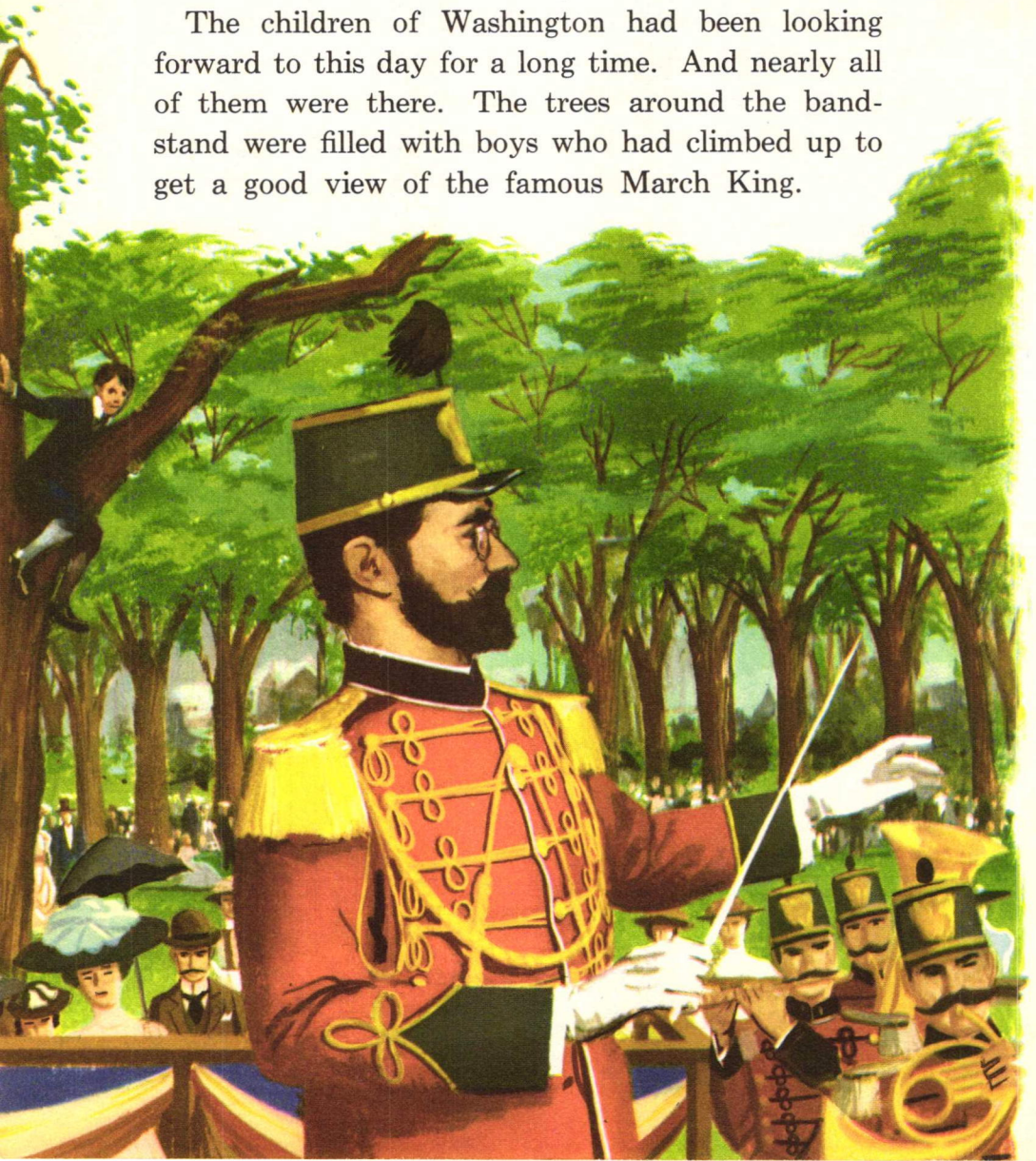
Years sped by, and eventually John Philip Sousa became the leader of the Marine Band. This band is the official band of the President of the United States. Sousa served as bandmaster for five different presidents. During these years the big band went abroad several times and became famous all over the world.

Sousa also became famous as a composer. He wrote more than a hundred marches, and he was known as the March King.

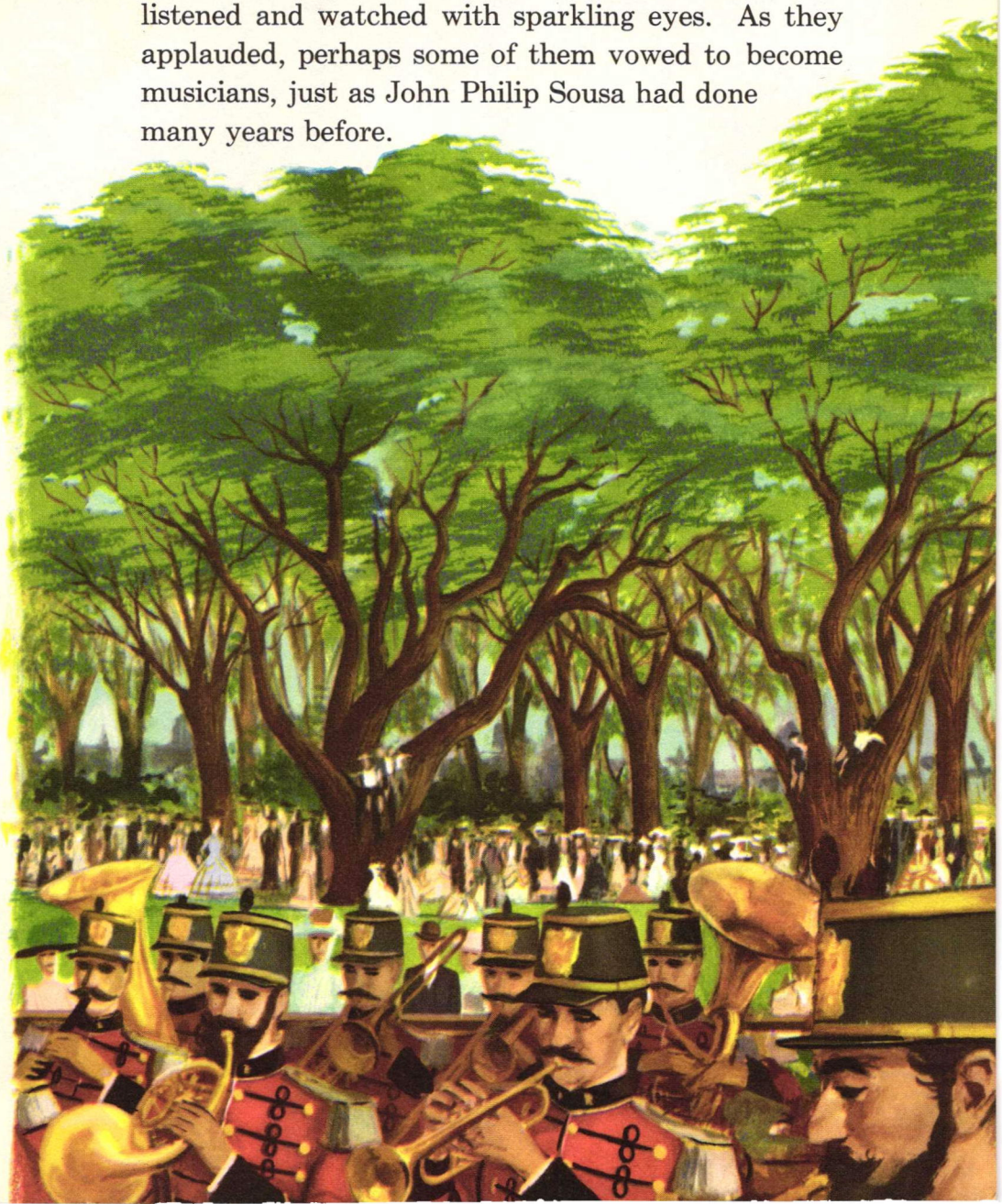
He wrote one of his finest marches for a special occasion. The *Washington Post*, a newspaper that is published in the nation's capital, held an essay contest. Prizes were offered for the best essays written by pupils in the Washington schools.

A big day was planned for awarding the prizes. One of the events was to be a program of music played by the Marine Band. Sousa was asked to compose a march in honor of the happy occasion. The idea appealed to him greatly; so he set about composing this march:

The great day finally came. The blue sky was dotted with fluffy clouds, and a breeze was blowing. People poured into the area around the big band. Soon thousands were waiting to hear the music.

The children of Washington had been looking forward to this day for a long time. And nearly all of them were there. The trees around the bandstand were filled with boys who had climbed up to get a good view of the famous March King.



After "The Washington Post March" was played, everybody applauded wildly. The boys in the trees listened and watched with sparkling eyes. As they applauded, perhaps some of them vowed to become musicians, just as John Philip Sousa had done many years before.



Conquering the South Pole

"Soon we must start packing the sledges for our journey to the South Pole," Roald Amundsen announced to his companions.

It was July, 1911. Since March, the beginning of winter in the antarctic, Amundsen, a Norwegian explorer, and his men had been preparing for their journey to the South Pole. During the four months of polar night, they had repaired and strengthened their equipment. Although the sun would not rise above the horizon until August 24, everything must be ready when that day arrived.

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No one had yet succeeded in reaching the earth's most southern area. Now two groups of men were in the antarctic preparing to make the journey to the pole. Amundsen had based his party on a glacier overlooking the Bay of Whales. The other expedition was camped about four hundred miles west of Amundsen. It was led by an Englishman, Captain Robert Scott. There was keen rivalry between the two groups. Each was eager to discover the South Pole.

After making a complete study of the antarctic, Amundsen decided that the only practical way to get supplies to the pole would be to use sledges drawn by Eskimo dogs. Scott planned his journey around the use of motor sledges and ponies.

Before the long months of darkness had begun, Amundsen's men had planted a chain of supply depots extending for several hundred miles in the direction of the pole. They figured the expedition could reach its goal more quickly if the sledges were not weighted down with large quantities of food.

True to Amundsen's scientific studies, the sun was first seen on August 24. But the mercury in the thermometer recorded daily temperatures of more than fifty degrees below zero. September arrived with the temperature still forty degrees below zero. This was far too cold for the men to set out on a long journey.

The Norwegians were impatient to begin the trek. They wondered often whether Scott had started.

"It's much too cold for Scott's ponies," Amundsen assured his men. "Dogs are the only animals that can survive these low temperatures."

On October 19, Amundsen announced, "We shall leave today! The weather has improved greatly. And the sun is up all the time."

With a party of five men and four sledges, each drawn by thirteen dogs, Amundsen set out from the Bay of Whales. Enough supplies were loaded on the sledges to take the expedition to the first link in the chain of supply depots. On each sledge was a meter that measured the distance as the party progressed.

At first the going was excellent. But the men had not pushed very far before they came to an area made up of seemingly bottomless crevasses zigzagging in all directions. Slowly the men began picking their way through this dangerous section.

To add to the difficulty, snow began to fall, blowing and drifting before gales of bitter wind. Time and again the men stopped their dogs just in time to escape falling into a crevasse.

Once a sledge skidded in the snow, and the back end hung over the edge of a crevasse. Instantly the driver seized the ropes leading to the harness and attempted to hold the sledge on the edge of the

crevasse. But the sledge loaded with supplies was too heavy for him. Gradually it slid down the icy wall of the crevasse. The dogs were slowly being dragged after it. In a few seconds both the dogs and the sledge would be lost forever.

"I can't hold out any longer," the driver called desperately.

At that moment other men arrived to help. Two men tied long ropes to the traces that led to the dogs' harness. They were able to hold the sledge while the dogs were unhitched and another sledge was placed across the narrow crevasse. The ropes of the dangling sledge were then tied to this second sledge.

"A man must be lowered to remove the supplies from the sledge," Amundsen quickly decided. "Then we can haul it back to safety."

Immediately every man in the party volunteered to unload the sledge. But only one was chosen. A rope was tied around his waist. Slowly he was let down over the edge of the wall beside the hanging sledge. Then another rope was lowered to the volunteer. He tied a supply case to the rope and signaled for it to be drawn up. One by one, other cases were raised in the same way.

"How do things look down there?" Amundsen questioned the dangling volunteer.

"Not very inviting," the man said, straining to see through the swirling storm. "There are spears of ice everywhere. And the edge of the crevasse you're standing on looks as if it might give way."

Luckily it did not. At last the sledge, as well as its contents, was saved.

Even though the expedition had not covered the hoped-for distance that day, Amundsen said they should make camp. The raging storm so greatly interfered with a driver's vision that it was difficult for him to see even a few feet ahead of his team. Amundsen could not risk another accident.

The men rested for a few hours and then were ready to go ahead. But Amundsen ordered them to reverse their course and plot a way around the crevasse area.

After investigation a way was discovered. Then the journey to the South Pole continued.

On November 17, the men checked the meters on the sledges and discovered that they had traveled nearly four hundred fifty miles since leaving the Bay of Whales. They had now come to a high mountain range. The men worried about their chances of safely crossing peaks that varied in height from two thousand to ten thousand feet. But Amundsen was greatly excited by the sight of the mountains. According to his knowledge, once this range was crossed, the men would reach an inland plateau where the South Pole is located.

Amundsen stared at the great peaks before him. "We can find a way to cross," he said confidently.

The passage over the mountain peaks was not as forbidding as the men had thought. The first slopes were climbed without difficulty. Then the party began to strike small, steep glaciers. Here it became necessary to hitch twenty dogs to each sledge in order to drag it over the top. But it took the men only four days to make their way over the mountain range to the inland plateau.

"From here on," Amundsen said, "we won't need so many dogs, and we can't spare the large quantity of food they will eat. If we turn them loose, they will starve. We must shoot some of them."

Killing the dogs was one of the hardest tasks that Amundsen's men had to face. However, they agreed that the extra dogs would be nothing but a burden.

For two days the men rested and made ready for the final dash across the plateau to the pole. They were curious to see what this plateau would be like. They had expected a great level plain reaching toward the pole, but that was not exactly what lay before them. To the southwest the land was flat and level, but they were not going that way. To reach the pole, they must go directly south. In that direction the ground rose in long ridges.

Eagerly the men began the final stretch of their journey. Going over the rough ridges was more wearisome than dangerous. After a day's trek of about twenty miles, they were glad to make camp and rest.

Day by day the distance to the pole was cut down. Amundsen reckoned that if they could keep up their present pace, they would be at the South Pole on December 14.

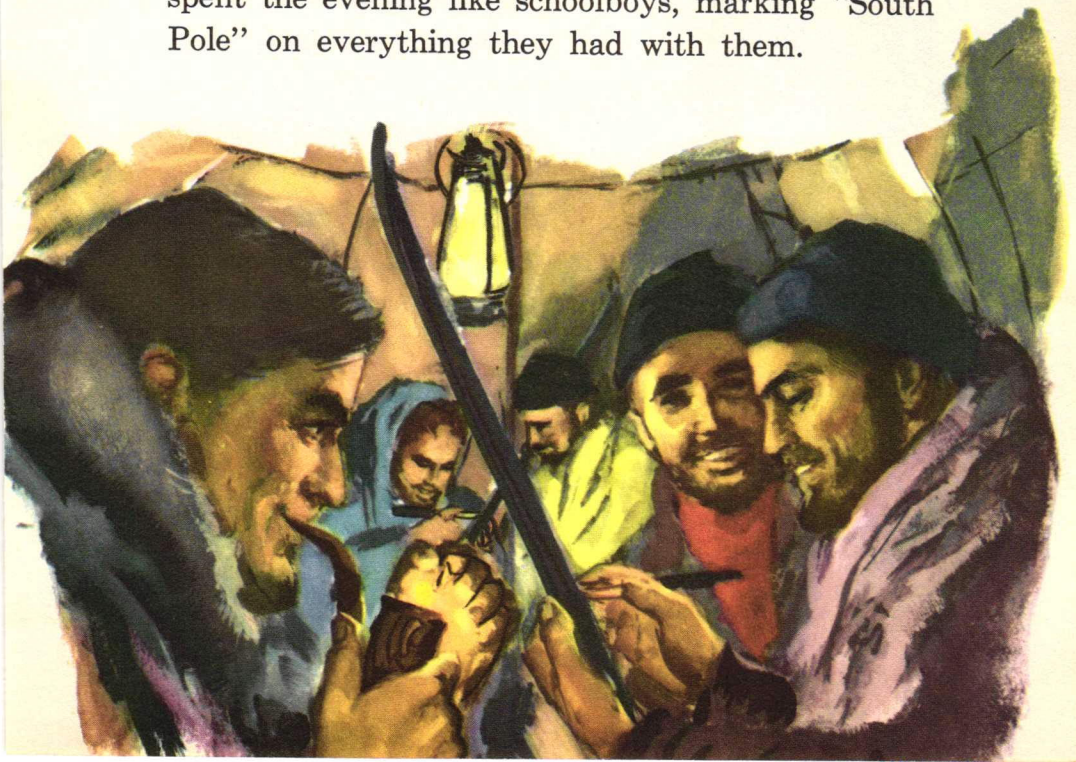
The men began wondering whether Scott's ponies had proved to be faster than their dogs. The men feared that Scott might already be at the pole.

December 14 came. At three o'clock in the afternoon the sledge meters indicated that the men had traveled far enough to be at the spot called the South Pole. The party stopped and set up instruments to check the position and movement of the sun. This would indicate whether or not they had really arrived at their goal.

While the sun's position was being checked, the rest of the party looked for tracks of other men. There were none. No human being had been there before. Amundsen's party was first!

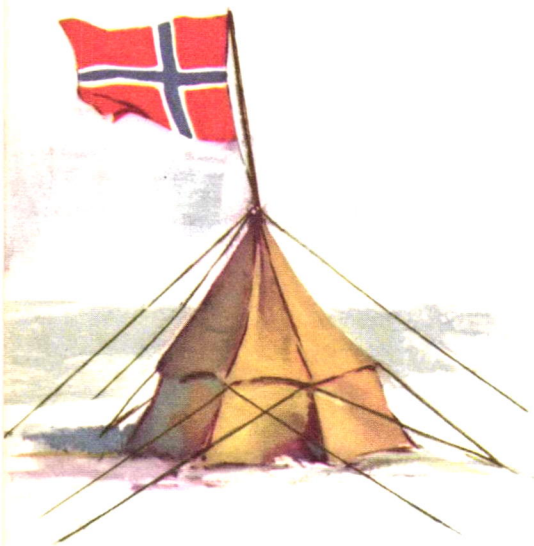
According to Amundsen's hasty observations, they were at the very bottom of the earth's surface. Immediately the flag of Norway was unfurled and planted in the ice. All five of these brave Norwegians placed a hand on the flagpole and took possession of the land in the name of their king.

It was a gay party that crowded into the tent erected nearby. Pipes and tobacco were brought out. There was lively talk, accompanied by the flapping of the flag outside in the wind. The men spent the evening like schoolboys, marking "South Pole" on everything they had with them.



The next day more careful observations showed that the South Pole was about five and one-half miles ahead.

The men moved on to this spot, and here they erected a foundation of solid snow. A small tent was set up, facing north. There was no direction but north from where the party stood.



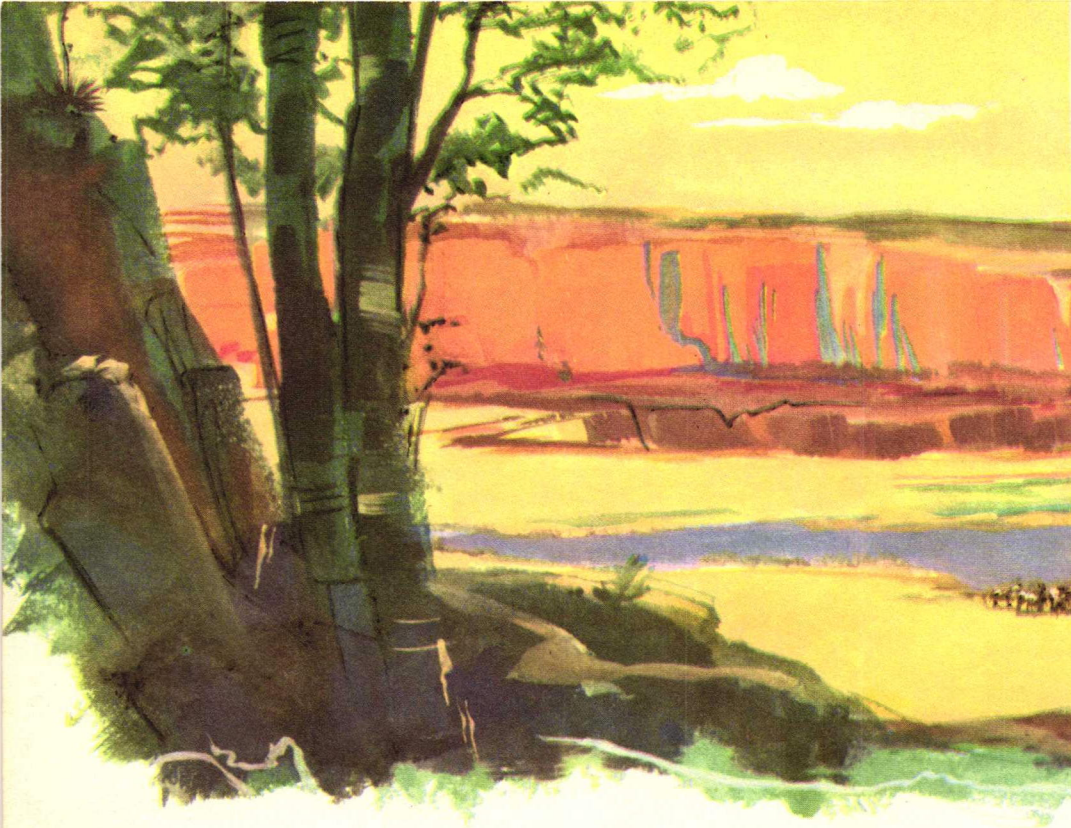
Then the Norwegian flag was again unfurled and remounted on a pole that went through the center of the tent.

Inside the tent Amundsen left a letter that was addressed to the King of Norway. With this letter there was a brief note for Captain Scott.

A month later, when Amundsen was almost back to his main camp, Scott's expedition arrived at the tent on the snow foundation that Amundsen's men had erected. Scott's party arrived on foot. Their ponies and motor sledges had proved to be nearly useless.

Roald Amundsen had been a good prophet. Only sturdy dogs could be depended upon to make the trek to the South Pole in record time.

Old Tales



Little Burnt-Face

Once upon a time, in a large Indian village on the border of a lake, there dwelt an old man who was a widower. He had three daughters. The eldest was jealous, cruel, and ugly. The second was vain. But the youngest of all was modest, gentle, and lovely.

Now, when the father was hunting in the forest, the evil eldest daughter used to beat the youngest girl constantly and burn her face with hot coals. Yes, and even scar her slim body. So the people called her "Little Burnt-Face."

When the father came home from his hunting, he would ask why she was so scarred. And the eldest daughter would answer quickly, "She is a good-for-nothing! She was forbidden to go near the fire, and she disobeyed and fell in."

Then the father would scold Little Burnt-Face, and she would creep away crying to bed.

By the lake, at the end of the village, there was a beautiful wigwam. And in that wigwam lived a Great Chief and his sister. The Great Chief was invisible; no one but his sister had ever seen him.

He brought her many deer and supplied her with good things to eat from the forest and lake, and with the finest blankets and garments. But when visitors came, all they ever saw of the Chief were his moccasins; for when he took them off they became visible, and his sister hung them up.

Now, one spring, the sister made known that her brother, the Great Chief, would marry any girl who could see him.

Then there was great rivalry among the Indian maidens. All the girls from the village, excepting Little Burnt-Face and her sisters, and all the girls for miles around hastened to the beautiful wigwam. Then they walked along the rim of the lake with the Chief's sister.

And the sister asked the girls, "Do you see my brother?"

Some of them replied, "No"; but most of them answered, "Yes."

Then the Chief's sister asked a shrewd question. "Of what is his shoulder strap made?"

The girls said, "Of a strip of rawhide."

"And with what does he draw his sled?" asked his sister.

They answered, "With a green branch of the willow."

Then the Great Chief's sister knew that they had not seen him at all.

"Let us now go to the wigwam," she said with dignity.

So to the wigwam went all the girls. And when they entered, the Chief's sister told them not to take the seat next the door; for that was where her brother, the Great Chief, sat.

Then they helped his sister cook the supper, for they were filled with curiosity to see the Great Chief eat.

When all was ready, the food disappeared, and the brother took off his moccasins, and his sister hung them up. But the girls never saw the Chief, though many of them stayed all night.

One day Little Burnt-Face's two sisters put on their blankets made of finest materials and their brightest strings of beads. They braided their hair beautifully, and they slipped fine beaded moccasins on their feet. Then they started out to see the Great Chief.

As soon as they were gone, Little Burnt-Face made herself a gown of white birch bark and a cap and leggings of the same. She threw off her old garments, which hung in shreds, and dressed herself in her birch-bark clothes. She put her father's old moccasins on her bare feet. And the moccasins were so big that they came up to her knees. Then Little Burnt-Face, too, started out to visit the beautiful wigwam at the end of the village.

Poor Little Burnt-Face! She was a sorry sight! Her hair was singed off, and her little face was as full of burns and scars as a sieve is full of holes; and she shuffled along in her birch-bark clothes and big moccasins. As she passed through the village, all the boys and girls hissed, yelled, and hooted.

When she reached the lake, her sisters saw her coming, and they tried to shame her and told her to go home. But the Great Chief's sister received her with sympathy and told her to stay; for she saw how sweet, modest, and gentle Little Burnt-Face really was.

The Great Chief's sister took all three girls walking along the rim of the lake. And the sky grew dark, as if twilight had fallen. So they knew that the Great Chief had come.

And his sister asked the two elder girls, "Do you see my brother?"

And they said, "Yes."

"Of what is his shoulder strap made?" asked his sister.

"Of a strip of rawhide," they replied.

"And with what does he draw his sled?" asked she.

"With a green branch of the willow," they said.

Then the sister turned to Little Burnt-Face and asked, "Do you see him?"

"I do! I do!" said Little Burnt-Face with awe. "And he is wonderful!"

"And of what is his sled string made?" asked his sister gently.

"It is a beautiful rainbow!" cried Little Burnt-Face in rapture.

"But, my girl," said the other, "of what is his bowstring made?"

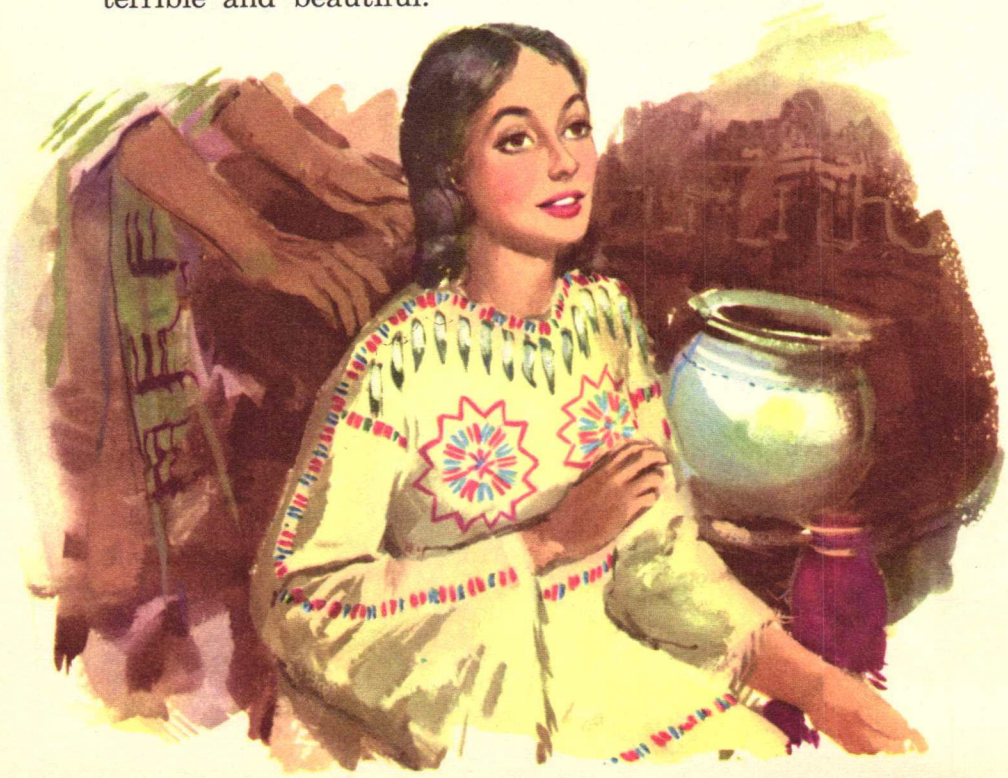
"His bowstring," replied Little Burnt-Face, "is the Milky Way!"

Then the Great Chief's sister smiled with delight. Taking Little Burnt-Face by the hand, she said, "You have surely seen him."

She led the maid to the wigwam and bathed her with dew. And the dew healed all the burns and made the wrinkled scars disappear from her face. Her skin became soft and lovely. Her singed hair became long and dark like the blackbird's wing. Her eyes were like stars. Then the sister brought from her treasures a wedding garment, and she dressed Little Burnt-Face in it and braided her hair. And she was most beautiful to behold.

After all this was done, the Chief's sister led the girl to the seat next the door, saying, "This is the bride's seat," and made her sit down.

Then the Great Chief, no longer invisible, entered, terrible and beautiful.



When the Great Chief saw Little Burnt-Face, he smiled. "So we have found each other!" he said gently.

And she answered, "Yes."

Then Little Burnt-Face was married to the Great Chief. The wedding feast lasted for days. And to it came all the people of the village. As for the two bad elder sisters, they went back to their own wigwam in disgrace, weeping with shame.

The Baker's Neighbor

Once upon a time, more than a hundred years ago, there lived a baker. He was an industrious man who loved money more than anything in the world. Every night he mixed his flour and baked his bread and cakes. Every day he stood in his shop and sold his baked goods to the townsfolk.

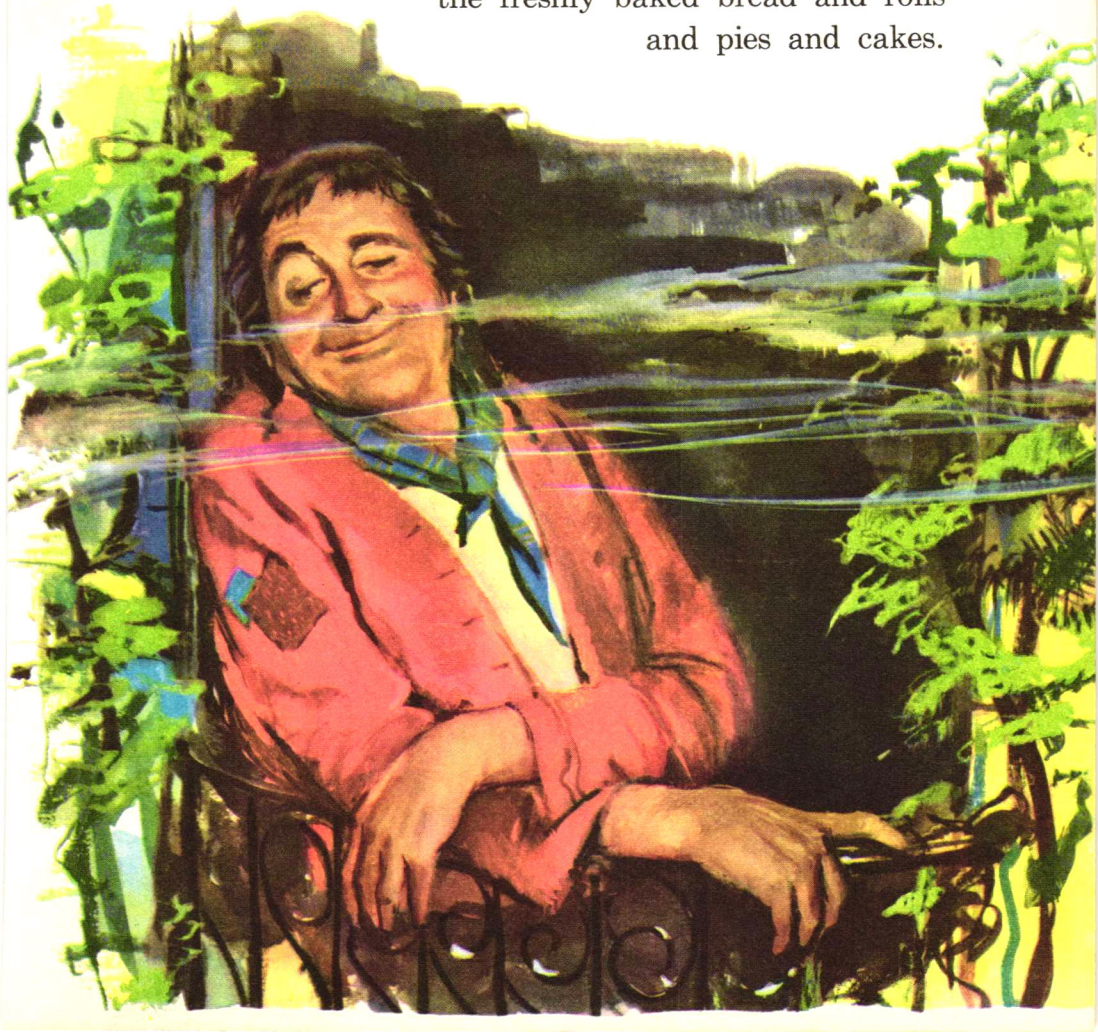
The baker's next-door neighbor was quite a different kind of fellow. He did not like to work; nor did he care for money. Instead he enjoyed the small pleasures of life. He found especially pleasant the fragrance of freshly baked rolls and cakes that the breeze never failed to bring to his window.

Very early each morning, before he opened his shop, the baker would go out on his terrace and sit at a little table. He would empty his purse on the table. Then he would begin to count the money

An adaptation from *Stories from the Americas* by Frank Henius; copyright 1944 by Charles Scribner's Sons; used by permission of the publishers.

he had taken in the day before. For more than an hour the prosperous baker would figure and fret and carefully inspect each coin.

Early each morning the baker's jolly neighbor would wait until he heard the baker bang his door on his way outside to start the daily count of coins. At this precise moment the neighbor would go to his window. He would inhale the fragrant odors of the freshly baked bread and rolls and pies and cakes.



Whenever the greedy baker looked up from his pile of money, he saw his idle neighbor enjoying the rich bakery odors. For a long time the baker did not say a word. But each morning he became thoroughly aroused when he saw the satisfaction on his neighbor's face. It made the industrious baker furious to think that the odors resulting from the costly ingredients in his rolls and loaves and cakes were being enjoyed without charge.

One morning the baker decided he had stood it long enough. He marched to his neighbor's house and demanded a large amount of money in payment for the splendid odors his bakery daily supplied.

At first the jolly neighbor did not understand this demand. But when at last he realized its meaning, he laughed right in the enraged baker's face. He laughed so loud and so long that other neighbors came running to see what was going on. After they had heard the story, the neighbors hooted the exasperated baker back to his shop.

Soon the entire village knew that the neighbor had been asked to pay for smelling the baker's wares. Naturally, this annoyed the baker still more. He was not only disappointed that he had failed to obtain money from his neighbor. He was also angry because he had to stand the teasing of the townsfolk.

Whenever the baker left his shop, the boys and girls of the village would run after him. Some of

the children would sniff at his clothes and hands. Others would mimic the baker by shouting, "Pay me for those lovely smells you've just enjoyed!"

Then all the children would jokingly plead, "Oh, please, sir, can we have the smells on credit?"

The baker could no longer bear to go into the streets. Something must be done! He tried once more to get some kind of payment from his neighbor in order to close the matter gracefully. When again he did not succeed, he took his case to the judge.

The judge listened to the baker's complaint. Then he ordered both the baker and the neighbor to appear in court the next week. He told the neighbor to bring one hundred gold coins with him.

When the poor neighbor heard this order, his behavior changed. He was no longer carefree and gay. His spirits began to droop. He trembled for fear that he would have to pay dearly for the pleasant smells he had enjoyed in the past.

On the other hand, the prosperous baker, who had always worn a sour expression, now beamed with delight. Already he imagined himself counting the gold coins that he would soon possess.

A week later, both men appeared promptly before a crowded courtroom. The judge asked the baker to define his complaint.

The baker, feeling that he must convince the judge that the odors from his oven were worth the

hundred gold coins he expected, spoke for quite a while. One by one, he described in detail the rich ingredients that went into his baking. He explained how the odors that his idle neighbor daily inhaled resulted from much labor and great cost.

When the baker had finished his story, the judge gave the neighbor a hard look. "Is it true that the morning breeze daily brings costly baking odors to your window?" he asked.

The neighbor admitted that this was true.

Then the judge asked, "Do you find these odors pleasant? Or are they disagreeable and annoying?"

The neighbor could not but admit that the odors were very pleasant indeed.

As soon as the neighbor had said this, he regretted it, for the judge now asked him to hand the bag containing one hundred gold coins to the baker.

On hearing this order, the baker nearly fell over in his eagerness to get hold of the money. Clutching the bag tightly, he started to leave the courtroom.

"Stop!" ordered the judge. "Step to that table! Empty the bag! Count the coins, one by one!"

The baker thought it kind of the judge to give him this opportunity to detect whether he had been cheated. He quickly emptied the bag onto the table.

The baker so greatly enjoyed the feel of gold that he could hardly force himself to drop one coin in order to pick up another. The spectators could plainly see with what undeniable pleasure he tested each coin, listening to its ring as it hit the table top.

When the money was counted, the baker beamed at the judge. "I have not been cheated," he said. "There are one hundred gold coins. I found not a single false one. Thank you for your kindness."

But to the baker's utter surprise the judge asked him to hand the bag of coins back to his equally surprised neighbor. The judge now rose slowly from his chair and with great dignity announced the court's decision. "I have reviewed the baker's complaint against his neighbor," he began. "I have heard the neighbor admit that he has enjoyed the odors brought to his window by the morning breeze. And I have seen the baker count with great pleasure one hundred of his neighbor's coins. Therefore, I declare that justice has been done."

Turning to the baker, the judge continued, "Your neighbor has smelled your cakes and bread. You have touched his gold. The case is settled."

At first the justice of the judge's shrewd decision was not completely understood by the spectators. Then the crowd's behavior changed abruptly. The hush in the courtroom was broken by loud cheers.

The baker's neighbor was carried from the courtroom on the shoulders of a laughing, joking crowd. He was hurried back to his house, where he could inhale the fragrant baking odors with more pleasure than ever before.

The Brahman and the Tiger

Once upon a time a tiger was caught in a cage. He tried to get out through the bars, but they were too strong for him. Finally he became so angry that he rolled and bit and clawed with rage.

By chance a Brahman came walking by.

"Let me out of this cage, good Brahman!" cried the tiger. "Do let me out!"

"Oh, no, my friend!" the Brahman replied. "I dare not do that. You would devour me if I did."

"Not at all!" promised the tiger. "How can you think such a thing? Give me my freedom, and I will be forever grateful to you." The tiger sighed and wept and threw himself against the bars until the Brahman's heart softened. At last he opened the door of the cage. Then out leaped the tiger and seized the unfortunate man.

"What a fool you are!" cried the tiger. "I have been in that cage for a long, long time, and I am ravenous. I shall eat you for my dinner!"

The Brahman was very much frightened. "Let us talk the matter over," he begged. "You're treating me unfairly. This is no way to repay my kindness to you. Let us go to the village and find three men. We will tell them the story and let them judge."

"No, indeed!" objected the tiger. "I never go to the village by day. Besides, why should men decide? They are often very foolish. But I will agree to this one thing. You may walk down the road and choose three things that you see on the way. Tell each one what has happened and ask if I am any more unjust than men are. Then return to my cage and tell me what they say. I will abide by their decision."

So the Brahman hurried along until he came to a fig tree. He told his story. Then he asked, "Now, has the tiger treated me fairly?"

The fig tree looked at the Brahman and replied sourly, "What have you to complain about? Don't I give shade, fruit, and shelter to everyone who passes by? What do I get in return? Men tear down my branches to feed their cattle. The tiger is treating you as well as men have treated me."

With drooping spirits, the Brahman went on until he came to a buffalo cow at a well. One end of a long pole was fastened to a yoke around the cow's neck. The other end of the pole was fastened to a great wooden wheel. All day long the buffalo had to walk round and round, turning the heavy wheel that brought water from the well to the surrounding rice fields.

The Brahman told his story to the buffalo. "Now, is that justice?" he wept. "Is the tiger fair to reward my favor to him in this way?"

"You are a fool to expect gratitude!" the weary animal cried with contempt. "Look at me! When I was young and gave milk, men fed me with cotton-seed cakes. But now that I am old, they treat me outrageously. They yoke me here to this heavy wheel all day and feed me on scraps. Undeniably, the tiger treats you as well as men treat me."

The Brahman felt very much discouraged. "I've only one more chance," he thought. "I shall go no farther. I shall ask the road." So he told his story to the dusty road.

"My dear sir," lamented the road, "you do not know men as I do. Rich and poor, great and small, they tramp on me as they go along. What do they give me in return? Nothing but the ashes of their pipes and the husks of their grain!"

Hopelessly, the Brahman turned to go back to the tiger. On the way he met a jackal, who called out, "What is the matter? Why do you look so forlorn?"

The Brahman told him all that had occurred.

"Do not be affronted, dear Brahman," said the jackal sadly. "But your story seems all mixed up. Would you mind repeating it for me?"

Again the Brahman reviewed the outrageous happenings of the day. But the jackal shook his head, still not understanding.

Exaggerating his dull-wittedness, he said, "Your words seem to go in one ear and out the other. Let us go to the place where it all happened. Perhaps I shall then understand."

Back they went to the cage, where the tiger was impatiently waiting to devour the Brahman.

"You have been away a long time!" growled the tiger. "Now let us begin our dinner."

"*Our* dinner!" thought the Brahman as his knees knocked together with fright. "What a remarkable way of putting it!" Then he began to plead. "Give me five minutes more. I wish to explain matters to the jackal, who is somewhat slow-witted."

"I will give you just five minutes," said the tiger, sharpening his teeth and claws.

The Brahman told the whole story over again, not missing a single detail and spinning it out as long as possible.

"Oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal. "Let me see! How did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by."

"No!" interrupted the tiger. "What a fool you are! *I* was in the cage."

"Of course!" cried the jackal. "I was in the cage. No, I wasn't. Dear, dear! I am thoroughly perplexed. Where are my wits? Let me see now. The tiger stood by the Brahman, and the cage came walking by. No, that's not it, either. Don't mind me, but begin your dinner. I shall never understand."

"Yes, you shall!" cried the tiger wrathfully. "I'll make you understand! Look here! I am the tiger. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger."

"This is the Brahman. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger."

"This is the cage. Do you understand that?"

"Yes, Sir Tiger."

"I was in the cage. Do you understand that?"

"Yes—— No—— Please, Sir Tiger——"

"Well!" cried the exasperated tiger.

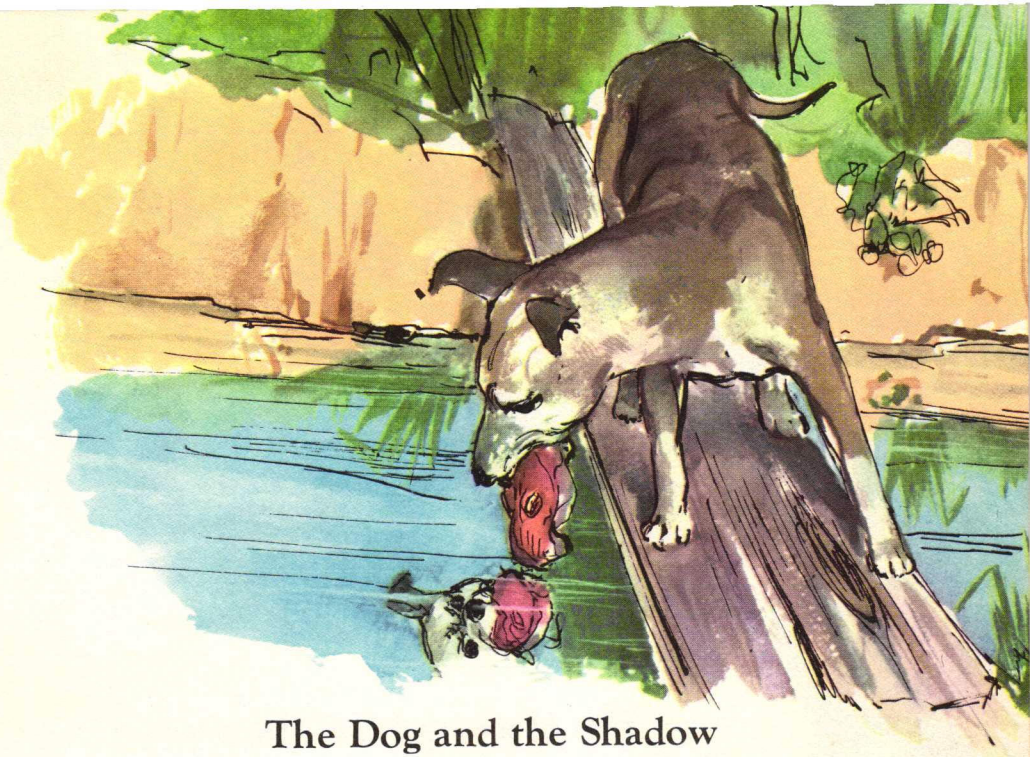
"Please, Sir Tiger," said the jackal, "how did you get into the cage?"

"How? Why, in the usual way, of course!" cried the tiger. "There is only one way of getting into a cage!"

"Oh, dear me!" said the jackal. "What a poor, poor head I have! It is beginning to whirl again. Please don't fret or be angry, Sir Tiger, but what is the only way to get into a cage?"

At these words the tiger was filled with a dreadful rage. Jumping into the cage, he roared, "This is the only way to get into a cage! Now do you understand?"

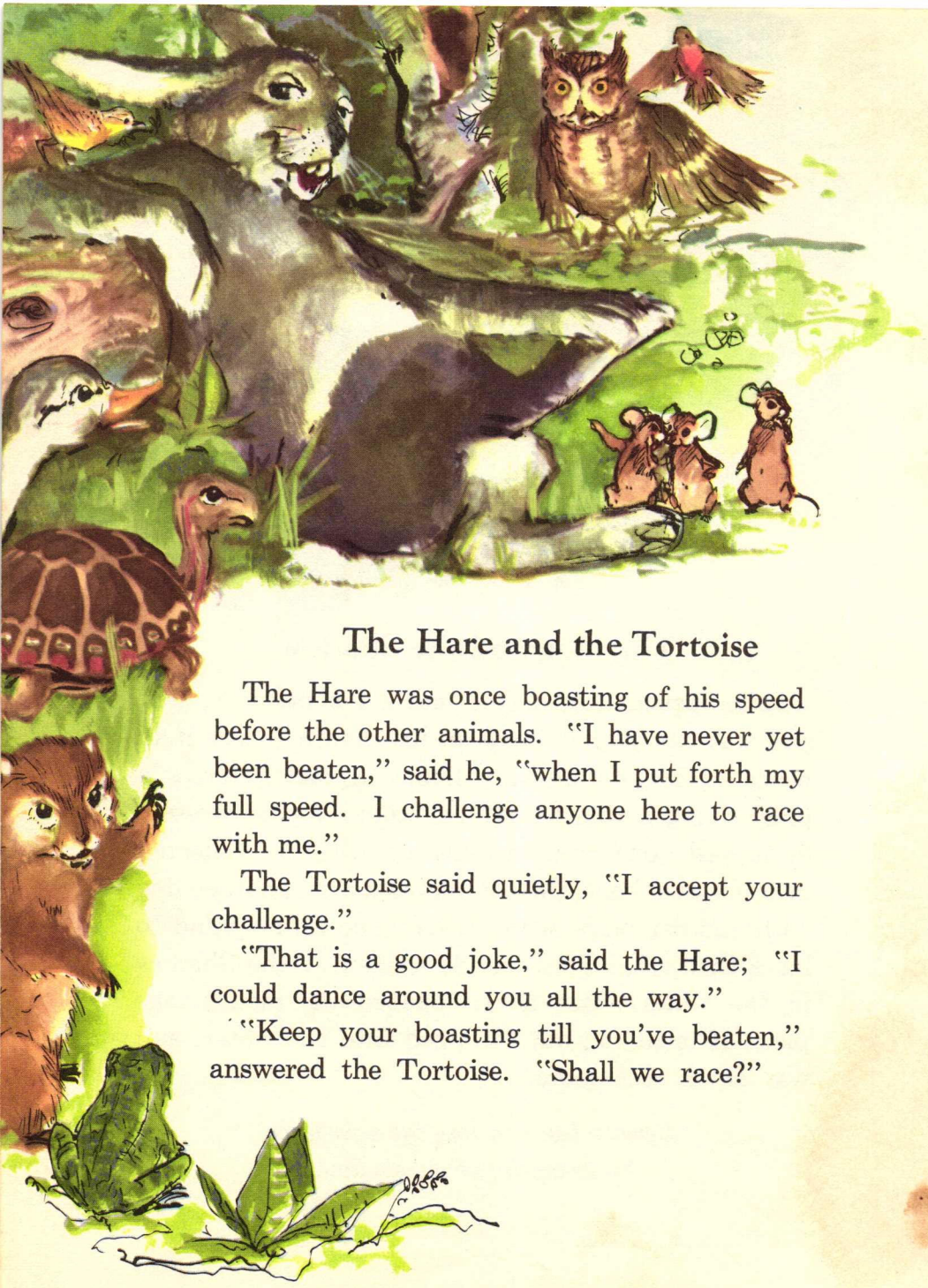
"Perfectly!" cried the jackal as he quickly shut and fastened the cage door. "If you will permit me to say so, I think that matters will remain just as they were when the Brahman met you!"



The Dog and the Shadow

It happened that a Dog had got a piece of meat and was carrying it home in his mouth to eat it in peace. Now, on his way home he had to cross a plank lying across a running brook. As he crossed, he looked down and saw his own Shadow reflected in the water beneath. Thinking it was another dog with another piece of meat, he made up his mind to have that also. So he made a snap at the Shadow in the water. But as he opened his mouth, the piece of meat fell out, dropped into the water, and was never seen more.

Beware lest you lose the substance
by grasping at the shadow.



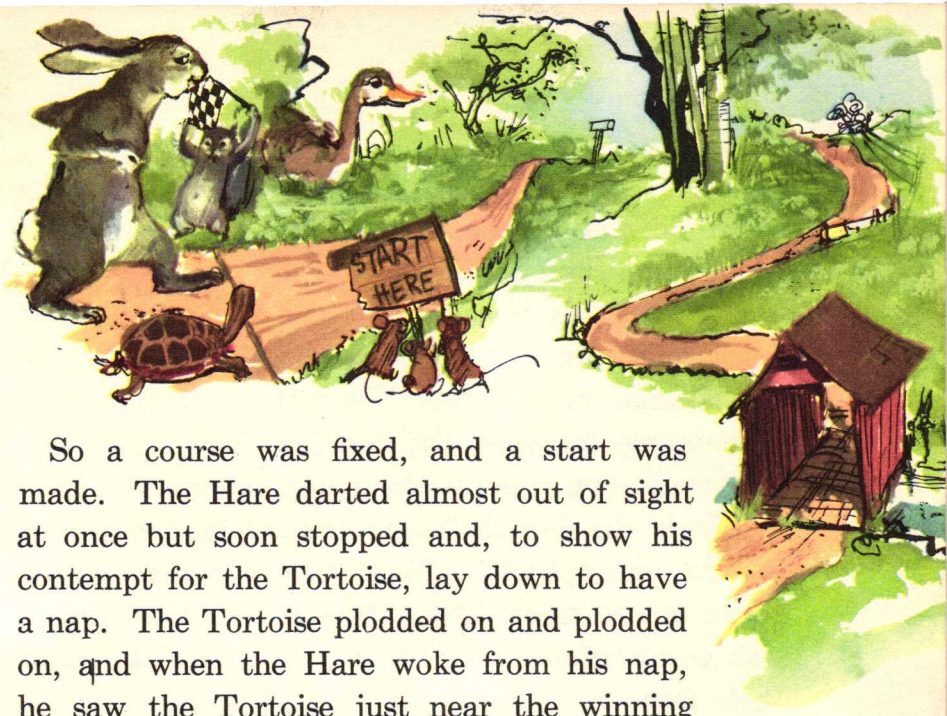
The Hare and the Tortoise

The Hare was once boasting of his speed before the other animals. "I have never yet been beaten," said he, "when I put forth my full speed. I challenge anyone here to race with me."

The Tortoise said quietly, "I accept your challenge."

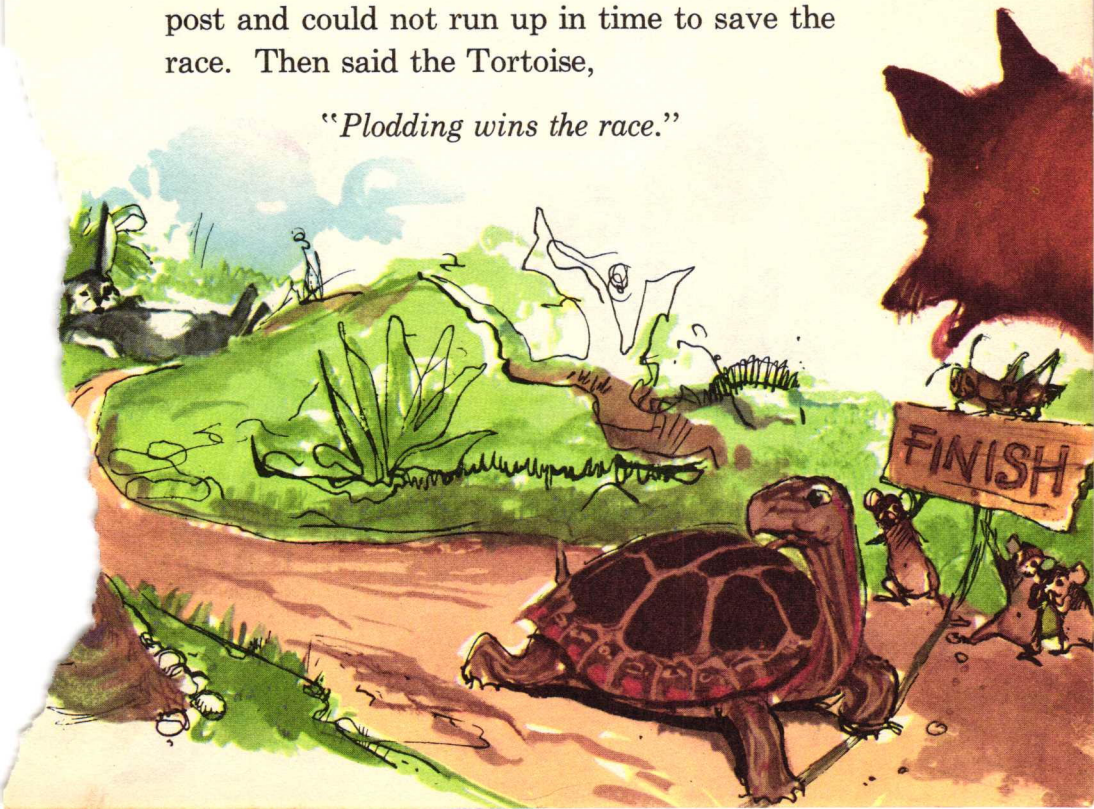
"That is a good joke," said the Hare; "I could dance around you all the way."

"Keep your boasting till you've beaten," answered the Tortoise. "Shall we race?"



So a course was fixed, and a start was made. The Hare darted almost out of sight at once but soon stopped and, to show his contempt for the Tortoise, lay down to have a nap. The Tortoise plodded on and plodded on, and when the Hare woke from his nap, he saw the Tortoise just near the winning post and could not run up in time to save the race. Then said the Tortoise,

"*Plodding wins the race.*"



The Bundle of Sticks

An old man on the point of death summoned his sons around him to give them some parting advice. He ordered his servant to bring in a Bundle of Sticks and said to his eldest son, "Break it." The son strained and strained but with all of his efforts was unable to break the Bundle. The other sons also tried, but none of them was successful.

"Untie the Bundle," said the father, "and each of you take a stick." When they had done so, he called out to them, "Now, break." And each stick was easily broken. "You see my meaning," said their father.

"Union gives strength."

The Crow and the Pitcher

A Crow, half dead with thirst, came upon a Pitcher which had once been full of water. When the Crow put its beak into the mouth of the Pitcher, he found that only very little water was left in it and that he could not reach far enough down to get at it. He tried, and he tried, but at last had to give up in despair.

Then a thought came to him, and he took a pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped it into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the Pitcher. At last, at last, he saw the water mount up near him; and after casting in a few more pebbles, he was able to quench his thirst and save his life.

Little by little does the trick.

The Milkmaid and Her Pail

Patty, the Milkmaid, was walking to market, carrying some milk in a Pail on her head. As she went along, she began planning what she would do with the money she would get for the milk. "I'll buy some fowls from Farmer Brown," said she. "And they will lay eggs each morning, which I will sell to the minister's wife. With the money that I get from the sale of these eggs, I'll buy myself a new satin gown and a hat. And when I go to market, won't all the young men come up and speak to me! Polly Shaw will be that jealous. But I don't care. I will just look at her and toss my head like this." As she spoke, she tossed her head back. The Pail fell off it, and all the milk was spilled. So she had to go home and tell her mother what had occurred.

"Ah, my child!" said her mother.

"Do not count your chickens before they are hatched."

The Golden Touch

Once upon a time there lived a rich king whose name was Midas. He was a widower, and he had a little daughter named Marygold.

Now this King Midas was extremely fond of gold. If there was anything that he loved more, it was the little maiden who played so merrily at his feet.

But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man, that the best thing he could possibly do for his dear child would be to give her the largest pile of golden coins that had ever been heaped together since the world was made. Thus he constantly gave his thought and time to this one purpose.

When little Marygold came skipping to him with a bunch of buttercups, he would say, "Pooh, pooh, child! If those buttercups were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!"

And yet, in his earlier days, Midas had shown a fondness for flowers. He had grown the biggest, the loveliest, and the most fragrant roses that any

mortal ever saw or smelled. These fine roses still grew in his garden. But now, if Midas looked at them at all, it was only to reckon how much the garden would be worth if each rose petal were a thin plate of gold.

At length King Midas had become so exceedingly unreasonable that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom to pass a large part of every day in a dark and dreary room in the cellar of his palace, where he kept his golden treasure. He would carefully lock the door. Then, in order to feast his eyes upon his wealth, he would move it into the narrow sunbeam that fell from the room's only window.

One afternoon, when he was thus enjoying himself, a shadow fell on the heap of gold. Looking up, Midas beheld a smiling stranger standing in the sunbeam. The young man had a rosy, cheerful face. And there was a visible golden luster in his smile.

Since Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock and that no one could possibly have broken into his treasure room, he concluded that his visitor must be more than mortal. Midas had met such beings before and was not sorry to meet one again. The stranger's face was so very good-humored that it was reasonable to suspect he had come to do Midas a favor.

"I see that you are a wealthy man, Sire," said the visitor. "I doubt that any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have here."

"Oh, it's but a trifle," replied Midas, "when you consider that it's taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, one might have time to grow rich."

"What!" cried the stranger. "You are not satisfied? Pray, what would satisfy you?"

Midas thought hard. Finally he said, "I'm weary of collecting treasure with so much trouble and seeing the heap so small after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch might be changed to gold."

The visitor cried, "The Golden Touch! You deserve credit for a brilliant idea. But will this satisfy you?"

"I ask nothing else to make me perfectly happy," replied Midas.

"Be it as you wish," said the visitor. "At sunrise you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

Whether Midas slept as usual that night no one knows. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills when he awakened, impatient to prove the truth of the visitor's promise. Hastily putting on his clothes, he was overjoyed to see himself in a costume of gold cloth, which retained its softness although its weight burdened him a little. Quickly he touched a window curtain, and it became a hanging mass of gold. He seized a book. As he turned its leaves, they resembled thin golden plates, but the wisdom of the book could no longer be read.

Delighted beyond measure, Midas hurried to the garden. Here he found many roses in full bloom and others in all stages of bud and blossom.

Midas knew a way to make them more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had ever been before. He moved from bush to bush exercising his magic until all the flowers and buds were changed to gold.

By the time this was done, Midas was summoned to breakfast. Since the air had given him a good appetite, he hastened to the palace, eager for a hearty meal. What Midas had for breakfast no one knows. But no doubt it was breakfast fit for a king—potatoes, trout, eggs, hot cakes, and coffee. For Marygold, perhaps there was bread and milk.

The child was not yet at the table when Midas arrived; so he ordered her to be called. Soon he

heard her coming along the passage, weeping bitterly. This circumstance surprised the king because Marygold was usually a most cheerful little person. When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put her in better spirits by an agreeable surprise. He touched her empty bowl and turned it to gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and sadly opened the door and showed herself, still sobbing.

"How, now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "What is the matter with you this bright morning?"

Marygold, pressing a crumpled handkerchief to her eyes, held out her hand. In it was one of the roses that her father had changed to gold.

"Beautiful!" Midas cried. "What is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Oh, Father," sobbed the child, "it is not beautiful. It is the ugliest flower that ever grew! All the roses in the garden are blighted and spoiled! They have grown quite yellow, and they have no fragrance! What can be the matter with them?"

"Pray, don't cry about it," said the king, who was ashamed to confess that he had caused the change which so greatly disturbed his child. "Sit down and eat. You will find it easy to exchange a golden rose, which will last hundreds of years, for an ordinary one, which would wither in a day."

"I don't care for such roses! They have no smell!" sobbed Marygold, dabbing at her eyes with

her handkerchief. "And the petals hurt my nose!" The child was so filled with grief for the blighted roses that she ignored the wonderful change in her china bowl when she sat down at the table.

Midas, meanwhile, poured a cup of coffee. As a matter of course, the coffee pot was gold when he set it down. Lifting a spoonful of coffee to his lips, he found that the coffee had hardened into a lump.

"Ha—a!" exclaimed Midas, rather terrified.

"What is the matter, Father?" asked Marygold, dabbing at the tears still standing in her eyes.

"Nothing, child," said Midas. "Nothing." He took on his plate a brook trout, hot from the skillet, and touched it with his finger. To his great horror it was immediately changed from a nicely

fried trout to a fish of gold. Its bones were gold wires. Its fins and tail were thin plates of gold. Golden fins were pretty. But just now King Midas would much rather have had a real fish.

"I don't quite see," he thought, "how I am to get any breakfast!"

He took a griddlecake and had scarcely broken it when it became solid gold. Almost in despair he helped himself to a boiled egg, which turned at once to gold, as had the trout and the cake.

"Well, this is a puzzle!" thought the king. He looked with envy at Marygold, who was eating her bread and milk. "Such a costly breakfast before me and nothing that is eatable!"

King Midas next snatched a hot potato and tried to put it into his mouth and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full not of potato but of metal. It so burned his tongue that he roared aloud.

"Father, dear!" cried Marygold. "Pray, what is the matter? Have you burned your mouth?"

"Ah, child!" moaned Midas sadly. "I do not know what is to become of your poor father!"

Truly it was a pitiful case. Already at breakfast Midas was hungry. Would he be less so by midday? How sharp would be his hunger for supper, which must be of the same kind of uneatable food as that now before him? And just how long would

he remain hearty on this fare? These thoughts so troubled Midas that he groaned aloud.

Little Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment, gazing at her father and trying to detect what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and pitying desire to comfort him, she ran to King Midas and knelt beside him. He bent and kissed her. He felt that his daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than he had gained by the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" he cried.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done? The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection, assumed a glittering yellow color, with a spattering of yellow teardrops turning solid on her cheeks. Her brown curls took on the same yellow color. Her soft little form became hard and stiff. Oh, terrible misfortune! Because of his never satisfied desire for wealth, Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was, with the questioning look of love, grief, and pity hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woeful sight that ever mortal saw. All the features of Marygold were there. Even the beloved dimple remained in her chin. But the features were solid gold.

It had long been a favorite phrase of the king's, whenever he felt particularly fond of his child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold. And now the phrase had become true!

And now, at last, when it was too late, the king realized how greatly a warm and tender heart that loved him exceeded in value all the wealth that could be piled up between earth and sky!

King Midas began to wring his hands. He could bear neither to look at little Marygold nor yet to look away from her.

While he was in this mood of woeful despair, Midas suddenly beheld a figure standing near the door. The king bent his head without speaking. He had recognized the visitor who had granted him the unfortunate gift of the Golden Touch.

On the stranger's face was the same smile with the golden luster. It now gleamed on Marygold's hardened features and on all the other things in the room that had been changed by Midas' touch.

"Ah, friend Midas!" cried the stranger. "Pray, how have you succeeded with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head. "I am very miserable," he lamented.

"Very miserable!" the visitor exclaimed. "How does that happen, Sire? Is not the Golden Touch a valuable and convenient power? Have you not everything that you desired?"

"I have lost all that my heart really cared for," answered Midas. "Gold is not everything."

"So! You have made a discovery since yesterday!" observed the stranger. "Let me see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth more—the gift of the Golden Touch or one cup of clear, cold water?"

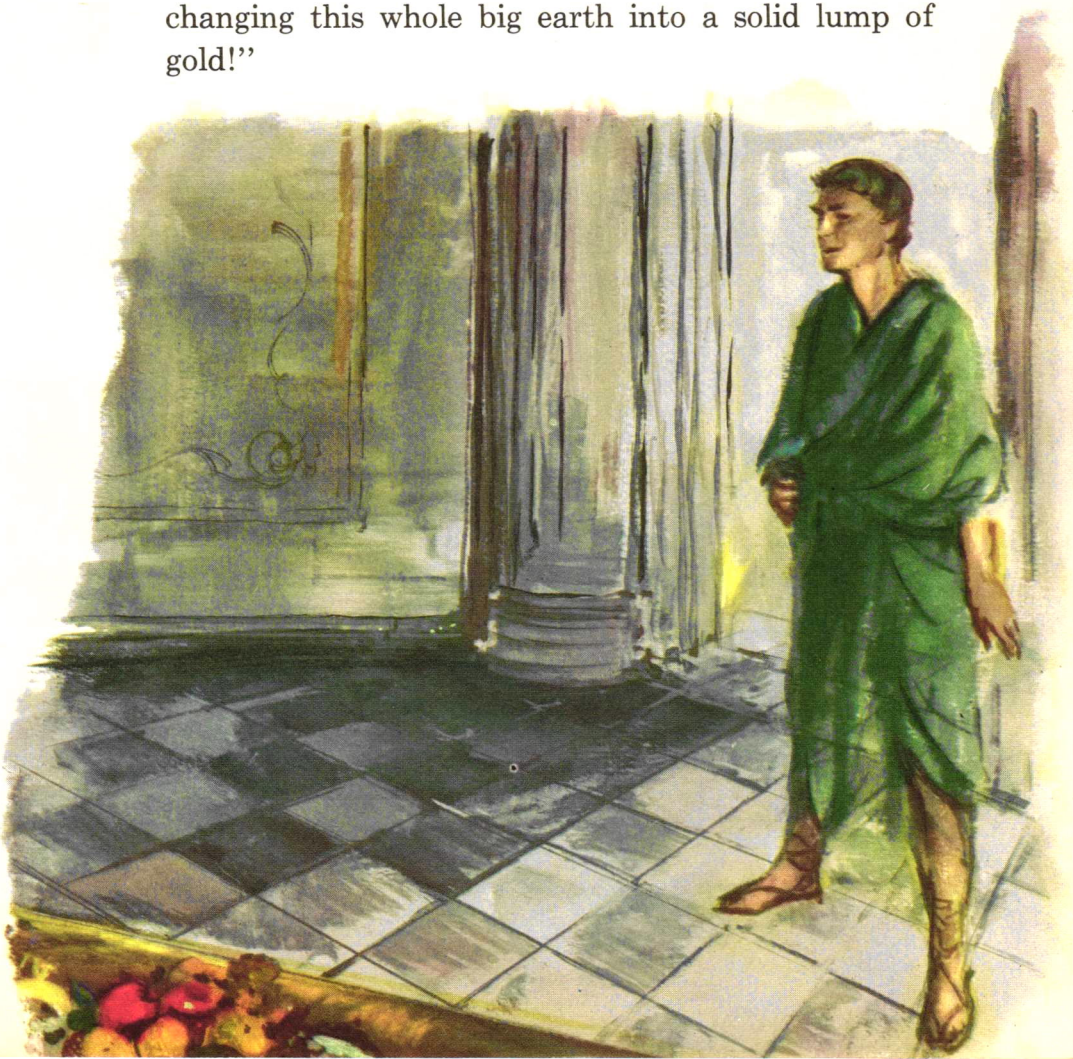
"Oh, blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "Will it never moisten my parched throat again?"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?"

"My child! My dear child!" cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have exchanged that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"



"You are wiser than you were, friend Midas," remarked the stranger, looking seriously at him. "I perceive that the heart in your bosom has not been entirely changed to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be hopeless. You have come to understand that the commonest things are more valuable than the riches which so many mortals sigh and struggle after. Do you sincerely desire to rid yourself of the Golden Touch?"

Midas cried, "It is a curse! I cannot abide it!" A fly lit on his nose just then and fell to the floor. Midas shuddered, for it, too, had become gold.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river at the bottom of your garden. Take a pitcherful of the water and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again to its former substance. If you do this earnestly and sincerely, it may possibly set right all the mischief that your greed for gold has caused."

King Midas bowed low. When he lifted his head, the shining stranger had vanished. Midas lost no time in snatching up an earthen pitcher; but, alas, it was no longer earthen after he had touched it. Hastening toward the riverside, he forced his way through bushes. It was awe inspiring to see how the leaves turned yellow behind him, as if autumn had been there and nowhere else. On reaching the edge of the river, the king plunged in headfirst

without waiting so much as a second to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! Poof! Poof!" snorted the king as his head appeared above the water. "This is really a refreshing bath. I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher."

He quickly dipped the pitcher into the water, and his heart was gladdened to see the golden pitcher change to the same good earthen vessel which it had formerly been. Midas was aware also of a change within himself. A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom.

Perceiving a violet growing on the bank, Midas touched it with his finger. He was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower retained its violet hue instead of turning yellow. The curse of the Golden Touch had really been removed from him.

The king hastened back to the palace. The very first thing he did there was to sprinkle water over the golden statue of Marygold. No sooner did the water fall on her than the rosy hue came back to the dear child's cheeks. How she began to shake and sneeze! And how astonished she was to find her hair and skirts all wet and her father still throwing more water over her!

"Pray, do not, dear Father!" she cried. "See how you have spattered my gown!"

Clearly, Marygold did not know she had been a statue. Nor did she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran to comfort the poor king.

Midas thought it unnecessary to tell Marygold how foolish he had been. He contented himself with showing how much wiser he now was. He led her into the garden, where he sprinkled water on the rosebushes. This had such an excellent effect that thousands of bushes recovered their blooms.

There were two circumstances, however, which always reminded the king of the Golden Touch. One was that the sands by the river sparkled like gold. The other was that his daughter's hair had a golden luster which he had not observed before she had been changed by the effect of his kiss.

When Midas had grown to be quite an old man and trotted Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvelous story. He would stroke their shining curls and tell them that their hair, like that of their mother, had a rich shade of gold.

Trotting the children all the while, King Midas would conclude, "And now, my precious little folks, ever since that morning when I was gifted with the Golden Touch, I have hated the very sight of all other gold except this!"

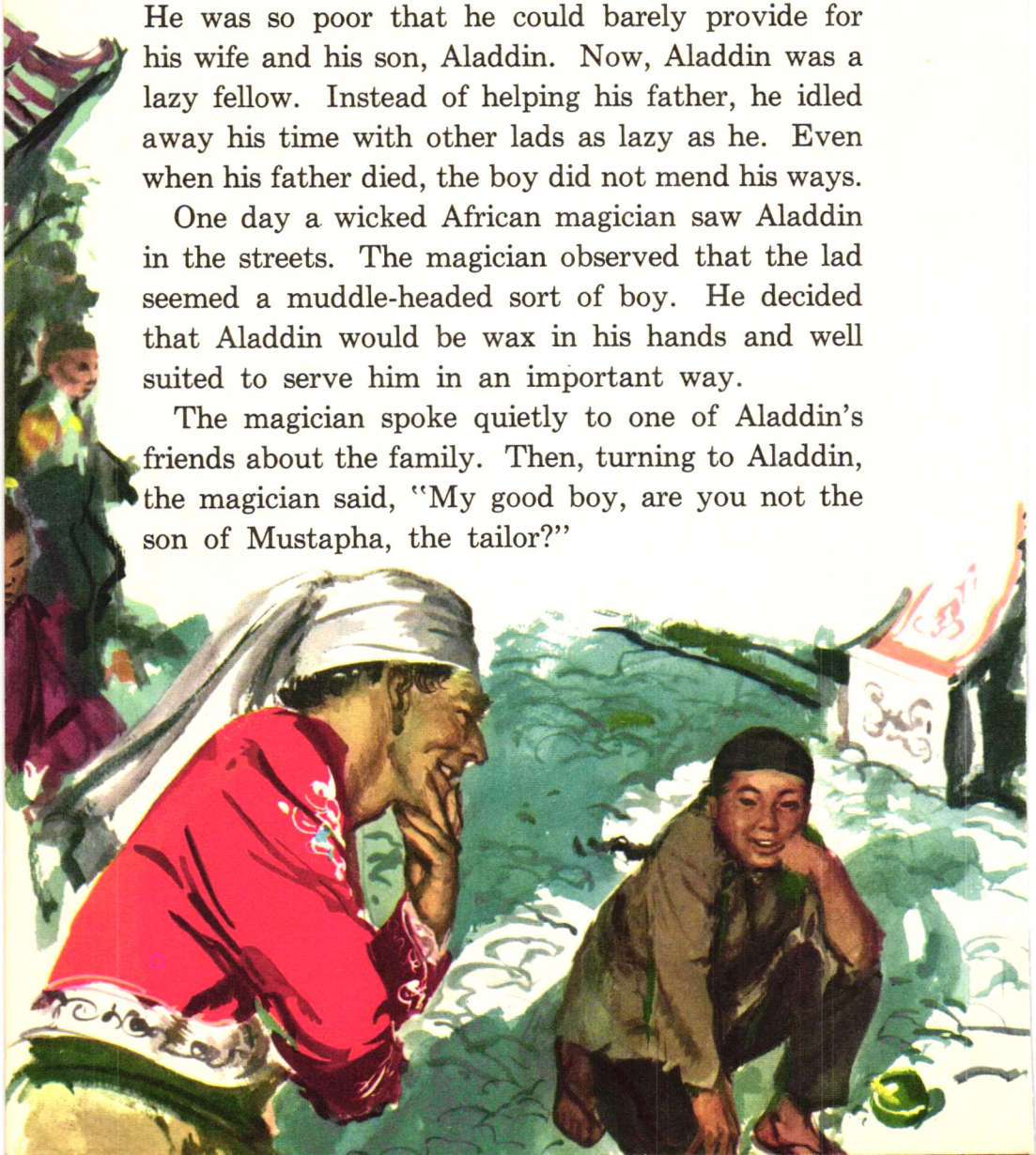
Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp

Aladdin Meets the Magician

Once there lived a Chinese tailor named Mustapha. He was so poor that he could barely provide for his wife and his son, Aladdin. Now, Aladdin was a lazy fellow. Instead of helping his father, he idled away his time with other lads as lazy as he. Even when his father died, the boy did not mend his ways.

One day a wicked African magician saw Aladdin in the streets. The magician observed that the lad seemed a muddle-headed sort of boy. He decided that Aladdin would be wax in his hands and well suited to serve him in an important way.

The magician spoke quietly to one of Aladdin's friends about the family. Then, turning to Aladdin, the magician said, "My good boy, are you not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"



"Yes," said the lad. "But my father is dead."

"Alack!" cried the magician. "What unhappy news! I am your father's brother. I knew you at once, for you resemble your father. I've been abroad for many years. Now, when I've come back to China to see my dear brother, you tell me he is dead!"

Great tears ran down the man's cheeks, and his bosom heaved with sighs. Pulling out his purse, he gave Aladdin two pieces of gold. "Take these to your mother," he said. "Tell her to get something for supper. I shall dine with her tonight."

Aladdin scurried home and told his mother the wonderful news. She was much surprised, for her husband had never spoken of a brother. But she went out and bought provisions and spent the day preparing supper.

That evening the magician came to Aladdin's home. With him was a servant who carried many kinds of delicious fruits and candies.

When supper was over, the magician gave Aladdin's mother an account of his travels to the farthest corners of the world. Then he turned to the boy. "Aladdin," he said, "what trade do you follow?"

At this question the lad hung his head in shame. His mother said sadly, "Aladdin has always been an idle fellow. His father tried to teach him to be a tailor but could not succeed. Since his father's death, in spite of all I say, the boy still is idle."

On hearing these words, the magician said to Aladdin, "This is a disgrace, nephew. You must think of making a living. I will help you as much as I can. Shall I rent a shop for you and furnish it with silks and other wares?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Aladdin, pleased by the plan, which seemed to demand very little labor.

"Then," said the magician, "tomorrow I shall buy handsome clothes for you to wear instead of these crumpled rags. Soon we shall open a shop and have a flourishing business."

The next day the magician bought Aladdin a fine suit of clothes and gave him a rich feast. Then he led the boy to a spot far out in the country.

"Here I'll show you some extraordinary things," declared the crafty magician. "But first we must make a fire. Gather up all the dry sticks that you can find."

When the fire was blazing, the magician threw some incense onto the flames and uttered several mysterious words. Instantly the ground trembled and opened up, revealing a large, flat stone with a brass ring in the center.

Frightened almost out of his wits, Aladdin tried to run away. But the magician gave him a whack that nearly knocked him down.

"What have I done to deserve this?" cried the boy, his eyes filling with tears.

The magician did not answer Aladdin's question. Instead he said, "Stay here and obey me. Underneath that stone is a great hidden treasure that will make you richer than many kings. But you must do exactly as I say."

Trembling with fright, Aladdin answered, "Tell me what I must do. I will be obedient in every way."

"Well said!" replied the magician. "Take hold of that ring and lift up the stone."

To Aladdin's amazement, this operation was completed easily. When the stone came up, an opening appeared, revealing steps that led still lower.

"Go down into the vault," said the magician. "At the foot of these stairs you will find a door leading into three great halls. Go through each of them without stopping. Do not touch anything that you see. Do not even let your robe touch the walls.

"At the far end of the third hall is a door that opens into a garden. The garden will be filled with trees laden with strange and wonderful fruit. Go forward, following a path that you will see.

"The path will bring you to a flight of fifty steps. At the top of the steps is a terrace. There you will see a niche and in it a lighted lamp. Take down the lamp and extinguish it. Then carefully place the lamp inside your robe. As you retrace your steps, you may take as much of the fruit as you wish."

After giving these directions, the magician drew off a ring he was wearing and put it on Aladdin's finger. "This ring," said the magician, "will save you from evil. Now make haste. Bring me the lamp!"

Aladdin descended into the vault and found everything just as the magician had described it. He did as he had been told. After passing through the garden, he mounted to the terrace without touching a thing. There in a niche he found the lamp.

Aladdin carefully placed the lamp on the terrace and examined it closely. He was eager to know why his uncle should value it so highly. When the lad could find nothing extraordinary about the lamp, he picked it up and placed it inside his robe.

Aladdin Uses the Lamp

Aladdin returned to the garden where the trees were laden with marvelous fruits. Some were pearls, some diamonds; but all were the largest and finest gems in the world. Aladdin was ignorant of their real worth. He thought they were merely pieces of colored glass. Still, their unusual beauty tempted him to pluck some of each variety. Soon his pockets, his sleeves, and the front of his robe were filled.

When Aladdin neared the opening of the vault, he found that he could not mount the last high step with his heavy burden.

"Pray, uncle, lend me your hand," called Aladdin.

"Give me the lamp first," said the magician.

"Yes, as soon as I am up," replied the lad.

"Come, nephew," insisted the magician, "give me the lamp. It will be a simple matter for you to climb out when your load is thus lightened."

"It is not the lamp that weighs me down," cried Aladdin. "The lamp is so covered with fruit that I cannot easily get to it. If you would take some of this glass fruit, I could climb out by myself."

The wicked magician was determined to have the lamp and nothing else. Although he alone knew where to find the lamp, he could receive it only from the hand of another person. He had picked Aladdin for this very purpose.

Aladdin's second refusal caused the magician to ramp and rage. He threw incense on the fire and pronounced some magic words. Immediately the stone moved back into place, with the earth covering it just as before.

When Aladdin found himself buried alive, he called out a thousand times, begging for mercy. But all his cries to his supposed uncle were in vain.

For two days Aladdin mourned his fate in the dark vault. He grew hungry, and his throat became parched. On the third day he happened, by accident, to rub the ring that the wicked magician had put on his finger.

Instantly a terrifying genie rose before him.

"What do you wish?" the genie asked Aladdin. "I am ready to obey you as your slave—I and all the other slaves of the ring."

Weak and trembling and scarcely daring to hope, Aladdin cried, "Take me out of here!"

No sooner had the boy uttered these words than, to his unspeakable joy, he found himself outside the vault. Quickly he made his way home by the same road over which he had come.

When Aladdin had been refreshed by food and rest, he told his mother of his adventure. Then he showed her the lamp and the precious gems. She thought the jewels very pretty; so she put them away in a drawer. Like her son, she was unaware of their great value.

The next morning when Aladdin was ready for breakfast, his mother said, "Alas, my son, I have not a bite to give you. Last night you ate all the food in the house. However, I have some cotton of my own spinning. I will sell it and buy provisions for our meal."

"Keep your cotton, Mother," replied Aladdin. "I will sell the lamp. Perhaps it will bring enough money for today's food."

Aladdin's mother looked at the old lamp. "If it were cleaner, it would bring more money," she said.

At the precise moment that she began to polish the lamp, a huge genie rose before her.

"What do you wish?" the genie thundered. "I am ready to obey you as your slave."

The poor woman was too terrified to speak. But Aladdin snatched the lamp and spoke boldly. "We are hungry. Bring us something to eat."

Obediently the genie disappeared. In an instant he returned with a large silver tray. On the tray were twelve covered dishes, also made of silver. The genie placed them on the table and vanished.

The dishes contained a variety of delicious foods. When Aladdin's mother had recovered from her fright, she and her son sat down to a hearty meal.

The remains of this feast provided food for many days. After the food was gone, Aladdin sold the silver dishes, one by one. When all the dishes were sold, he called upon the genie to provide more food. In this way the boy and his mother lived well for a number of years.

During this time Aladdin visited the shops of the big merchants and joined in their discussions. It was here that he learned the true value of the glass fruit that he had brought from the garden. But he told no one of his valuable gems.

While talking with the merchants, Aladdin also learned that the sultan had a lovely daughter. He was seized by a desire to see this girl. But whenever the princess went through the streets, she kept her face hidden.

Aladdin Wins the Princess

After a time Aladdin spoke with his mother about the sultan's daughter. He informed her that it was his intention to marry the lovely princess.

"Truly, my son," said his mother, much amazed, "you seem to have forgotten that your father was only a poor tailor. The sultan would scoff at the idea of giving his daughter to you in marriage. I do not know who would dare to ask him."

"You yourself must," replied Aladdin firmly.

"Not I, indeed!" cried his mother. "No one can make such a request of the sultan without offering a rich present. Where shall such poor people as we find a suitable gift?"

Aladdin was undaunted by this question. He told his mother that he had learned the great value of the fruit jewels that he had brought from the enchanted cave. Taking the brilliant stones out of their hiding place, Aladdin tied them in a fine linen cloth. He begged his mother to take them to the sultan. Fearfully, the poor woman set off on her mission.

When Aladdin's mother was admitted to the sultan's presence, she knelt, trembling lest he should be angered by the boldness of her son's request. "Have mercy on me and my son," she said, when she had the courage to speak. "Assure me of your forgiveness before I tell you of my mission."

"I will forgive you," replied the sultan kindly, "be what it may."

"My son seeks your permission to marry the princess," said Aladdin's mother. "Expecting your refusal, he has sent you a gift." She then unfolded the linen cloth, revealing the gems.

The sultan was thunderstruck by the sight of the extraordinary jewels. They were larger and more splendid than any he possessed! Quickly he called his counselors. They all spoke together in excited tones.

After a lengthy discussion with these men, the sultan turned again to Aladdin's mother. "I will consider allowing your son to marry the princess on one condition," he said. "He must send me forty large basins made of gold. These must be filled with gems of the same variety that you have here. These gold basins must be brought to the palace by forty richly dressed servants. Go now, my good woman. Deliver my message at once to your son."

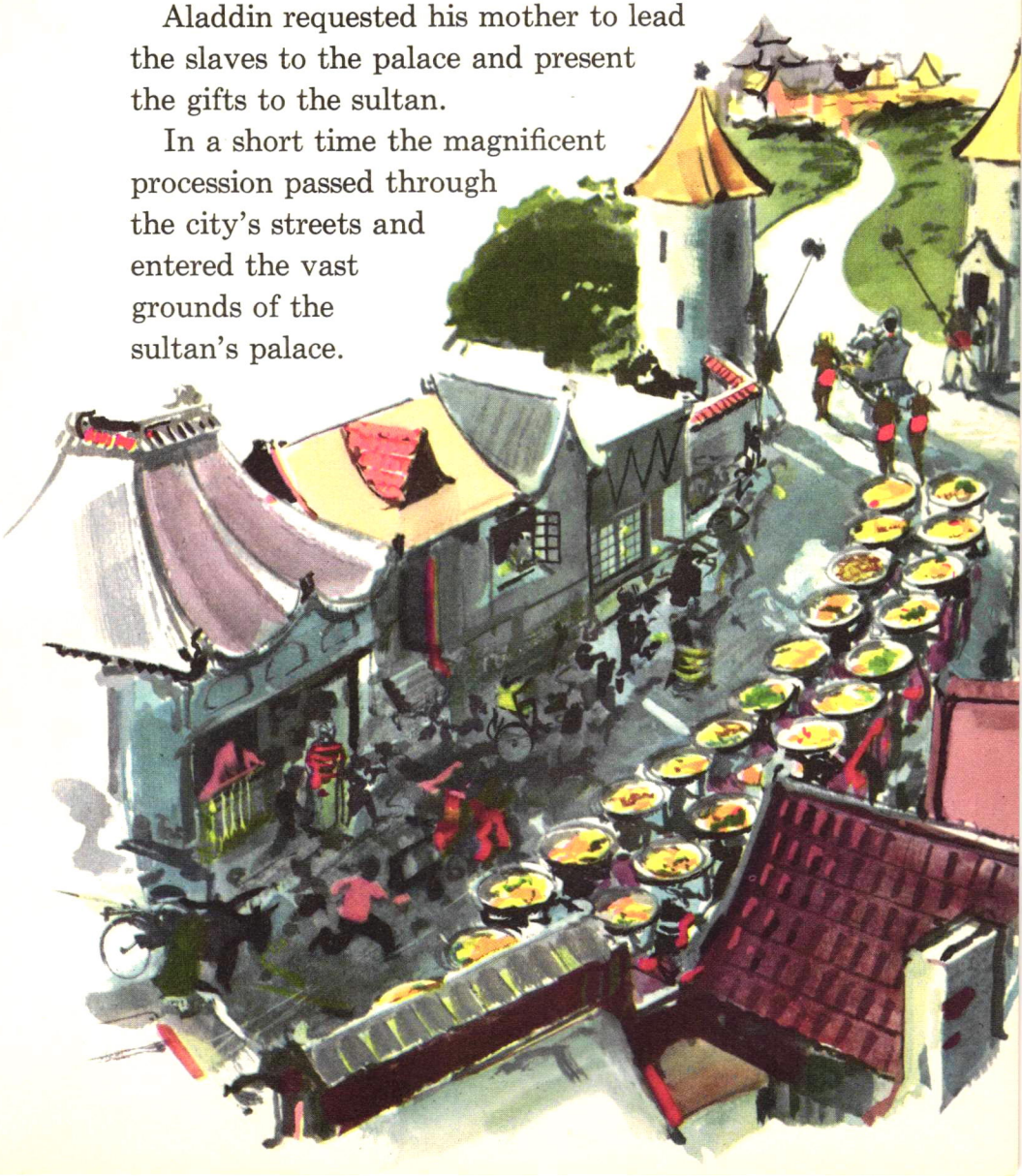
Greatly worried, Aladdin's mother hurried home. When she informed her son of the sultan's impossible demands, Aladdin smiled and remained undaunted. He took the magic lamp and rubbed it.

At once the genie appeared. Aladdin defined his needs. He commanded the genie to lose no time in bringing the presents for which the sultan had asked.

The genie disappeared but instantly reappeared with forty slaves. Each carried on his head a large gold basin filled with gems as fine as those that Aladdin had brought from the cave.

Aladdin requested his mother to lead the slaves to the palace and present the gifts to the sultan.

In a short time the magnificent procession passed through the city's streets and entered the vast grounds of the sultan's palace.



The ruler was greatly delighted by the sight of all these riches. He immediately sent word that he would award his daughter to Aladdin.

Aladdin, overjoyed by this message, once more summoned the genie. He demanded garments that shone like the sun, an Arabian horse more splendid than the sultan's own, great quantities of gold coins, and twenty servants to attend him.

No sooner was this said than it was done. Aladdin mounted his steed and proceeded through the streets. His servants followed, scattering gold coins among the people.

When Aladdin reached the palace, the sultan came to greet him. They went into a hall where a great feast was spread. After they had dined, the sultan asked Aladdin if he wished to have the marriage take place that day.

"Sir," replied Aladdin, "first permit me to build a palace worthy to receive the princess. For this purpose I request that you choose a convenient place near your own palace."

"My son," answered the sultan, embracing him, "take the open space near my palace gates. But remember that my happiness will not be complete until my daughter becomes your bride."

Aladdin hurried home and again enlisted the aid of the genie. This time Aladdin commanded the genie to build a vast palace of the finest marble.

"Let there be a treasure house filled with silver and gold," Aladdin ordered. "Let there be nothing lacking in all the storehouses. Let the stables be filled with only the finest horses. And see that there are servants to minister to all our needs."

The next morning the genie reappeared. "Sir, the palace is finished," he announced.

When the sultan saw the palace, his amazement knew no bounds. He and the other members of his household stood in awe, staring wide-eyed at the magnificent building. They were astonished to see a shining palace where the day before none had been.

The princess rejoiced at the sight. On that very day her marriage to Aladdin was celebrated with great pomp.

For many months Aladdin's happiness was all that any heart could desire. He was grateful for his good fortune and tried hard to be worthy of it.

Aladdin Outwits the Magician

Far away in Africa the false uncle learned all about Aladdin by means of his magic arts. The thought that Aladdin was alive and prosperous filled the magician with wrath.

"That foolish youth probably became rich by means of the magic lamp," the magician muttered angrily. "I had supposed that he would die in the enchanted cave."

The magician immediately set off to find Aladdin. When he came to the palace where the young man and his bride lived, the magician became half mad with rage. Now he was certain that Aladdin still had possession of the lamp.

The magician determined to get the lamp. It was his evil intention to steal it from Aladdin. Then he would exercise its magic power to turn Aladdin into the poor fellow he once had been.

Unluckily, Aladdin was away for several days on a hunting trip. This gave the magician plenty of time to set a wily plan into operation. He bought a dozen new copper lamps and put them into a basket. Dressed in rags, he set out for Aladdin's palace. Taking one of the shiny new lamps from his basket, the magician flourished it for all to see its worth.

"New lamps for old! Who will exchange old lamps for new?" he wheedled.

When the people in the street heard the peddler's foolish words, they followed at the man's heels, plying him with jeering questions.

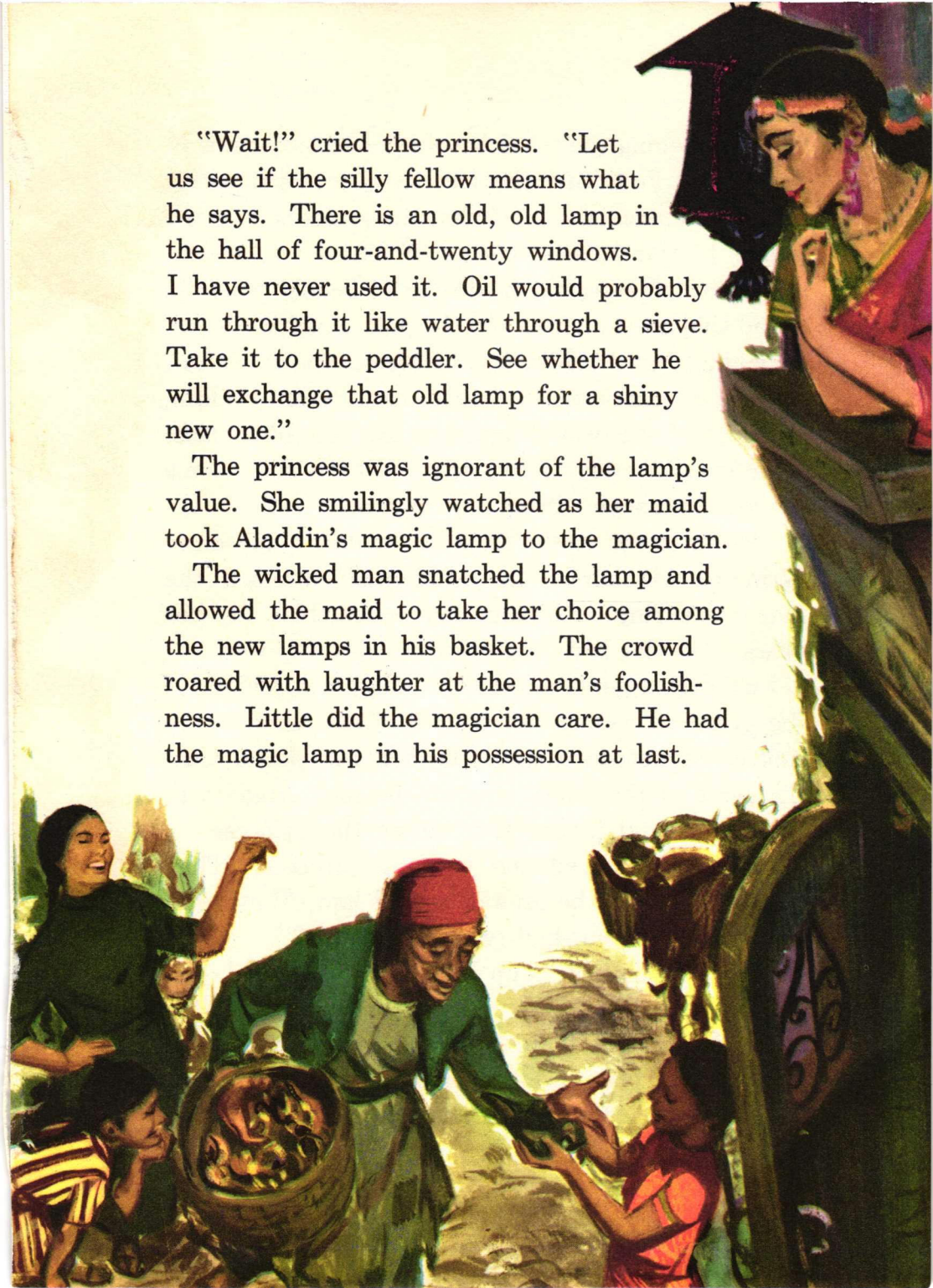
The noise in the street made the princess hurry to her window. Seeing the crowd, she sent her maid to find out the cause of the commotion. Soon the maid returned with the news.

"There is a ragged old man outside who wishes to exchange fine new lamps for old ones," she said. "Shall I order him away?"

"Wait!" cried the princess. "Let us see if the silly fellow means what he says. There is an old, old lamp in the hall of four-and-twenty windows. I have never used it. Oil would probably run through it like water through a sieve. Take it to the peddler. See whether he will exchange that old lamp for a shiny new one."

The princess was ignorant of the lamp's value. She smilingly watched as her maid took Aladdin's magic lamp to the magician.

The wicked man snatched the lamp and allowed the maid to take her choice among the new lamps in his basket. The crowd roared with laughter at the man's foolishness. Little did the magician care. He had the magic lamp in his possession at last.



That evening the magician summoned the genie of the lamp. Following the new owner's instructions, the genie moved the magician, the princess, and the palace to the farthest corner of Africa.

The sultan's grief was terrible to behold when he found that his daughter and the palace had vanished. Believing that Aladdin was to blame, the ruler sent soldiers in search of the young man. Soon Aladdin, much affronted, was dragged to the sultan's palace.

"Wretch!" cried the sultan. "Death shall come to you unless you bring my daughter back!"

Aladdin went sadly from the sultan's presence. Wringing his hands, he accidentally pressed the magician's ring. Aladdin had worn this ring for years. But he had forgotten its magic power.

Instantly a genie appeared. Aladdin commanded the genie to return the palace. The genie of the ring could not do this, for he had less power than the genie of the lamp. Instead he took Aladdin to the palace and placed him before the princess.

Aladdin embraced the weeping princess. Then he asked, "What became of an old lamp that I left in the hall of four-and-twenty windows?"

She told how the lamp had been exchanged.

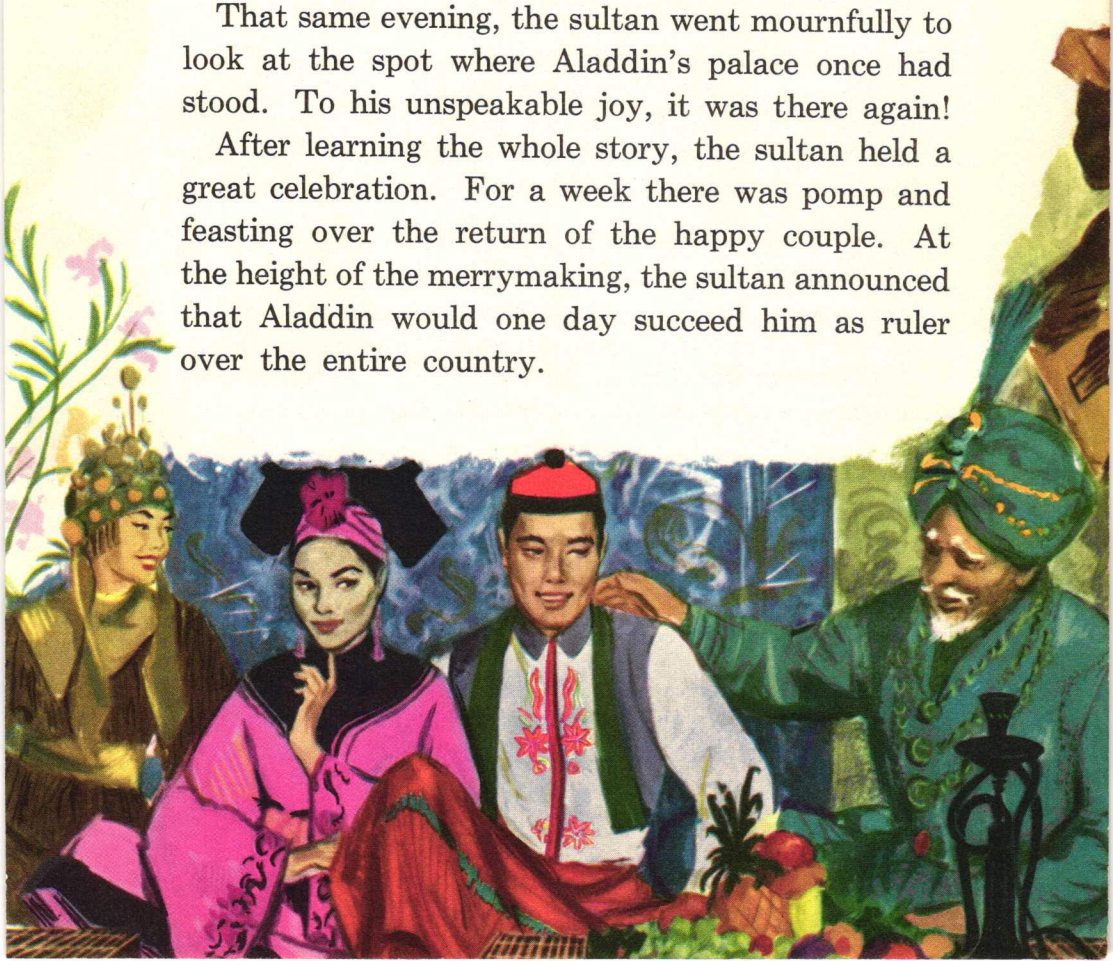
Aladdin knew that it was the evil magician who had wheedled the lamp from the princess. He told his wife of a plan through which they might outwit the magician and recover the lamp.

Aladdin, disguised as a servant, bought a magic powder and presented it to his wife. At twilight, as had been planned, the magician dined with the princess. When a servant brought two cups of wine, the princess slyly slipped the magic powder into the magician's cup. The magician drank the wine and fell senseless to the floor.

Aladdin emerged from a hiding place and took the lamp from the magician. He summoned the genie, who moved the palace back to where it had been.

That same evening, the sultan went mournfully to look at the spot where Aladdin's palace once had stood. To his unspeakable joy, it was there again!

After learning the whole story, the sultan held a great celebration. For a week there was pomp and feasting over the return of the happy couple. At the height of the merrymaking, the sultan announced that Aladdin would one day succeed him as ruler over the entire country.



BOOKS TO READ

Here are some good books that provide more of the same fun and adventure we find in *More Days and Deeds.*

Young Citizens of Other Lands

At the Palace Gates. Helen Rand Parish.
Paco, a boy from the Peruvian hills, goes to the big city of Lima. He makes his living shining shoes and sleeps in a niche in a building close to the palace gates in order to be near his beloved llamas. When he hears men plotting against the president, he tells friends. The results are happy for Paco.

Boy with a Harpoon. William Lipkind.
This story is about an Eskimo boy who longs to go on a whale hunt with the men of his village. He nearly loses his chance when he upsets the boat and has to be fished out of the water. How he proves himself makes an exciting story.

Children of the Blizzard. Heluiz Washburne and Anauta Blackmore. If you enjoy "Skin-Toss Champion," you will want to read this story of the Eskimos on Baffin Island, for it tells more about Eskimo games, races, and hunting. The story also describes the Eskimos' severe struggle to survive. The author says it is based on events that really happened.

Magic Maize. Conrad and Mary Buff.
Fabian helps his father plant corn in the old manner that the Indians of Guatemala have used for hundreds of years. Secretly, however, he plants new corn seed received from the white people. How this teaches Fabian's father that the old and the new can live together makes an interesting story.

Paco Goes to the Fair. Richard C. Gill and Helen Hoke.
Paco, an Indian of Ecuador, uses some ancient Incan dyes on wool that he and his sister have spun. His parents are

shocked when they learn what Paco has done and insist that he redye the wool using the white man's dye. What happens then leads to a surprise ending.

Panuck, Eskimo Sled Dog. Frederick Machetanz.
Panuck is one of the puppies that Nalook gives to Andy to start a dog team. Andy trains Panuck to be his lead dog. This story tells about the Fourth of July celebration with games and contests, a blizzard, the New Year's Day race, and a rescue with Panuck the hero.

Petite Suzanne. Marguerite de Angeli.
Petite Suzanne, or Ti-Su, as Uncle Jacques calls her, lives in the Gaspé country of the Province of Quebec. This story describes the customs and celebrations of the people of that region. You will want to discover how Ti-Su gets the answers to the secrets at Christmas and learns about the missing ax.

Smoky Bay. Steingrimur Arason.
If you would like to know more about the people of Iceland, you will enjoy this story of sheepherding and farming in that country. Jon Eriksson is the son of a prosperous Icelandic farmer, but he longs to come to the United States. What happens to make Jon's wish possible will surprise some of you.

The School Train. Helen Acker.
When their father goes on a winter expedition to set out his traplines, Tony and John are left alone. They tramp through twenty miles of Canadian bush to reach the school train. How these two boys follow the school train and keep their exciting secret until the Christmas program makes an interesting story.

The Village That Learned to Read. Elizabeth Kent Tarshis.
This story deals with the drive in a Mexican village to teach all the people to read and write. But, alas the mayor's son won't even try to learn! What happens to change his mind and save his father from disgrace makes an amusing story.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Bambi. Felix Salten.
This beautifully written story follows the life of a deer from its birth until it is full-grown. As Bambi grows, he is taught the important lessons of how to protect himself from the dangers of the forest. The animals in the story talk, but otherwise they act like real animals. You will also want to read *Bambi's Children,* which continues the life story of a deer.

McGonnigle's Lake. Rutherford Montgomery.
Mike McGonnigle returns to the Piney Woods country at the foot of Bear Mountain and buys Frog Lake. His household contains a variety of animals—a team of burros, a badger, two beavers, a marmot, and a five-foot king snake. How McGonnigle and his animals outwit the real-estate man makes a funny story. If you like this story, you will also want to read *Kildee House* by the same author.

Rabbits. Herbert S. Zim.
This easy book describes various kinds of rabbits and hares and tells what they eat, how they protect themselves, and how they raise families. It even includes directions for making a rabbit pen. *Great Whales* by the same author and *Reptiles and Amphibians* by Herbert S. Zim and Hobart M. Smith are also fascinating books packed with information and appealing pictures.

Sea Pup. Archie Binns.
This is an unusual story of a thirteen-year-old boy and his pet harbor seal, Buster. Clint is extremely interested in ocean life. He and Buster go sailing on Hood Canal in the Puget Sound area. There is an exciting part where the killer whales fight the seal, but the story ends happily for both Clint and Buster.

Smoke above the Lane. Meindert DeJong.
This is a tender story of a baby skunk and a tramp who make friends while traveling in an empty freight car. Some very

funny things happen when the skunk gets off the train and goes for a walk down Main Street. You will want to find out how he is finally persuaded to leave for the country.

The First Book of Snakes. John Hoke.
When you finish this book, you will know what and how snakes eat, where they stay in winter, and the ways in which they protect themselves. You will even know how to care for a snake bite. Boys especially will want to read this book.

The Polar Bear Twins. Jane Tompkins.
The story in your reader tells only one of many exciting adventures that Fluffy and Tuffy have. If you are interested in animals, you will also want to read *The Beaver Twins* and *The Snowshoe Twins* by the same author. These are tenderly told stories of how animals learn the things they need to know in order to survive.

The Wahoo Bobcat. Joseph Wharton Lippincott.
Tiger, a huge bobcat from the Florida swamps, saves Sammy Henry's life. Sammy goes to the swamp and gradually makes friends with Tiger, but there is always the threat that hunters will kill the bobcat. A flood, a fire, and Tiger at school add to the excitement.

Turtles. Wilfrid S. Bronson.
This little book describes various kinds of turtles. It tells what they eat, where they live, how they are born, and who their enemies are. Many fine pictures show the parts of a turtle's body, how it bites, and how its head fits inside the shell. Even grown-ups learn from this easy book.

Young Readers Wild Life Stories. Edited by A. L. Furman.
Here are eleven short stories, each about different animals. Two boys meet a panther, pet raccoons raid the camp kitchen, and a cougar comes upon a beaver felling a tree.

FAMOUS PEOPLE OF OTHER DAYS

Ben Franklin of Old Philadelphia. Margaret Cousins.
This book begins with Ben's early years in Boston, then tells of his runaway trip to Philadelphia, where he worked as a printer. His many inventions and the events that led to his becoming the most famous American of his day, both at home and abroad, are all described.

Benjamin West and His Cat Grimalkin. Marguerite Henry and Wesley Dennis. This is the story of the boyhood of Benjamin West, including his friendship with the cat whose tail supplied hairs for Benjamin's paintbrushes. It is a high moment when Benjamin sets forth for Philadelphia. "A Valuable Art Lesson" in *More Days and Deeds* is taken from this book.

Indian Captive. Lois Lenski.
When Molly Jemison was twelve, she was captured by an Indian tribe with whom she lived for the rest of her life. This is the story of Molly's first two years with the Indians. It tells how she struggled to remember the white man's ways and how she came to know and love the Indian ways.

John James Audubon: His Life. Catherine Owens Peare.
All his life John Audubon was interested in drawing birds in their natural settings. This story tells of his search for birds in America, his wife's faith in his talent, and the problems encountered in getting *The Birds of America* published.

Juliette Low: Girl Scout. Helen Boyd Higgins.
The first part of this book tells about Juliette Low's childhood. The last part describes events that led to founding of the Girl Scouts of America and explains some of the things Scouts do.

Molly Pitcher: Girl Patriot. Augusta Stevenson.
Molly Ludwig grew up in the period just before the American Revolution. She was a lively girl and a quick thinker. The

kind of courage she showed when she earned the nickname Molly Pitcher made her name go down in history.

If you like the story of Franklin in your reader, you will want to read *Ben Franklin: Printer's Boy* by this author.

Raymond L. Ditmars: His Exciting Career with Reptiles, Animals and Insects. L. N. Wood. From the time he was a boy, Raymond Ditmars was interested in animals, engines, and the weather. But most of all he liked snakes. This book, though fairly difficult to read, contains many exciting incidents that occurred on Ditmars' snake hunts.

Restless Johnny. Ruth Langland Holberg.
If you enjoy "Apples for the Wilderness," you will want to read the whole book and learn more about Johnny Chapman's trip west. Not only did he help the settlers by planting apple trees, but he often warned them of Indian attacks.

River Boy. Isabel Proudfit.
Here is a humorous story of Sam Clemens' life on the Mississippi and his later life as a newspaper reporter in the West. The story "Boy of Hannibal" is taken from this book.

The Courage of Sarah Noble. Alice Dalgliesh.
When Sarah Noble was eight years old, she went with her father into the wilds of Connecticut to cook for him while he built a house. When she is left with an Indian family, Sarah often remembers her mother's words, "Keep up your courage, Sarah Noble. Keep up your courage."

The Story of John Paul Jones. Iris Vinton.
Johnnie Paul, a Scottish lad, was apprenticed to a merchant shipper who traded with America. This is the story of his first trip to America, his life in the British Navy, and why he changed his name. How he aided the Americans during the Revolutionary War is perhaps the most exciting part.

Miss Vinton is also the author of *The Story of Robert E. Lee*, from which "For the Honor of Virginia" in your reader was taken.

OLD TALES

Fairy Tales and Stories. Hans Christian Andersen.
For over a hundred years, Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales have been enjoyed by children and grown-ups alike. In this collection are his most famous stories, including "The Tinder Box," "Tommelisa," "The Little Mermaid," "The Emperor's New Clothes," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," and, of course, "The Ugly Duckling."

Jataka Tales. Retold by Ellen C. Babbitt.
This is a collection of eighteen Buddhist tales from India. Most of them, such as "The Monkey and the Crocodile" and "The Turtle Who Couldn't Stop Talking," have animal characters. "The Foolish Timid Rabbit" will remind you of the story of the little chicken who thought the sky was falling.

Once in the First Times. Retold by Elizabeth Hough Sechrist.
The first part of this book contains ancient Philippine legends such as "Why the Sky Is High," "Why the Ocean Is Salty," and other "why" stories. In the last part of the book are Philippine folk tales much like our own fairy tales of princesses and kings.

Padre Porko, the Gentlemanly Pig. Robert Davis.
Padre Porko has been loved by Spanish children for many years. He is a gentlemanly pig with special powers of speech, who will help anyone in trouble. How he gets the nail out of the foot of the general's horse and how he helps his neighbor get his money back are just two of many funny happenings.

Tales of Faraway Folk. Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Here are ten stories from central Asia and eastern Europe. Why the hen goes picking about in the corn and gravel in the barnyard, how a clever judge used a tree as a witness, and why the sea gull cries are only a few of the tales included in this entertaining collection.

Tales of the Cheyennes. Grace Jackson Penney.
These stories were told by the Cheyenne Indians of the Black Hills. Each story was once owned by a storyteller, and he alone could tell it or give it away to someone else. There are several tales about the buffalo and how stars got in the sky. The last six stories tell of Wihio, who trapped the sun, caught a fish, and flew in the air.

The Dancing Kettle, and Other Japanese Folk Tales. Yoshiko Uchida. This collection of Japanese folk tales includes the story of a dancing kettle that made money for the junkman until it was put in the temple and the story of Urashima Taro, a man who almost did not grow old. In each story in the book, kindness is rewarded.

The Fables of Aesop. Joseph Jacobs version.
The eighty-two fables in this book have been changed somewhat from the original fables of Aesop in order to make them especially interesting to young people. Nearly all of the fables have the meaning printed at the end. The five fables in *More Days and Deeds* were taken from this book.

The Long Grass Whispers. Geraldine Elliot.
These animal stories have been told for hundreds of years by the grandmothers in Africa. In the stories are Kalulu the clever Rabbit, Kamba the wise Tortoise, Njobvu the Elephant, and other animals that live in the jungle. You will learn how Kamba catches the water thief, why the animals quarreled, and what happened when the elephant took Kalulu's pumpkin.

The Treasure of Li-Po. Alice Ritchie.
"The Treasure of Li-Po" is one of six Chinese tales in this book. Li-Po is an old basketmaker who has no need for his money, so he gives it away. This starts a chain of events that makes a delightful story. Other tales in this collection are "The Faithful Lantern-Bearer," "The Fox's Daughter," "The Toys," "In the Far Southwest," and "Two of Everything."

GLOSSARY

Full Pronunciation Key

The pronunciation of each word is shown just after the word, in this way: **ab bre vi ate** (ə brē′vi āt). The letters and signs used are pronounced as in the words below. The mark ′ is placed after a syllable with primary or heavy accent, as in the example above. The mark ′ after a syllable shows a secondary or lighter accent, as in **ab bre vi a tion** (ə brē′vi ā′shən).

a	hat, cap	j	jam, enjoy	u	cup, butter
ā	age, face	k	kind, seek	u̇	full, put
ã	care, air	l	land, coal	ü	rule, move
ä	father, far	m	me, am	ū	use, music
		n	no, in		
b	bad, rob	ng	long, bring		
ch	child, much			v	very, save
d	did, red	o	hot, rock	w	will, woman
		ō	open, go	y	young, yet
e	let, best	ô	order, all	z	zero, breeze
ē	equal, be	oi	oil, voice	zh	measure, seizure
ėr	term, learn	ou	house, out		
		p	paper, cup	ə	represents:
f	fat, if	r	run, try		a in about
g	go, bag	s	say, yes		e in taken
h	he, how	sh	she, rush		i in pencil
		t	tell, it		o in lemon
i	it, pin	th	thin, both		u in circus
ī	ice, five	ŦH	then, smooth		

This pronunciation key is from the *Thorndike-Barnhart Junior Dictionary*. Special acknowledgment is made to Clarence L. Barnhart, editor of the Thorndike-Barnhart Dictionaries, for his assistance in the preparation of this glossary.

a ban don (ə ban′dən), **1.** give up entirely. **2.** desert, forsake, or leave (any place, person, or thing) without intending to return: *He abandoned his farm and went to sea. A good mother will not abandon her baby.*

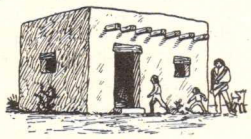
a bide (ə bīd′), **1.** stay. **2. Abide by** sometimes means remain faithful to: *Dan will abide by his promise.* **3.** endure; put up with: *Mother cannot abide dirt.*

a brupt (ə brupt′), **1.** sudden: *He made an abrupt turn to avoid another car.* **2.** short, sudden, or blunt: *He was very gruff and had an abrupt way of speaking.*

ac cus tomed (ə kus′təmd), **1.** usual: *By Monday he was back in his accustomed place.* **2. Accustomed to** means used to; in the habit of: *He was accustomed to hard work.*

ac quaint (ə kwānt′), **1.** make familiar: *Let me acquaint you with the facts.* **2. Be acquainted with** means have personal knowledge of: *I have heard about your friend, but I am not acquainted with him.*

ac quire (ə kwīr′), gain or get as one's own; get: *By the time Jim was thirty he had acquired a store of his own.*



Adobe house

a do be (ə dō′bi), **1.** sun-dried brick. **2.** built or made of sun-dried brick. Many people in the southwestern United States and in Mexico live in adobe houses.

a dopt (ə dopt′), take for one's own; take as one's own choice: *People adopt children into their families. I liked your idea and adopted it.*

af fec tion (ə fek′shən), friendly feeling; love.

af fec tion ate (ə fek′shən it), loving; fond; showing affection.

af front (ə frunt′), **1.** insult openly and purposely: *The boy affronted the teacher by making a face at her.* **2.** offend the modesty or self-respect of: *The neighbors were affronted by the superior airs of Mrs. Newrich.*

A mund sen (ä′mun sən), **Roald** (1872-1928), a Norwegian explorer who discovered the South Pole in 1911.

ant arc tic (ant ärk′tik), **1.** at or near the South Pole; of the south polar region. **2.** the south polar region.

anx i e ty (ang zī′ə ti), uneasy thoughts or fears about what may happen; troubled, worried, or uneasy feeling: *Mother feels anxiety when we children are sick.*

ap plaud (ə plôd′), express approval by clapping hands, shouting, etc.

ap pren tice (ə pren′tis), **1.** person who is learning a trade, profession, or art: *The apprentice had to serve his master seven years to pay for his instruction.* **2.** beginner; learner.

a quar i um (ə kwār′i əm), a pond, tank, or glass bowl in which living fish, water animals, and water plants are kept.

arch[1] (ärch), **1.** a curved structure that bears the weight of the material above it. Arches often form the tops of doors, windows, and gateways. **2.** bend into an arch; curve.

arch[2] (ärch), **1.** chief: *The arch rebel of all was Patrick Henry.* **2.** playfully mischievous: *The little girl gave her mother an arch look and ran away.*

arched (ärcht), having an arch or arches.

arc tic (ärk′tik), **1.** near the North Pole; of the north polar region: *the arctic fox.* **2.** the north polar region.

ar e a (ār′i ə), **1.** amount of surface; extent: *The area of this floor is 600 square feet.* **2.** region: *The Rocky Mountain area is the most mountainous in the United States.*

as sume (ə süm′), **1.** take for granted; suppose: *He assumed that the train would be on time.* **2.** take upon oneself; undertake. **3.** take on; put on.

Au du bon (ô′də bon), **John James** (1785-1851), an American painter who made a study of birds.

au to graph (ô′tə graf), **1.** a person's name written by himself. **2.** write one's name on or in.

a ware (ə wãr′), knowing; realizing; conscious: *I was too sleepy to be aware how cold it was. She was not aware of her danger.*

awe (ô), **1.** great fear and wonder; fear and reverence: *We feel awe when we stand near vast mountains, or when we think of God's power and glory.* **2.** cause to feel awe; fill with awe: *The majesty of the mountains awed us.*

Bamboo (40 ft. high)

bam boo (bam bü′), a treelike plant belonging to the grass family. It is very tall, and the stiff hollow stems, which have hard thick joints, are used for making canes, furniture, and even houses.

bar racks (bar′əks), building or groups of buildings for soldiers to live in.

bar ren (bar′ən), **1.** not producing anything: *A desert is barren.* **2.** without interest; not attractive; dull.

bask (bask), warm oneself pleasantly: *The cat basks before the fire.*

bay[1] (bā), part of a sea or lake extending into land.

bay[2] (bā), bay window.

bay[3] (bā), long deep bark of a dog.

bay[4] (bā), small evergreen tree with smooth, shiny leaves; laurel tree.

bay[5] (bā), reddish-brown: *a bay horse.*

be lov ed (bi luv′id or bi luvd′), **1.** dearly loved; dear. **2.** person who is loved; darling.

berth (bėrth), **1.** a place to sleep on a ship, train, or airplane. **2.** a ship's place at a wharf. **3. Give a wide berth to** means to keep well away from.

blight (blīt), **1.** any disease that causes plants to wither or decay. **2.** anything that checks good fortune or withers hopes. **3.** cause to wither or decay; ruin; destroy.

blub ber (blub′ər), fat of whales and other sea animals.

bos om (bůz′əm or bü′zəm), the upper, front part of the human body.

bough (bou), **1.** one of the main branches of a tree. **2.** branch cut from a tree: *She held an apple bough in her hand.*

Brah man or **Brah min** (brä′mən), member of the priestly caste, the highest caste or class in India.

brink (bringk), **1.** the edge at the top of a steep place. **2.** the edge. **On the brink of** means very near.

bru in (brü′ən), bear.

bur den[1] (bėr′dən), **1.** what is carried; a load (of things, care, work, duty, or sorrow). **2.** a load too heavy to carry easily. **3.** to load; load too heavily; weigh down.

bur den[2] (bėr′dən), **1.** the main idea or message: *The value of peace was the burden of her book.* **2.** the chorus of a song.

ca ca o (kə kā′ō), **1.** a small tree from whose seeds cocoa and chocolate are made. **2.** the seeds of the tree.

ca det (kə det′), young man who is training to be an officer in the army or navy.

cas u al (kazh′ü əl), **1.** happening by chance: *a casual meeting.* **2.** careless; not planned: *I gave a casual glance in his direction.*

cav ern (kav′ərn), large cave.

cham ber (chām′bər), a room, especially a bedroom.

cho rus (kô′rəs), **1.** group of singers who sing together, such as a choir. **2.** song sung by many singers together. **3.** a repeated part of a song coming after each stanza. **4.** sing or speak all at the same time.

ci der (sī′dər), the juice of apples, used as a drink and in making vinegar.

cider press, machine for pressing the juice out of apples.

cir cum stance (sėr′kəm stans), **1.** condition of an act or event: *The place, the weather, and the other circumstances made the picnic a great success.* **2.** fact or event: *It was a lucky circumstance that she found her money.*

clan (klan), **1.** group of related families that claim to be descended from a common ancestor. **2.** group of people closely joined together by some common interest.

Cobblestones in a street

cob ble stone (kob′əl stōn′), a rounded stone that was formerly much used in paving.

com mo tion (kə mō′shən), violent movement; confusion; noisy moving about; disturbance.

com pose (kəm pōz′), **1.** make up: *Our party was composed of three grown-ups and four children.* **2.** put together. To compose a story or poem is to construct it from words. To compose a piece of music is to invent the tune and write down the notes. To compose in a printing office is to set up type to form words and sentences. To compose a picture is to get an artistic arrangement of the things in it.

com pos er (kəm pōz′ər), **1.** person who composes. **2.** writer of music.

con cen trate (kon′sən trāt), **1.** bring together to one place. **2.** pay close attention.

con cert (kon′sėrt for 1, 2, and 4, kən sėrt′ for 3), **1.** musical entertainment. **2.** agreement; harmony. **3.** arrange: *The rebels concerted a plan for seizing the government.* **4. In concert** means all together.

con clude (kən klüd′), **1.** end: *He concluded by saying "Amen."* **2.** reach (certain facts or opinions) by reasoning: *We concluded that the animal must have been a deer.*

con dor (kon′dər), large bird of prey with a bare neck and head. Condors live on high mountains in South America and California.

Condor (4 ft. long; wingspread 9 ft.)

con fi dence (kon′fə dəns), **1.** firm belief or trust: *We have no confidence in a liar.* **2.** boldness: *The little boy's confidence in the water startled his parents.*

con sci en tious (kon′shi en′shəs), **1.** careful to do what one knows is right. **2.** done with care to make it right: *Conscientious work is careful and exact.*

con sta ble (kon′stə bəl or kun′stə bəl), police officer.

con tempt (kən tempt′), despising; scorn; feeling that a person or act is mean and low: *We feel contempt for a sneak.*

con ven ient (kən vēn′yənt), handy; suitable; saving trouble; well arranged; easy to reach or use.

cou gar (kü′gər), a large American wildcat; mountain lion.

coun se lor or **coun sel lor** (koun′sə lər), person who advises.

cour te ous (kėr′ti əs), polite.

cre ate (kri āt′), **1.** make a thing which has not been made before; bring into being: *She created this garden in the desert.* **2.** be the cause of: *Do not create a disturbance.*

Crevasse

cre vasse (krə vas′), deep crack in the ice of a glacier.

crum ple (krum′pəl), crush together; wrinkle: *He crumpled the letter into a ball.*

crush (krush), **1.** squeeze together violently so as to break or bruise. **2.** break into fine pieces by grinding, pounding, or pressing. **3.** mass of people crowded close together.

curt (kėrt), short; rudely brief; abrupt: *His curt way of speaking makes him seem rude.*

de bris or **dé bris** (də brē′), scattered fragments; ruins; rubbish: *The street was covered with debris from the explosion.*

de ci sion (di sizh′ən), deciding; judgment; making up one's mind.

de ject ed (di jek′tid), in low spirits; sad; discouraged.

del i cate (del′ə kit), **1.** pleasing to the taste; lightly flavored; mild; soft: *delicate foods, delicate colors, delicate fragrance.* **2.** requiring careful handling: *delicate flowers, a delicate situation, a delicate question.*

de mer it (dē mer′it), a mark against a person for bad behavior or poor work.

de pot (dē′pō for 1, dep′ō for 2 and 3), **1.** railroad station. **2.** storehouse. **3.** place for storing military supplies.

de scend (di send′), **1.** go or come down from a higher to a lower place: *We descend the stairs, a mountain, a river.* **2.** make a sudden attack: *The wolves descended on the sheep and killed them.*

de vour (di vour′), **1.** eat (said of animals): *The lion devoured the sheep.* **2.** eat like an animal; eat very hungrily.

dis card (dis kärd′ for 1, dis′kärd for 2), **1.** throw aside; give up as useless or worn out: *You can discard clothes, ways of doing things, or beliefs.* **2.** act of throwing aside as useless.

dis ci pline (dis′ə plin), **1.** training; especially training of the mind or character. **2.** train; bring to a condition of order and obedience; bring under control. **3.** punishment: *A little discipline would do him a world of good.*

dis grace (dis grās′), loss of favor; a lowering in position or esteem; loss of respect or honor: *To be put in prison is usually a disgrace.*

dis tin guish (dis ting′gwish), **1.** see the differences in; tell apart. **2.** make famous or well known.

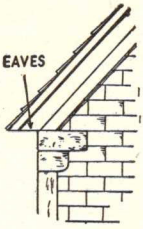
dis tin guished (dis ting′gwisht), great; well-known: *a distinguished artist.*

do nor (dō′nər), giver.

drill[1] (dril), **1.** tool for boring holes; machine for using such a tool. **2.** teach by having the pupil do a thing over and over. **3.** group instruction and training in physical exercises or in marching, handling a gun, and other duties of soldiers.

drill[2] (dril), machine for planting seeds in rows. It makes a small furrow, drops the seed, and then covers the furrow.

eaves (ēvz), the lower edge of a roof that stands out a little from the building.



ebb (eb), **1.** a flowing of the tide away from the shore; fall of the tide. **2.** flow out; fall: *We waded farther out as the tide ebbed.* **3.** grow less or weaker: *His courage began to ebb as he neared the haunted house.*

ef fect (i fekt′), result; what is caused: *The effect of the gale was to overturn several boats.*

e late (i lāt′), raise the spirits of; make proud. **Elated** means in high spirits.

em brace (em brās′), fold in the arms to show love; hold in the arms: *A mother embraces her baby.*

em i grant (em′ə grənt), one who leaves his own country to settle in another.

em phat ic (em fat′ik), said or done with force; meant to stand out; clear; positive; striking.

em phat i cal ly (em fat′ik li), in an emphatic manner.

em ploy (em ploi′), give work and pay to: *The hotel employs two cooks.*

en close (en klōz′), **1.** shut in on all sides; surround. **2.** put a wall or fence around.

en clo sure (en klō′zhər), **1.** act of enclosing. **2.** an enclosed place: *A pen is an enclosure for animals.*

en er get i cal ly (en′ər jet′ik li), with energy.

en er gy (en′ər ji), **1.** vigor; will to work: *He is so full of energy that he cannot keep still.* **2.** power to work or act; force.

en list (en list′), **1.** join. **2.** join the army or navy. **3.** get the support of: *The Red Cross seeks to enlist the interest of all citizens.*

en thu si asm (en thü′zi az əm), eager interest; eager desire or effort: *Hunting and fishing arouse enthusiasm in many boys.*

en thu si as tic (en thü′zi as′tik), full of enthusiasm; eagerly interested.

en thu si as ti cal ly (en thü′zi as′tik li), with enthusiasm.

e rect (i rekt′), **1.** straight up; not tipping; not bending: *A flagpole stands erect.* **2.** set up; build: *That building was erected fifty years ago.*

es say (es′ā for 1, e sā′ for 2), **1.** a short composition on a particular subject. **2.** try; attempt.

e ven tu al ly (i ven′chü əl i), finally; in the end.

ex as per ate (eg zas′pər āt), irritate; annoy greatly; make angry: *The little boy's noise exasperated his father.*

ex ceed (ek sēd′), go beyond; be more or greater than: *The sum of 5 and 7 exceeds 10. To lift a heavy trunk exceeds a girl's strength.*

ex ceed ing ly (ek sēd′ing li), very greatly; to an unusual degree; very.

ex cel (ek sel′), be better than others; do better than others.

ex pe di tion (eks′pə dish′ən), **1.** a journey for a special purpose, such as war, discovery, or collecting new plants. **2.** the people, ships, etc., making such a journey.

ex pose (eks pōz′), lay open; uncover; leave unprotected.

ex po sure (eks pō′zhər), **1.** exposing; laying open; making known. **2.** being exposed: *Exposure to the weather has spoiled this chair.* **3.** abandoning; putting out without shelter.

ex tin guish (eks ting′gwish), **1.** put out. **2.** wipe out; bring to an end: *We can extinguish a fire with water.*

ex traor di nar y (eks trôr′də ner′i), beyond what is ordinary; very unusual; remarkable.

fate (fāt), **1.** a power supposed to fix what is to happen: *He does not believe in fate.* **2.** one's lot or fortune; what happens to a person, group, etc.: *He deserved a better fate.*

fath om (faŦH′əm), a measure of 6 feet, used mostly in speaking of the depth of water.

fea ture (fē′chər), part of the face. Your features are your forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, etc.

fer ry (fer′i), **1.** carry (people and goods) back and forth across a river or narrow stretch of water. **2.** the boat that makes the trip.

fer tile (fėr′təl), **1.** bearing seeds; bearing many seeds. **2.** producing crops easily: *fertile soil.*

file[1] (fīl), **1.** place for keeping papers in order. **2.** a row of persons or things one behind another: *a file of soldiers, or ships sailing in file.*

file[2] (fīl), steel tool with many small ridges or teeth on it. Its rough surface is used to smooth or wear away hard substances.

floe (flō), a field or sheet of floating ice.

flour ish (flėr′ish), **1.** grow in vigor; thrive; be prosperous: *His newspaper business grew and flourished.* **2.** wave in the air.

for lorn (fôr lôrn′), left alone; neglected; miserable; hopeless.

for mer (fôr′mər), **1.** the first of two. **2.** earlier; past; long past.

for sake (fôr sāk′), give up; leave; leave alone.

for sak en (fôr sāk′ən), **1.** deserted; abandoned; forlorn. **2.** See **forsake.** *That girl has forsaken her old friends.*

fra grance (frā′grəns), sweet smell; pleasing odor.

fra grant (frā′grənt), sweet-smelling: *This rose is fragrant.*

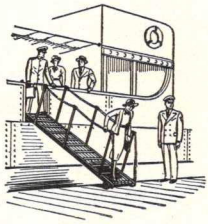
fray[1] (frā), a fight; noisy quarrel.

fray[2] (frā), separate into threads; make or become ragged or worn along the edge: *Long wear had frayed the collar and cuffs of his old shirt.*

gang plank (gang′plangk′), a movable bridge used in passing on and off a ship.

ge nie (jē′ni), a spirit or jinni.

gla cier (glā′shər), a large mass of ice formed from the snow on high ground and moving very slowly down the side of a mountain or along a valley.



Gangplank

glow er (glou′ər), stare; scowl.

grate ful (grāt′fəl), feeling gratitude; thankful.

grat i tude (grat′ə tüd or grat′ə tūd), thankfulness; kindly feeling because of a favor received; desire to do a favor in return.

grief (grēf), **1.** heavy sorrow; great sadness. **2.** cause of sorrow.

Guay a quil (gwī′ə kēl′), seaport in western Ecuador.

har bor (här′bər), a place of shelter for ships.

her on (her′ən), a wading bird with long legs, a long neck, and a long bill.

hon or (on′ər), **1.** glory; fame; renown. **2.** a source of credit; person or thing that reflects honor. **3.** great respect; high regard: *George Washington is held in honor by everyone I know.* **4.** an act that shows respect.

hue (hū), color.

ig no rance (ig′nə rəns), lack of knowledge; being ignorant.

ig no rant (ig′nə rənt), knowing little or nothing: *Jean is ignorant of farm life.* An intelligent person may be ignorant if he has never been to school or had much chance to learn.

ig nore (ig nôr′), pay no attention to; disregard.

im pulse (im′puls), **1.** driving on; thrust; push: *the impulse of a wave, the impulse of curiosity.* **2.** a sudden inclination or tendency to act: *The mob was influenced more by impulse than by reason.*

in cense[1] (in′sens), a substance giving off a sweet smell when burned.

in cense[2] (in sens′), make very angry: *Cruelty incenses kind people.*

in di cate (in′də kāt), point out; show; make known: *The arrow on the sign indicates the way to go. The dog indicated his feelings by growling, barking, or wagging his tail.*

in dig nant (in dig′nənt), angry at something unworthy, unjust, or mean: *She was indignant at the men who beat the horse.*

in dus tri ous (in dus′tri əs), hard-working.

in form (in fôrm′), tell; supply with knowledge: *Please inform us how to find Dr. Grant's house.*

in for ma tion (in′fər mā′shən), knowledge; facts; news: *A dictionary contains much information. The general sent the people information of his victory.*

in gre di ent (in grē′di ənt), one of the parts of a mixture: *The ingredients of sponge cake are eggs, sugar, flour, and flavoring.*

in ject (in jekt′), force in: *to inject a drug into the body.*

in sert (in sėrt′ for 1, in′sėrt for 2), **1.** put in; set in: *to insert a key into a lock, to insert a letter into a word, to insert an advertisement into a newspaper.* **2.** something put in or set in: *The book contained an insert of several pages of pictures.*

in stinct (in′stingkt for 1 and 2, in stingkt′ for 3), **1.** a natural feeling, knowledge, or power, such as that which guides animals; an unlearned tendency: *An instinct leads birds to fly.* **2.** a natural bent, tendency, or gift: *Dorothy has such an instinct for color that she will study art.* **3.** charged or filled with something: *The picture is instinct with life and beauty.*

in stinc tive (in stingk′tiv), of or having to do with instinct; caused or done by instinct; born in an animal or person, not learned.

in ter fere (in′tər fēr′), **1.** clash; come into opposition with: *The two plans interfered. He will come Saturday if nothing interferes.* **2.** meddle. **3. Interfere with** means hinder.

in ves ti gate (in ves′tə gāt), search into; examine closely.

in ves ti ga tion (in ves′tə gā′shən), a careful search; a detailed or careful examination.

in vis i ble (in viz′ə bəl), not visible; not capable of being seen.

i so late (ī′sə lāt), place apart; separate from others.

is sue (ish′ü), **1.** send out; put forth: *This magazine is issued every week.* **2.** something sent out: *Did you read the last issue of our weekly paper?*

i vo ry (ī′və ri), **1.** the hard, white substance composing the tusks of elephants, walruses, etc. Ivory is used for piano keys and ornaments. **2.** creamy white.

jack al (jak′ôl or jak′əl), a wild dog of Asia and Africa, about as big as a fox.

jag ged (jag′id), with points sticking out; notched: *We cut our bare feet on the jagged rocks.*

Jaguar (about 6 ft. long, including the tail)

jag uar (jag′wär), fierce animal much like a leopard, but more heavily built. It lives in forests in the warmer parts of America.

jeal ous (jel′əs), **1.** feeling as a person does when people who usually pay attention to him neglect him and pay much attention to somebody else; fearful that somebody you love may prefer someone else to you. **2.** envious; full of envy.

jest (jest), **1.** joke. **2.** fun. **Spoken in jest** means spoken in fun, not seriously. **3.** poke fun: *to jest at another person's ideas.*

jus tice (jus′tis), **1.** fairness; rightness, being just: *the justice of a claim. Justice consists in giving every man what he deserves.* **2.** just conduct; fair dealing.

lad en (lād′ən), loaded; burdened: *The camels were laden with bundles of silk.*

la ment (lə ment′), **1.** sorrow for; mourn. **2.** weep; sorrow.

lank (langk), **1.** long and thin; lean: *a lank boy.* **2.** long and slender: *lank grasses.* **3.** straight and flat: *lank locks of hair.*

launch[1] (lônch), **1.** the largest boat carried by a warship. **2.** a rather small open motorboat for pleasure trips.

launch[2] (lônch), cause to slide into the water; set afloat.

lest (lest), **1.** for fear that; that . . . not; in order that . . . not: *Be careful lest you fall from that tree.* **2.** After words meaning fear, danger, etc., lest means that: *I was afraid lest he might come too late to save us.*

lla ma (lä′mə), a South American animal somewhat like a camel, but smaller and without a hump.

Llama (about 3 ft. high at the shoulder)

lodg ing (loj′ing), place where one is living only for a time. **Lodgings** means a rented room or rooms in a house, not in a hotel.

lope (lōp), **1.** to run with a long, easy stride. **2.** a long, easy stride.

lus ter (lus′tər), **1.** a bright shine on the surface: *the luster of pearls.* **2.** brightness: *Her eyes lost their luster.*

marsh (märsh), swamp; soft wet land; lowland covered at times by water.

mas sive (mas′iv), large and heavy; large and solid.

math e mat ics (math′ə mat′iks), the study of number, measurement, and space. Mathematics includes arithmetic, algebra, and geometry.

meg a phone (meg′ə fōn), a large horn used to increase the sound of the voice: *The cheerleader at the football game yelled through a megaphone.*

met al (met′əl), **1.** a substance such as iron, gold, silver, copper, lead, and tin. Aluminum, steel, and brass are also metals. **2.** made of metal, or of a mixture of metals.

me ter[1] (mē′tər), **1.** a measure of length used in many countries; 39.37 inches. **2.** any kind of poetic rhythm; the arrangement of beats or accents in a line of poetry.

me ter[2] (mē′tər), something that measures, or measures and records: *a gas meter, a water meter.*

min gle (ming′gəl), mix: *The two rivers mingle their waters when they join. He is very shy and does not mingle much with the children at school.*

min is ter (min′is tər), **1.** clergyman serving a church; spiritual guide; pastor. **2.** act as a servant or nurse; be of service or aid; be helpful: *to minister to a sick man's wants.*

mis sile (mis′əl), an object that is thrown, hurled, or shot, such as a stone, a bullet, an arrow, or a lance.

mis sion (mish′ən), **1.** errand; sending or being sent on some special work. **2.** one's business or purpose in life; one's calling: *It seemed to be her mission to care for her brother's children.*

mod est (mod′ist), **1.** not thinking too highly of oneself; not vain; humble. **2.** bashful; not bold; shy; held back by a sense of what is fit and proper. **3.** not too great; not asking too much: *a modest request.* **4.** quiet; not gaudy; humble in appearance: *a modest little house.*

mor tal (môr′təl), **1.** sure to die sometime. **2.** a being that is sure to die sometime. All living creatures are mortals. **3.** man; human being.

mur der (mėr′dər), the unlawful killing of a human being when it is planned beforehand.

mur der ous (mėr′dər əs), **1.** able to kill: *a murderous blow.* **2.** ready to murder.

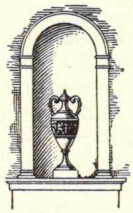
mush[1] (mush), **1.** corn meal boiled in water. **2.** a soft thick mass: *After the heavy rain the old dirt road was a mush.*

mush[2] (mush), journey on foot, usually with a dog sled across snow.

nav i gate (nav′ə gāt), **1.** sail, manage, or steer (a ship, airplane, etc.). **2.** sail on or over (a sea or river).

nav i ga tion (nav′ə gā′shən), **1.** navigating. **2.** the art or science of finding a ship's or airship's position and course.

niche (nich), a recess or hollow in a wall for a statue, vase, etc.



Vase in a niche

oc cu pant (ok′ū pənt), **1.** person who occupies: *The occupant of the shack stepped out as I approached.* **2.** person in actual possession of a house, estate, office, etc.

oc cu py (ok′ū pī), **1.** take up; fill: *The building occupies an entire block.* **2.** hold; have in use; live in.

op er a tion (op′ər ā′shən), **1.** working; action; the way a thing works: *The operation of this machine is simple.* **2.** doing; activity: *the operation of brushing one's teeth.*

out rage (out′rāj), **1.** an overturning of the rights of others by force; an act showing no regard for the feelings of others; an act of violence; an offense; an insult. **2.** offend greatly; insult; do violence to.

out ra geous (out rā′jəs), shocking; very bad or insulting.

out wit (out wit′), get the better of; be too clever for.

palm[1] (päm), the inside of the hand between the wrist and the fingers.

palm[2] (päm), any of many kinds of trees growing in warm climates. Most palms are tall and have a bunch of large leaves at the top.

parch (pärch), **1.** dry by heating; roast slightly: *The Indians parched corn.* **2.** make or become hot and dry or thirsty: *I am parched with the heat.*

par ka (pär′kə), **1.** a fur jacket with a hood, worn in Alaska and in northeastern Asia. **2.** a long woolen shirt or jacket with a hood.

par tridge (pär′trij), any of several kinds of game birds belonging to the same group as the quail, pheasant, and grouse.

pat i o (pat′i ō), an inner court or yard open to the sky. Houses in Spanish countries are often built around patios.

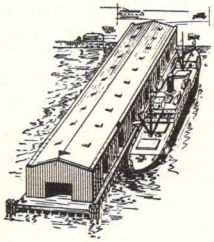
per ceive (pər sēv′), **1.** be aware of through the senses; see, hear, taste, smell, or feel: *Did you perceive the colors of that bird?* **2.** take in with the mind; observe: *I perceived that I could not make him change his mind.*

per plex (pər pleks′), **1.** puzzle. **2.** trouble with doubt.

per sist (pər sist′), **1.** continue firmly; refuse to stop or be changed. **2.** say again and again; maintain.

pet al (pet′əl), one of the parts of a flower that are usually colored. *A rose has many petals.*

pier (pēr), a structure supported on columns extending into the water, and used as a walk or landing place.



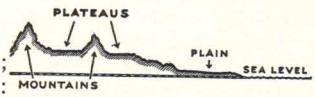
Pier

piv ot (piv′ət), **1.** a shaft, pin, or point on which something turns. **2.** to turn on a pivot: *to pivot on one's heel.*

plan ta tion (plan tā′shən), a large farm or estate on which cotton, tobacco, sugar, etc., are grown. The work on a plantation is done by laborers who live there.

pla teau (pla tō′), a plain in the mountains, or at a height above the sea.

pluck (pluk), **1.** pick; pull off:



She plucked flowers in the garden. **2.** courage.

plum age (plüm′ij), the feathers of a bird: *A parrot has bright plumage.*

ply (pli), **1.** work with, use: *The dressmaker plies her needle.* **2.** keep up work on; work at or on: *The enemy plied our messenger with questions to make him tell his errand.* **3.** go back and forth regularly between certain places.

poise (poiz), balance: *She has perfect poise both of mind and body and never seems embarrassed. The athlete poised the weight in the air. Poise yourself on your toes.*

pop lar (pop′lər), **1.** tree that grows rapidly. The cottonwood is one kind of poplar. **2.** its soft wood.

port fo li o (pôrt fō′li ō), brief case; portable case for loose papers, drawings, etc.

pose (pōz), **1.** position of the body; way of holding the body. **2.** put in a certain position; put: *The photographer posed him before taking his picture.*

prac ti cal (prak′tə kəl), **1.** having to do with action or practice rather than thought or theory: *Earning a living is a practical matter.* **2.** fit for actual practice: *a practical plan.*

pray (prā), **1.** ask from God; speak to God in worship. **2.** please: *Pray come with me.*

pre cise (pri sīs′), exact; accurate; definite.

pro ces sion (prə sesh′ən), **1.** something that moves forward; persons marching. **2.** an orderly moving forward: *We formed lines to march in procession onto the platform.*

prof it (prof′it), **1.** the gain from a business; what is left when the cost of goods and of carrying on the business is subtracted from the amount of money taken in. **2.** advantage; benefit: *What profit is there in worrying?* **3.** get advantage; gain; benefit: *A wise person profits from his mistakes.*

prof it a ble (prof′ə tə bəl), bringing gain; useful; yielding profit: *We spent a profitable afternoon in the library. The sale held by the Girl Scouts was very profitable.*

proph et (prof′it), person who tells what will happen: *Don't be a bad-luck prophet.*

pros pec tor (pros′pek tər), one who explores or examines a region, searching for gold, silver, oil, etc., or estimating the value of some other product of the region.

pros per ous (pros′pər əs), successful; thriving; doing well; fortunate.

pro vi sion (prə vizh′ən), **1.** that which is made ready; a supply; a stock, especially of food; food. **Provisions** means a supply of food and drinks. **2.** preparation: *Mr. Arch made provision for his children's education.*

quan ti ty (kwon′tə ti), **1.** amount: *Use equal quantities of nuts and raisins in the cake.* **2.** large amount; large number: *The baker buys flour in quantity. She owns quantities of books.*

quench (kwench), **1.** drown out; put out: *Water will quench a fire.* **2.** put an end to; stop: *to quench a thirst.*

rav en ous (rav′ən əs), **1.** very hungry: *a ravenous boy.* **2.** greedy.

raw hide (rô′hīd′), the untanned skin of cattle.

reef[1] (rēf), a narrow ridge of rocks or sand at or near the surface of the water: *The ship was wrecked on the hidden reef.*

reef[2] (rēf), **1.** the part of a sail that is taken in or let out. **2.** reduce the size of (a sail) by rolling or folding up a part of it.

re for est a tion (rē′fôr is tā′shən), replanting with trees.

ref uge (ref′ūj), shelter; protection: *The cat took refuge in a tree.*

ref u gee (ref′ū jē′), person who flees for refuge or safety.

re gret (ri gret′), **1.** the feeling of being sorry; sorrow; sense of loss: *It is a matter of regret that I could not see my mother before leaving.* **2.** feel sorry for; mourn: *Jim wrote, regretting that he could not visit us. We regretted his absence.*

rel ish (rel′ish), **1.** pleasant taste; good flavor: *Hunger gives relish to simple food.* **2.** like the taste of; like: *That cat relishes cream. Dick did not relish the prospect of staying after school.*

re sem ble (ri zem′bəl), be like: *An orange resembles a grapefruit.*

re sent (ri zent′), feel injured and angry at; feel indignation at: *Grace resented being called a baby. Our cat resents having anyone sit in its chair.*

re sent ful (ri zent′fəl), feeling resentment; injured and angry; showing resentment.

re sent ment (ri zent′mənt), the feeling that one has at being injured or insulted; indignation.

re sist (ri zist′), **1.** act against; strive against; oppose: *The window resisted his efforts to open it.* **2.** strive successfully against; keep from; withstand: *I could not resist laughing.*

res o lute (rez′ə lüt), determined; firm; bold: *He was resolute in his attempt to climb to the top of the mountain. A soldier must be resolute in battle. The captain's resolute words cheered the team.*

re tain (ri tān′), keep: *The old lady has retained her interest in life. China dishes retain heat longer than metal pans do.*

sanc tu ar y (sangk′chü er′i), **1.** sacred place. A church is a sanctuary. **2.** place to which people can go for refuge or protection. **3.** refuge or protection.

scan (skan), look at closely; examine with care: *Sam's mother scanned his face to see if he were telling the truth.*

scoff (skôf), mock; make fun to show one does not believe something: *We scoffed at the idea of drowning in three inches of water.*

self-dis ci pline (self′dis′ə plin), careful control and training of oneself.

sen si tive (sen′sə tiv), receiving impressions readily: *The eye is sensitive to light.*

se rum (sēr′əm), a liquid used to prevent or cure a disease, obtained from the blood of an animal that has been made immune to the disease.

shield (shēld), **1.** piece of armor carried on the arm to protect the body in battle. **2.** protect; defend: *His mother shielded him from punishment.*

shrug (shrug), raise the shoulders as a gesture of dislike, doubt, etc.: *He shrugged and walked away.*

Sieve

sieve (siv), a utensil used to separate large pieces from small, or solids from liquids: *We use a sieve to strain soup.*

singe (sinj), **1.** burn a little: *The cook singes a chicken to remove the fine hairs.* **2.** burn the ends or edges of.

skiff (skif), **1.** small light boat. **2.** light rowboat.

slug gish (slug′ish), slow; lazy; not active: *The stream was so sluggish that I could hardly tell which way it flowed. He has a sluggish mind and shows little interest in anything.*

smoth er (smuŦH′ər), **1.** make unable to get air; kill by depriving of air. **2.** keep back; check; suppress: *He smothered a sharp reply.*

snag (snag), a tree or branch held fast in a river or lake. Snags are dangerous to boats.

spec i men (spes′ə mən), part taken to show the kind or quality of the whole; sample: *Robert collects specimens of all kinds of rocks and minerals.*

stat ue (stach′ü), image of a person or animal carved in stone or wood, cast in bronze, or modeled in clay or wax: *Nearly every city has a statue of some famous man.*

strew (strü), **1.** scatter; sprinkle: *She strewed seeds in her garden.* **2.** cover with something scattered or sprinkled: *The ground was strewn with leaves.*

strewn (strün), strewed.

strick en (strik′ən), affected by (wounds, diseases, trouble, sorrows, etc.): *Help was rushed to the fire-stricken city.*

sub ject (sub′jikt for 1 and 2, səb-jekt′ for 3), **1.** something thought about, discussed, studied, etc.: *The subject for our composition was "An Exciting Moment."* **2.** person who is under the power, control, or influence of another: *The people are the subjects of the king.* **3.** bring under some power or influence: *Rome subjected all Italy to her rule.*

sub stance (sub′stəns), **1.** what a thing consists of; matter; material: *Ice and water are the same substance in different forms.* **2.** the real, main, or important part of anything.

sum mit (sum′it), highest point; top: *We could see the summit of the mountain twenty miles away.*

sum mon (sum′ən), **1.** call; send for: *The church bells summon people to worship.* **2.** order to come: *A telegram summoned Bill home.* **3.** stir to action; rouse: *Jack summoned his courage and entered the deserted house.*

sur vive (sər vīv′), **1.** live longer than; remain alive after: *Only ten of the crew survived the shipwreck.* **2.** continue to exist; remain.

tal ent (tal′ənt), special natural ability; ability: *She has a talent for music.*

tar ry[1] (tar′i), **1.** remain; stay: *He tarried at the inn till he felt strong enough to travel.* **2.** wait; delay: *Why do you tarry so long?*

tar ry[2] (tär′i), **1.** of tar; like tar. **2.** covered with tar.

taut (tôt), tightly drawn; tense: *a taut rope.* **2.** tidy; neat: *a taut ship.*

tend[1] (tend), be apt; incline (to): *Fruit tends to decay. Homes tend to use more electricity.*

tend[2] (tend), take care of; look after; attend to: *He tends shop for his father. A shepherd tends his flock. A nurse tends the sick.*

thor ough (thėr′ō), complete; being all that is needed; doing all that should be done: *Please make a thorough search for the lost money. He is a thorough gentleman. This school gives thorough instruction.*

thresh (thresh), **1.** separate the grain or seeds from (wheat, etc.); thrash. Nowadays most farmers use a machine to thresh their wheat. **2.** toss about; move violently.

thrust (thrust), **1.** push with force: *Jack thrust his hands into his pockets. Sarah thrust past me into the room. A soldier thrusts himself into danger.* **2.** a push with force: *She hid the book behind the pillow with a quick thrust.*

tide (tīd), **1.** the rise and fall of the ocean about every twelve hours, caused by the attraction of the moon and the sun: *We go swimming at high tide; at low tide we dig clams.* **2.** stream; current; flood.

to bog gan (tə bog′ən), a long, narrow, flat sled without runners.

Toboggan

tour ist (tür′ist), person traveling for pleasure.

trans fu sion (trans fū′zhən), **1.** causing to pass from one container or holder to another. **2.** transferring blood from one person or animal to another.

trans plant (trans plant′), **1.** plant again in a different place: *We start the flowers indoors and then transplant them to the garden.* **2.** remove from one place to another.

trek (trek), **1.** travel by ox wagon. **2.** travel slowly by any means; travel. **3.** journey; stage of a journey between one stopping place and the next.

un ru ly (un rü′li), hard to rule or control; lawless: *an unruly horse, a disobedient and unruly boy, an unruly section of a country.*

ur gent (ėr′jənt), **1.** demanding immediate action or attention; pressing: *an urgent duty, an urgent message.* **2.** insistent.

vague (vāg), not definite; not clear; not distinct: *In a fog everything looks vague. Nobody can be sure just what a vague statement means.*

val u a ble (val′ū ə bəl), having value; being worth something: *a valuable ring, valuable information, a valuable friend.*

val ue (val′ū), **1.** worth; excellence; usefulness; importance: *the value of education, the value of milk as a food.* **2.** real worth; proper price: *He bought the house for less than its value.* **3.** think highly of; regard highly: *John values Tom's friendship.*

va ri e ty (və rī′ə ti), **1.** lack of sameness: *Variety is the spice of life.* **2.** number of different kinds: *This shop has a variety of toys.* **3.** kind or sort: *Which variety of cake do you prefer?*

var y (vãr′i), **1.** change; make different: *The driver can vary the speed of an automobile.* **2.** be different; differ: *Stars vary in brightness.*

vast (vast), very, very large: *Texas is a vast State. A billion dollars is a vast amount of money.*

ven om (ven′əm), the poison of snakes, spiders, etc.

vet er i nar i an (vet′ər ə nãr′i ən), doctor who treats animals.

vi cious (vish′əs), **1.** evil; wicked. **2.** having bad habits or a bad disposition: *a vicious horse.*

vis i ble (viz′ə bəl), that can be seen: *The shore was barely visible through the fog. The tramp has no visible means of support.*

wan der lust (won′dər lust′), strong desire to wander.

war ble (wôr′bəl), **1.** sing like a bird: *the warbling brook.* **2.** a bird's song or a sound like it.

war bler (wôr′blər), **1.** one that warbles. **2.** any of several kinds of songbirds.

wax[1] (waks), **1.** a yellowish substance made by bees. Wax is hard when cold, but can be easily shaped when warm. **2.** any substance like this. **3.** rub, stiffen, polish, etc., with wax: *We wax that floor once a month.* **4.** a person is said to be **wax in someone's hands** when he is very easily influenced and managed.

wax[2] (waks), **1.** grow; increase: *The moon waxes till it becomes full, and then wanes.* **2.** become: *The party waxed merry.*

wharf (hwôrf), platform built on the shore or out from the shore, beside which ships can load and unload.

whee dle (hwē′dəl), **1.** coax; persuade by flattery, smooth words, caresses, etc.: *The children wheedled their mother into letting them go to the picnic.* **2.** get by wheedling: *They finally wheedled the secret out of him.*

wid ow (wid′ō), woman whose husband is dead and who has not married again.

wid ow er (wid′ō ər), man whose wife is dead and who has not married again.

wist ful (wist′fəl), longing; yearning: *A child stood looking with wistful eyes at the toys in the window.*

woe (wō), **1.** great grief, trouble, or distress: *Sickness and poverty are common woes.* **2.** an exclamation of grief, trouble, or distress.

wrath (rath), very great anger; rage.

wretch (rech), **1.** a very unfortunate or unhappy person. **2.** very bad person.

wretch ed (rech′id), **1.** very unfortunate or unhappy. **2.** very unsatisfactory; miserable.

TO THE TEACHER

More Days and Deeds, Book 5^2, with its accompanying *Guidebook* and *Think-and-Do Book*, continues The New Basic Reading Program for the middle grades. It is designed for approximately one semester's use whenever the child has successfully completed the new *Days and Deeds*.

More Days and Deeds contains 617 words not introduced by the end of Book 5^1 of The New Basic Reading Program. Each of these new words is used at least twice in this book. In the first unit of *More Days and Deeds*, no page has more than four new words, and no page in the entire book introduces more than six new words.

Of the 2742 words introduced by the end of Book 4^2 of The New Basic Readers, 98 per cent are repeated in Book 5^1 or Book 5^2, and the majority of the 540 words introduced in Book 5^1 are further repeated in Book 5^2.

The 617 new words in this book are shown in the vocabulary list below. The following forms of known words are not counted as new (including those forms made by changing *y* to *i* or *f* to *v*, by dropping the final *e*, or by doubling the final consonant in the root word): forms made by adding or dropping the inflectional endings *s, es, ed, ing, n, en,* and *er, est* of comparison; possessives; forms made by adding or dropping the prefixes *dis-, fore-, im-, re-,* or *un-*, and the suffixes *-en, -er, -ful, -ish, -less, -ly, -ment, -ness, -or, -ship, -ward,* or *-y*, and *-teen, -th,* or *-ty* of numerals; compounds made up of known words; common contractions. Homographs are not counted as separate words; for example, if *palm* meaning "any of many kinds of trees growing in warm climates" has been introduced, *palm* meaning "the inside of the hand between the wrist and the fingers" is not counted as a separate word. Nonsense words, syllables that represent sounds, and the following foreign words are not counted: *adiós, gracias, mañana, nalukatuk, señor, siesta, umiak.*

Boys and girls can attack independently all of the 617 new words by applying the word-analysis and dictionary skills developed in The New Basic Reading Program. The words printed in italics in the vocabulary list are those that are included in the glossary of *More Days and Deeds*.

VOCABULARY LIST

UNIT I

6 Dorrance
Canadian
area

7 Balto
beloved
written

8 *mushers*

9 Shaw
tingled
capered

10 cellar
McRae

11 *enthusiastic*
megaphone
departure

12 . . . . .

13 *crush*
descend

14 *aware*

15 recklessly

16 *unruly*
nudging
indignantly

17 *affection*

18 Eskimo
whale
walrus

19 *waxy*
blubber

20 *enthusiastically*
parkas
gloom
affectionately

21 *arctic*
masses

22 Saidie
ivory
confidence

23 *value*
acquainted
valuable
shrugged

24 stooped

25 *taut*

26 *erect*

27 hobble

28 Gudrun
Finnur
Iceland
Hans

29 Olaf's
straps
file

30 bottle
bridles
extinguished

31 fork
Bruni

32 *regretfully*
enclosure
soup

33 ewes
rams
rug

34 *forsaken*
scanned
lope

35 padded
jagged
whine

36 .....

37 gripping

38 Collins
Roy
civil

39 Peru
palm
Spanish

40 *patio*
resentfully
Mexican

41 *pivoted*

42 approval
action

43 *extraordinary*
whooping

44 *perplexed*

45 Pablo
adobe
cobblestone

46 addition
rude
smothered

47 trusted
Pancho
Ricardo
Inclan

48 .....

49 *disgraced*

50 *stricken*
grief
lame
rejoiced

51 *summoned*
urgent
wretchedly

52 flaring

53 *grateful*

54 wisdom
acquire

55 Francisco's
bamboo
cacao
Guayaquil

56 Ecuador
mules
plantation
jungle

57 dense
vague

58 mound
gummy

59 split
crisp
Carlos

60 bananas
ignored

61 *concluded*
metal

62 *elated*
whack

63 .....

64 *wharf*
pier

65 *ignorance*
flavor

66 merchant
dejected

67 *courteously*

68 *llama*
Yama
Cusi
Pacha

69 humming
informed

70 flute

71 *tend*
located

72 wobbly
condor
barren

73 munch
forlorn

74 .....

75 crutch
emphatically

76 *information*
shielded

UNIT II

78 *tide*
Barney
island
seal
adopted

79 *harbor*
fate
energy
yap
gratitude

80 *burden*

81 *outraged*

82 *abruptly*
cavern

83 *chamber*
exploration
sleek
waists

84 *energetically*

85 *plying*
ebb

86 *eventually*

87 lungs

88 gale

89 Dave
motel
tourists

90 fir
exposure
toboggan

91 disturbed
caution

92 *mingled*

93 nimbly
conscientiously
persisted
resist
crunched

94 reflected
stain

95 *decision*
veterinarian
transfusion
donor

96 slumped

97 *lanky*
additional
delicate

98 .....

99 Gulliver's
counselor
Gregory
Rogers

100 *excelling*
nicknamed
moths
mineral
aquariums

101 *concentrated*
tadpoles
snails

102 period
launched
otherwise

103 *thrusts*
ability
heron

104 *basking*

105 *commotion*
curtly

106 glistening

107 cardinal

108 *specimens*

109 Surucucu
sensitive
ripple

110 remarkably
beetles
relished

111 *inject*
lizard
jaguar
fangs

112 .....

113 *instinct*
bloated
sluggishly
dome
concrete

114 .....

115 captors
desperation

116 *venom*
serum

117 polar
Tuffy
warmth

118 whimpering
ravenous

119 *massive*
accustomed
powdery

120 lashed
floe

121 hunks
resolutely
brink

122 *survive*

123 .....

124 *isolated*
voted

125 forestry
cones
reforestation
suitable

126 cruiser
expression
attentive
discarded

127 *bay*
rut
skidded
boughs

128 *fragrant*
enthusiasm
procession

129 *anxiety*

130 zigzagging
fading
missile
investigate

131 commented

132 .....

133 shower

134 *strewn*

135 *autographed*

136 *debris*
refuge
goal

137 *refugee*
prospector
tottered
abandoned

138 exhaustion
sanctuary
minks

139 *investigation*
occupants
creating

140 *cougar*
poised
instinctively
glowered

141 *bruin*
club
vary
possession

142 toppled

143 *arched*

144 coughing

145 *murderous*
fray

146 *vicious*

147 threshed

148 .....

Unit III

150 Franklin
Courant
James
Boston

151 *eaves*

152 comic
widow
copied
envelope

153 humor
humorous

154 *assume*
college
apprentice
issue
Meriweather

155 mosquitoes
Sunday
inserted

156 .....

157 *constable*
ha

158 crime

159 Benjamin

160 Pennsylvania
tarry

161 Grimalkin
starching
poplar

162 charcoal
knapsack

163 *clan*
quenched

164 inspiration
sketching
artist

165 *indicating*

166 grind
quantity
paste
mixture

167 birch

168 Elizabeth
Chapman
fragrance
transplant

169 *profitable*
Massachu-
setts

170 *emigrants*
Connecticut
Nathaniel
ferryboat

171 *wanderlust*
Nat
Olean

172 *fertile*

173 exchange
Jacob's
summit
marshy

174 *employed*
cider

175 bloom
sprout

176 *mission*
afford

177 .....

178 Mason
Cincinnati
fare
Orleans
Mississippi
Audubon's

179 *portfolio*
violin

180 activity
sunk

181 *skiff*
warbler
partridges
plumage
posing

182 observation
crayons

183 erased
discipline
chorus

184 *talent*
lodgings

185 *mathematics*
oriole's

186 .....

187 student
prophet

188 .....

189 .....

190 *honor*
barracks
Lee
drill
Johnston

191 examinations
cadets
subjects

192 *navigation*
corridor

193 .....

194 super-
intendent
demerits

195 awarded

196 totaled
distinguished

197 Hannibal
Clemens
imagination
gulf

198 ambition
vessel
gangplank
tobacco

199 clanged
impulse
furnishings
sofa

200 *jest*

201 Bixby
casually

202 *snag*
berth

203 twain
fathom

204 cot

205 willows

206 *reefs*

207 license
conquered

208 Sousa
marine
capital
glory

209 instrument
concert
solo

210 household
drawer
laundry
Esputa

211 .....

212 refreshments
wistful
scoffed
result

213 eyebrows
educated
education

214 impressed
cradle
requested

215 instructions

216 *practical*

217 *interfere*

218 *enlisted*

219 *composer*
essay

220 .....

221 *applauded*

222 Roald
Amundsen
antarctic
Norwegian
August

223 *glacier*
expedition
depots
degrees
zero

224 *trek*
meter
crevasses

225 dangling

226 volunteered

227 height
plateau

228 December

229 Norway

230 foundation

Unit IV

232 burnt
widower
jealous
modest
constantly
scar

233 *invisible*

234 *visible*
rim
rawhide

235 beads
braided

236 *singed*
sieve

237 twilight
awe

238 dew
wedding

239 .....

240 *industrious*
purse

241 *prosperous*
fret
precise
inhale

242 *thoroughly*
ingredients
exasperated

243 complaint
behavior
droop
sour
define

244 . . . . .

245 detect
cheated
undeniable
false
justice

246 . . . . .

247 *Brahman*
devour
wept

248 *abide*
fig

249 favor
contempt
outrageously

250 *lamented*
jackal
affronted

251 *wrathfully*

252 . . . . .

253 *lest*
substance

254 hare
tortoise

255 plodded

256 . . . . .

257 . . . . .

258 *minister's*

259 Midas
buttercups
plucking

260 *mortal*
petal
exceedingly
luster

261 *pray*

262 overjoyed
retained
resembled
bud
hearty
coffee

263 *circumstance*
crumpled
blighted
dabbing

264 . . . . .

265 fins
eatable

266 kissed
spattering
statue
woeful
features

267 phrase
wring
convenient

268 *parched*

269 . . . . .

270 *perceive*
bosom
sincerely
curse
former

271 poof
violet
hue

272 *effect*

273 marvelous

274 Aladdin
Mustapha

275 dine
provisions
farthest

276 *flourishing*
incense
revealing

277 obedient
operation
laden
niche

278 . . . . .

279 gems
ignorant
variety

280 refusal
mercy
genie

281 slave
unspeakable

282 discussions
sultan

283 intention
marriage
undaunted
linen
presence

284 basins

285 *vast*

286 *embracing*

287 *outwits*

288 *wheedled*

289 . . . . .

290 . . . . .

291 wine

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